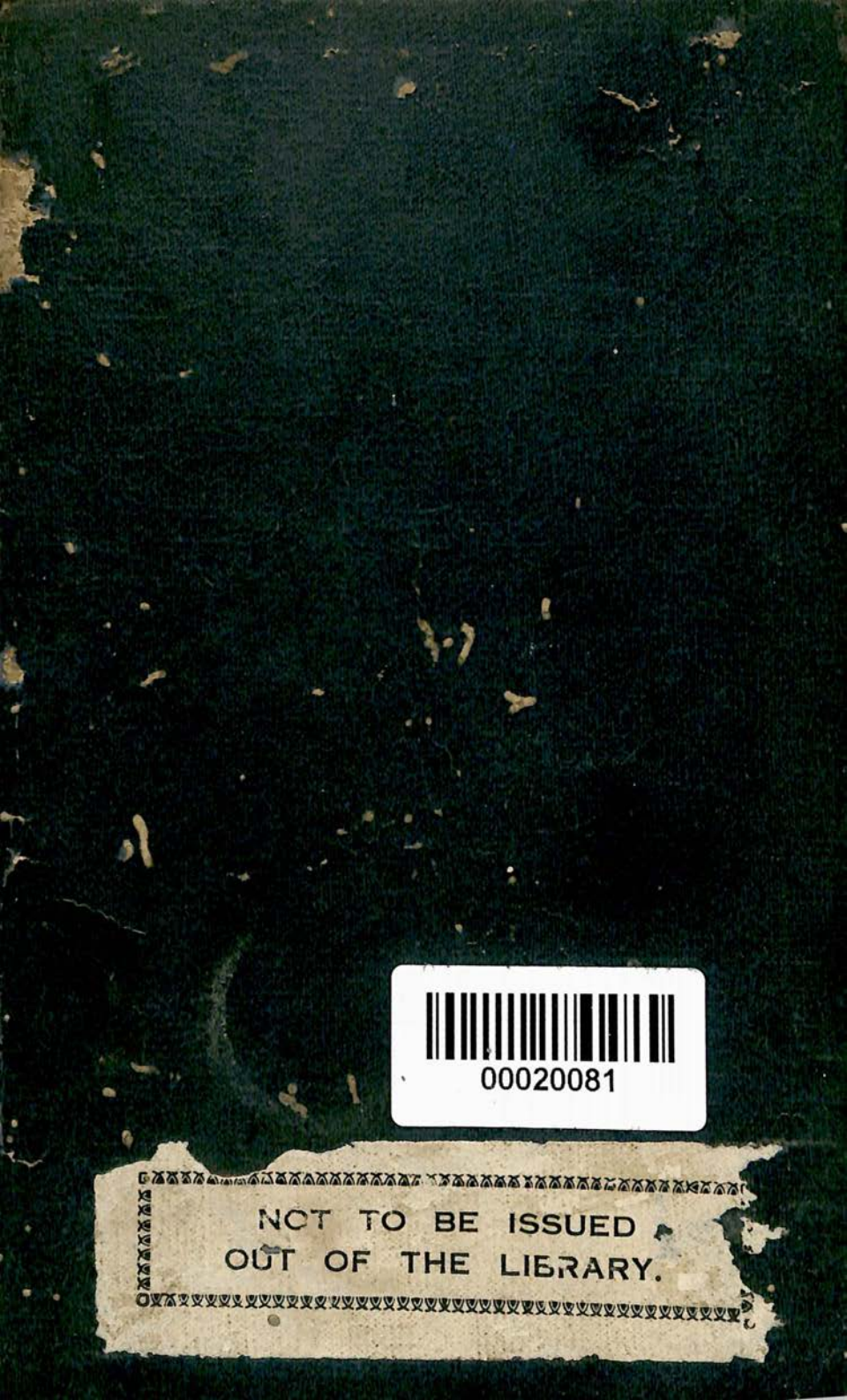
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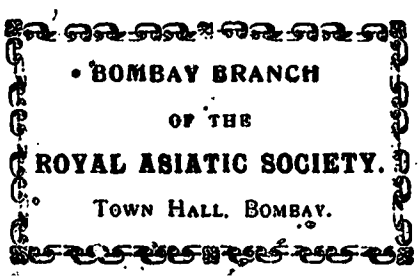

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THE REMAINS

OF THE LATE

MRS. RICHARD TRENCH,

BEING

Selections from her Journals, Letters, & other Papers.

EDITED BY HER SON,

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

20081

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

LONDON:
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PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

IT may wear an appearance of boldness, and even of pretension, to offer to the world the literary 'Remains' of one who had no name in literature. I must leave the step which I have taken to justify itself; as, if it does not do so, certainly no words of mine will justify it.

In making public this selection from my Mother's literary 'Remains,' I am as far as possible from wishing to present these as materials of a Life, or as contributions to one. It is only the fact, that the more valuable among them consist of letters and fragments of journals, such as naturally are best read in a chronological order, and indeed could hardly be presented in any other, that gives my book the remote appearance of such. Even this I would willingly have avoided, if it had been possible; for the adage, whether true or not in its first application, is certainly true concerning the English matron—*Bene vixit, quæ bene latuit;* so that it is only reluctantly, and by the necessities of the work in which I am engaged, that I at all disturb this sacred obscurity; as assuredly I have no desire to bring into

public gaze any of those many incidents which, deeply interesting to the members of a family, can have no interest to any beyond. But without some few biographical notices connecting these letters and other papers, I must either have withdrawn many of them as unintelligible, or left them to be very imperfectly understood. I soon then felt, that only by doing a certain violence to a just feeling of reserve, could I avoid, in one of these ways or the other, serious injury to whatever interest the book might possess; even as in other respects also this feeling of reserve must up to a certain point be overcome. This, however, is the law and limit of the narration, that whatever is not absolutely necessary to elucidate, illustrate, or explain the published 'Remains,' is passed by.

Unfortunately, the materials which came two years ago into my hands, are very incomplete as compared with what they might have been; and it is now impossible for me to know by what accident they have mainly suffered. Of my Mother's journals, especially of those kept during the earlier part of her life, very far the greater portion has perished, or, at any rate, gone hopelessly astray. The volumes, or *fascicles*, consisting for the most part of loose sheets of paper, not very carefully sewn together, with or without covers, may seem in some measure to have provoked their fate. Yet this would rather explain occasional deficiencies than account for so sweeping a disappearance, leaving only here and there a fragment surviving. At the same time, the largest of these fragments

contains her visit to Germany in 1799—1801, no doubt the portion having most novelty and interest; although even this is imperfect, and comes to an abrupt termination, leaving no record of the later months of her tour. Her journals of later years have all, I believe, reached my hands; but at this time they much less deserve this name than they did at an earlier date, containing only occasional entries, with no attempt at continuity.

As it is with the journals, so it is also with the letters. During the years, now nearly thirty-five, which have elapsed since my Mother's death, all, or nearly all her cotemporaries, all her correspondents, whose deaths had not already preceded her own, have passed away, and the papers of most of them have been either scattered or destroyed. It has thus come to pass that I have only two or three series of letters at all approaching to completeness. Of her letters to some, with whom for years she maintained a lively correspondence—as, for instance, 'the ladies of Llangollen'—I do not possess a single specimen; while of those to two others, the most intimate friends of her life, I should be equally destitute, if she had not in later years entered now and then in her journal, and as constituting a portion of this, copies in whole or in part of the most interesting.* I

* I am sometimes in possession of the letter actually sent, and also of the copy retained in the journal. Where, as is occasionally the case, these do not perfectly agree, I have felt myself at liberty to use whichever pleased me the most.

suppose that much the same must always in such cases be expected; but to me my inability to recover more has proved a disappointment; for I have thus only remains of her 'Remains' from which to make my selection. In connexion with this matter, I will only say in conclusion how deeply thankful I should be to any who, possessing any of her letters, should be willing to entrust them to my care, to make such discreet use of them as to me might seem good, if hereafter opportunity of this should occur.

WESTMINSTER,

March 10th, 1862.

REMAINS,

ETC.

CHAPTER I.

1768—1799.

MY Mother, Melesina Chenevix, was the only child of the Rev. Philip Chenevix and of his wife, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Archdeacon Gervais. Her father was the son (at his marriage the sole surviving child) of Richard Chenevix, Bishop of Waterford, Lord Chesterfield's correspondent, and is often playfully alluded to as 'the young bishop' in his Lordship's letters.* In a brief sketch of her grandfather's life, it is explained how the familiarity and confidence, which breathe in every line of Lord Chesterfield's letters to the Bishop, grew up between them. It is as follows:—

My grandfather was educated at the University of Cambridge, took holy orders, married Dorothea, of whom I only know she was the sister of Admiral Dives, and much beloved by Queen Caroline. On Lord Chesterfield's appointment as Ambassador Extraordinary to the States-General at the Hague, in 1728, my grandfather was recollected at court as a person whose political information and accurate know-

* These words were in the first edition very needlessly changed everywhere into 'your son.' Earl Stanhope, in the supplementary volume of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, has made provision for a corrected text in the future, and also for the restoration of many hitherto omitted passages, by the aid of the original copies of these letters, which I was able to place in his hands.—Ed.

ledge of the French language would make him peculiarly useful, while his high principles and scrupulous delicacy fitted him for an unlimited confidence. He was accordingly named chaplain to Lord Chesterfield, and during the embassy gained the esteem of all parties. The Prince of Orange treated him with peculiar distinction, and presented him at parting with his picture and those of his family, together with a massive silver cup, engraven with the Stadtholder's arms.* So great an impression did his talents and conduct make in this situation, that the wife of the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, who was born very many years after his residence at the Hague, spoke to me of him in 1800 as one familiar with his character, having often heard his eulogium from her grandfather and grandmother. Lord Chesterfield conceived the warmest friendship for him; and till the hour of his death paid him the respect of appearing to him a strict friend to religion and morality, insomuch that my grandfather was really acquainted only with the bright side of this dazzling but imperfect character. On Lord Chesterfield's appointment to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, he recommended my grandfather to a bishopric,† and enforced his recommendation, when he was answered that 'the King wished he would look out for another bishop,' by replying, that 'he wished the King would look out for another Lord-Lieutenant.'‡ On this my grandfather was imme-

* I know not what may have become of the pictures. The cup I have now in my possession.—Ed.

† He owed to Lord Chesterfield the preferment which he before held, namely, the living of Gedling, near Nottingham, still in the gift of the Chesterfield family.—Ed.

‡ Lord Chesterfield's letter, of date April 27, 1745, quite bears out this

diately appointed Bishop of Killaloe, and in a few months translated to Waterford. There he resided thirty-three years, and there, in 1779, he died, after a long life of primitive purity and continually active and often splendid benevolence; having survived two daughters, as well as Philip, his beloved and exemplary son, leaving only one grand-daughter, Melesina, writer of these memoranda.

Born in Dublin on the 22nd of March, 1768, she had lost before her fourth birthday both her parents by death. I find among her papers, without date, but certainly belonging to later years, some brief recollections of her childhood, why, and for whom, written will be gathered from the introductory sentences:—

It is your desire that I should write some recollections of the past. Unaccustomed to order and precision in the use of my pen as I am, they will be incoherent and desultory, perhaps uninteresting. But I feel that compliance with your wishes is to me a sort of destiny; and therefore, however I may fail in the execution, since you desire it, I am compelled to make the attempt.

Whatever faults I may have, I do not inherit them from my parents. They were all love and gentleness, piety and benevolence; fondly attached to each other, and removed from this world by an early death, which seemed to have no terrors for either. Their separation was short, and I trust their reunion eternal. My paternal grandfather was one of those guileless, humble, benevolent, firm, affectionate, and pious

account. Dr. Chenevix was supposed, though erroneously, to have written a political pamphlet against the Administration, which made the King personally hostile to his appointment.—Ed.

characters, rarely seen, and never duly appreciated; particularly when a species of *naïveté*, which, for want of a better name, the world calls simplicity, is blended with these qualities. He was learned, active, and diligent, both in the performance of his duties and the cultivation of his mind, to the last hour of a life prolonged beyond the age of fourscore.

I have a dim recollection of my father in some playful scene; and of my mother conversing mildly with me, once taking from me some paper figures with which she found it impossible to please me by repeated alterations; and again, kneeling in her widow's weeds, after my father's death, and praying silently, at Clifton, where she went for the cure of that consumption she had caught in her tender and unwearied attendance upon him in the South of France.* It seemed as if her death, which soon followed his, interrupted the progress of my ideas, for I have then no distinct recollection of anything till that period of my infancy which found me with my paternal grandfather, my fondly attached nurse, Alice Cornwall, 'the abstract and brief chronicle of the times;' and a governess whom I thought *old*—I know not her age—with a very long face, a very long waist, and a stocking in her hand, which she knitted so perseveringly it seemed a part of herself; and a determination to rule by rigour, to pass nothing, to correct seldom, but then to do it with effect. The fear and distaste I had for her is indescribable. It was increased by the arrival of a large, coarse, furious-looking maid, who I understood was to replace my own Ally, the only remaining creature of the little

* See Lord Chesterfield's letter of date Dec. 19, 1771.—Ed.

group, all gentleness and joy, that I had been used to love. I shall not dwell on the cruelties I suffered, possibly from the best intentions; but they have impressed me with a deep horror of unkindness to the young, and of all that is fierce or despotic in every shape. My grandfather was deaf, and confined by infirmity to his chair. I had an aversion to complaint, and what is most singular, and to me now unaccountable, I never did complain to him; and I believe children suffer much rather than do so, partly from fear of worse treatment, and sometimes partly from generosity; they vaguely conceive their father's house is all the world, and that the servant or governess dismissed at their instance, is dismissed to be an homeless wanderer for life. At least, this appears to me to have been the principal, perhaps the only, cause that restrained me.

My health, however, sunk under restraint, fear, and inflictions of every kind, combined with want of fresh air, and insufficient food. The two last privations were for the good of my health and beauty, both which they materially injured. The smooth, smiling cheek, affectionately remembered even now by those who cherished my childhood as being 'round as an apple,' grew pale and wan; the body delicate; the elastic step listless; and in all the useless and encumbering *embonpoint* of my present existence, I still shudder when I call to mind the thinness of my neck and arms.

I was the best little child possible. Happy had I been, if such dispositions as I then possessed had been cherished, and the faults which afterwards sprung up eradicated. I was obedient and loving, docile and

lively, although timid. I do not remember the smallest disposition to falsehood or mischief, and I sympathized with every being that felt. I pined away so rapidly under the new *régime*, it was necessary to call in the physicians, and to recal my nurse. The symptoms of danger disappeared, and the physicians had the honour of the amendment produced by the good Alice Cornwall. Cure it could not be called, for I remained miserably thin; and the delicacy of my form, the brightness of my large black eyes, and the premature intelligence of mind and countenance produced by love and suffering, combined with early change of society and place, I am told gave something unearthly to my whole appearance. I remember those addressing me as a fairy queen, an Ariel, a sylph, who spoke to me in sportive kindness; but these were few; for I lived among the old, and old age was then less gracious, particularly to the young, than it is now.

Before I ceased to be a child, my good and kind, nay, doting grandfather, died. He had not made me happy, though he had tried to do so; nay, he had not prevented me from being miserable. But I felt he loved me more than all the world; and without knowing the value of deep and exclusive love, I regretted him, both from gratitude and from affection.

From him I went to my dear, ever dear Lady Lifford; my tender, kind, and constant friend. Once seen, she was ever known. She realized all the poetical delineations of feminine gentleness and sensibility; my heart clung to her from the first moment; and even now her dear idea mingles with my deepest

and tenderest thoughts. She was the lovely mother of three affectionate children, whom she educated with suavity and apparent indulgence; but although we seemed to do as we liked, in fact we were doing all that she wished. How happy was the ensuing year, how full it appears when I look back; its bright rays set off by the dark hours which preceded and followed. I never heard the tone, or saw the look, of reproach; I cannot remember even that of the mildest reproof. What an enjoyment was the free air, and use of my own limbs, bounding along an extensive park, or inhaling and admiring beds of flowers. The woods, the garden, the deer, the peacocks, the sports of childhood, the voice of joy, even the cheerfulness of a well-regulated large English family, were all sources of joy. What a contrast to privation, severity, restraint, confinement; for I had never walked but in a walled garden, except when occasionally sent to the seashore to bathe. What a contrast to seeing none but the aged, the infirm, the severe, and being ever under the eye of a rigid governess. How delightful was it to me to find myself caressed, *applauded*. Applause was not quite so new a feeling as might have been wished; for I had been sent one night in my dear grandfather's life, to a fancy ball, dressed as Sterne's Maria, with my favourite little dog in a string, and I had drunk deep, fatally deep, of the intoxicating draught of delusive admiration paid to personal appearance. It was a dangerous experiment, and I can trace to it many of the tares which sprung up in my young heart.

My young affections entwined about Lady Lifford,

and her children, Ambrosia, George, Elizabeth. All this dear group are vanished;

'How populous, how vital is the grave.'

I was near a year older than the eldest; I had great influence over them; I was the leader in their sports, and each sought with eager competition for the largest share of my love. I gave it to George, yet, from instinct, I suppose, I sometimes teased *him*, though never his sisters. I would say, 'George, you do not love me,' and express doubts of his affection, till the large bright drops forced themselves from his mild hazel eyes, and then I would console him with the softest kindness, till I drew him from under the sofa, the place where he usually flung himself to hide his young sorrows. This strange exertion of feminine power over a child of nine by one three years older; was it instinct, or a species of coquetry awakened by having read in my grandfather's study, Shakspeare, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Sterne, *The Arabian Nights*, an abundance of plays, and several works of imagination, which, describing the influence of female charms as invincible, excited an early desire to try their force? This childish exercise of power stands alone. I do not recollect any other instance of the slightest propensity to tyrannize; on the contrary, I did all I could to promote the pleasure of my companions, and even in points where I had any advantages over them, to be careful they should never feel it. I was their surest *confidante*, their most disinterested adviser, and in sickness their tenderest and most unwearied nurse. This looks too much like praising of myself, yet what can I do? The kindly

qualities I have mentioned are compatible with a thousand faults, of which the germs were but slightly developed in these youthful days.

Some other fragmentary reminiscences of childhood, I do not know at what time written, but I am inclined to think of earlier date than those which have just been given, dwell with more fulness on the graces and virtues of the good Bishop; even as I can well remember that my Mother, in later years, loved often to speak of them. They leave, too, an impression of her own life under her grandfather's roof, if not a happy one, nor one natural to a child, yet on the whole not *so* unhappy as the preceding notice would imply. It is in the very nature of such recollections of a distant past, that the colours which it wears should not always be exactly the same.

After my mother's death I lived with my dear grandfather, the good Bishop of Waterford. I was the only remaining child of his once numerous family, and in me were centered all his earthly hopes and wishes. His domestic affections were uncommonly strong. They formed a solid and broad basis for his universal philanthropy. He often spoke of his lost children, of his departed wife, and of his revered father, who died on the field of battle.* Even his family pictures, a numerous collection, which he had carefully brought from England when he came to settle at his bishopric, were regarded by him with sentiments of greater tenderness and veneration than some appear to feel for their living friends. The education of his orphan grand-daughter became his favourite employment. She was to him as a ray of

* At the battle of Blenheim. He had quitted France on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had entered the English service, and was major of the 2nd Carabineers at the time when he fell.—Ed.

sunshine sent to gild the evening of his life. But she did not absorb the mild affections of that expanded heart, which looked on all the sons and daughters of affliction as its own. Inattentive to the voice of vanity, selfishness, or dissipation, and *above* all taste for luxury and splendour, his superfluity was exclusively devoted to acts of charity; and his idea of superfluity was that of a Christian bishop. To one who expressed fears of his injuring his family by his generosity, he replied, 'No, no, I shall die scandalously rich.' Prudent men accused him of being too lavish and indiscriminate in his bounty; and it was said that whoever awakened his feelings commanded his purse. But these were noble errors, and sufficiently punished by the occasional ingratitude he experienced. He proved by the whole tenour of his actions that his philanthropy was not the mere child of impulse; for he assisted numerous public charities with the utmost exertion of his vigilance and industry. In more instances than one he wrested from the strong grasp of power and affluence the portion of those who had none to help them; and saved from rapacious heirs the revenues of establishments, destined to last as long as our Constitution for the comfort of the widow and the fatherless.* He also sowed the first precious seed of many liberal endowments. Providence prospered his efforts, and those yet unborn may bless his name.

Would that I could do justice to his courtesy, his dignity of mind, his humility, his simplicity, his

* These exertions of the Bishop are several times alluded to in Lord Chesterfield's letters to him. Thus, in one of date Nov. 21, 1769:—'The Archbishop of Cashel tells me that by your indefatigable endeavours you have recovered near twenty thousand pounds for the several defrauded charities.'—Ed.

learning, his piety; but his setting sun only irradiated my path during my childhood. His habits I well remember. Till fourscore years of age he rose at six, lighted his own fire, was temperate even to abstemiousness, never tasting any but the plainest food; was strictly attentive to every religious exercise, public and private; was polite and hospitable, receiving frequently large companies, from whom he retired to his study when they sat down to cards; and on every Sunday inviting a numerous party of clergymen and officers to an early dinner, which admitted of attending divine service in the evening. He was always employed in his study in the intervals of meals; but though apparently engrossed by his pen and his books, never showed the slightest impatience of interruption, whether from the claims of society or of indigence. An airing, or a short walk to look at his figs, grapes, or melons, was to him sufficient relaxation; and, as his deafness precluded him from enjoying general conversation, he had peculiar pleasure in a private interview with those he loved or esteemed. His courtesy was specially that of Christianity, more solicitous to avoid offending the poor and low than the rich and great. I have seen him receive an old woman who asked alms in the street, and a young one who came to solicit a recommendation to the Magdalen Asylum, with all the politeness of a courtier, and all the respect of a supplicant. His green old age, always serene, and often cheerful, was wholly exempt from *ennui*, listlessness, or any dispiriting complaint.

He was so attached to his diocese of Waterford, that when offered, while Lord Townsend was Viceroy, the Archbishopric of Dublin, he refused to leave

'his children.' In his diocese he was beloved as a father, and honoured wherever known. Dr. Woodward, on being made a bishop, went to entreat his blessing, received it with reverence, and often spoke of the feelings of that moment with tears in his eyes. Dr. Law, when Bishop of Killaloe, pronounced in the House of Lords an eloquent and animated eulogium on his virtues many years after his death.

His love for literature tinctured perhaps too strongly the system he formed for my education. He condemned ornamental accomplishments, lest they should seduce me from severer studies; and insensibly books became my business and my only pleasure. At seven years old, after reading Rollin as a task, I turned to Shakspeare and Molière as an amusement; and though debarred from most of the enjoyments of my age, was happy while in my grandfather's presence. When absent from him, I longed for young companions, unrestrained exercise, childish sports, and fresh air; for I was deprived of all these from an excess of care and apprehension for my health. My grandfather's having survived all his children and grandchildren, rendered him so timid with regard to my preservation, that his good understanding in this single instance had not fair play; and I was brought up with so much delicacy that nothing but naturally a strong constitution and uncommon high spirits could have saved my life. I was thus bred up in ignorance of all modern accomplishments—no music, no drawing, no needlework, except occasionally for the poor; no dancing, except the 'sweet austere composure' of the minuet, which was admitted as favourable to grace and deportment.

My grandfather, called to his rest and his reward while I was yet a child, left an impression of love and reverence never to be erased from the hearts of those who witnessed the daily beauty of his life; least of all from mine; and perhaps I owe to the strength of this first attachment a tenderness for declining age, a power of understanding its language, and a pleasure in anticipating its wants and wishes, which have accompanied me through life.

The Bishop's death took place in 1779, when therefore the writer of these recollections was eleven years old. After that happy year spent under Lady Lifford's roof, and already described, it was the wish of her maternal grandfather, Archdeacon Gervais, that she should reside with him; and this she continued to do till she had completed her eighteenth year.

Early in her nineteenth she was married to Colonel St. George, of Carrick-on-Shannon, Ireland, and of Hatley St. George, Cambridgeshire. Here, again, a fragment of considerable length has reached my hands, which I quote:—

On the last day of October, 1786, at the age of eighteen, I entered into the arduous duties of a wife. The moment the ceremony was performed we set out to Dangan, a seat lent to us by Lord Mornington, as neither Mr. St. George nor his father had ever lived on the family estate; consequently he had no country-house fit for my reception. The old mansion covered a large extent of ground, in the midst of a very fine park. Without, it had every appendage of ancient magnificence; within, every article of modern luxury. Here we lived for some time—I, in a kind of pleasing dream, which every particularity in my situation served to increase. My husband's excessive fondness, a constant succession of young and gay society, the

'chimera of independence,' successive amusements, and late hours, left no moment for recollection. About two months after our marriage we invited, for a Christmas party, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, with the suite that attended him as Lord-Lieutenant: Lord Westmeath, Lord Fitzgibbon, General Pitt, General Conynghame, some of the prettiest women, and a group of the gayest young men. I thought myself in Elysium for half the first week; but the charm was soon broken, and I grew weary of turning night into day for no obvious reason, as all hours in the twenty-four were equally free from interruption, of listening to the *double entendres* of Mrs. —— and Lady ——, and of playing commerce with a party of women impatient for the hour of eleven, which usually brought the men in a state very unfit for the conversation or even the presence of our sex.

Under these impressions I accompanied the same party to Lord ——'s, where I wrote a letter to Miss Chenevix, expressing my opinion of the society I was engaged in. This letter lay on the table while I retired to dress. —— —— and —— ——, who examined all my words and actions with the strictest scrutiny, each hinted a desire to know the contents. This inclination, in the more polished mind of the latter, would have died away, had it not been encouraged by the daring spirit of the former, who, collecting several of the female party, proposed as an agreeable frolic that action from which honour and principle alike recoil. The moment she obtained a half consent and a promise of secresy, she heated her penknife and raised the seal. Pause a moment and consider the group—agitated with a fear of discovery,

conscious of being each in the power of the rest; *one*, mistress of the house, acting in direct violation of the laws of hospitality; *another*, condemned to read aloud the just censure of her own behaviour; a *third*, stung with resentment at a charge she could never refute without a confession of her own baseness; a *fourth*, in silent expectation of being held up to view in the light she deserved;—all trembling with apprehension, ill disguised under bitter smiles and affected indifference. As soon as they had finished reading, they re-sealed the letter, committed it to the post, vented their rage against its author, and reiterated promises of secresy. These promises were kept like most others of the same nature. One of the ladies confessed all to her lover —that lover betrayed her to his friend—that friend imparted the secret to Mr. St. George, and he disclosed it to me. I felt no great resentment, particularly when I recollected that the fault was attended with its own punishment, even in the moment of commission; and I ever after behaved to the fair culprits with distant civility, though I never renewed with any one of them the slightest degree of intimacy. From the public they met with less indulgence. They were blamed, ridiculed, and even lampooned.

From Dangan I removed to Dublin in the ensuing spring, and from Dublin to Cork, where Mr. St. George's regiment was quartered. But these changes made no alteration in our mode of life. As I rose late, I never found an hour in the day unoccupied, either by his society, by dressing, visiting public places, consultations with the milliner, receiving company at home, or fulfilling my engagements abroad. Every study, every accomplishment were laid aside. I never

opened a book except while my hair was dressing. I never touched a note, except when asked to play by St. George. On domestic arrangements I never bestowed a thought; what was our income, and what our expense, I was equally ignorant. Scarcely could I find a moment to write to those I most loved. Both my temper and my taste would soon have been spoiled by this disposal of my time. Nothing is so quickly lost as the habit of occupation, which, till now, I had always in some degree maintained; now it was totally extinct. The injury my taste received from a recurrence of frivolous pursuits and the absence of reflection was still more evident; for I saw the Lake of Killarney about seven months after our marriage, with an indifference to its beauties I surely could not have experienced either before or since.

Soon after, however, an event occurred which awakened all my dormant sensibilities, and conferred on me the purest happiness I had ever tasted. I had not long attained my nineteenth year, when I became a mother. The delight of that moment would counterbalance the miseries of years. When I looked in my boy's face, when I heard him breathe, when I felt the pressure of his little fingers, I understood the full force of Voltaire's declaration:—

'Le chef-d'œuvre d'amour est le cœur d'une mère.'

My other affections appeared to require food, and, if not supported by adequate returns, I was sensible might expire; but this attachment seemed a part of my existence which could neither be increased nor diminished by any outward circumstances. My husband's delight in the birth of his son nearly equalled

mine. My love for *him*, the father of my child, grew in strength, and I looked on myself as one of the happiest of women.

Alas! this was the pinnacle of my enjoyments, and from this moment fortune never ceased to undermine the basis on which I founded my future hopes. The gradual decline of Colonel St. George's health, a series of circumstances concurring to check his prospects of worldly advancement, the immense difference between the poor realities of life and the splendid pictures drawn by my youthful fancy, the void occasioned by a course of dissipation and trivial pursuits, were all strongly felt by a mind so susceptible as mine; and my situation at the birth of my second son was a perfect contrast to that which saw me first a mother, though divided from it by little more than a year. My husband was in the South of France. We had sailed for Bordeaux about two months before I lay in. The wind was contrary, and I was so ill that he apprehended I could not proceed without danger, so that after I had suffered six-and-thirty hours' wretched sickness, being still in sight of the Irish coast, he prevailed on the captain to land us at Wicklow, and in two days pursued the voyage alone. My agitation on our parting, and remorse for having suffered any personal consideration to prevent me from attending him, affected my unborn child, who, nine days after his birth, died of inward fits. Thus I suffered all the pains of a lying in, without the comfort of my husband's presence or my infant's smiles, without a single female friend to cheer the hours of confinement, regretting the past, and appre-

hensive of the future. At this time I wanted five months of one and twenty.

Sad and slow the months passed on, and when I had nearly arrived at that age, Mr. St. George returned to settle some affairs which depended on my majority, and to take me with him to a more southern climate. Greatly was I shocked at the change of his appearance. His figure was shrunk and emaciated, his features sharpened, and his eyes had acquired a distressing keenness. Every day some new remedy was proposed and tried, some fresh physician called in and obeyed. From March to November I passed hovering round the couch of sickness, or preparing for a voyage to Lisbon, which I looked on as a certain means of recovery, and undertook with the most flattering hopes. My Portuguese journal will prove their fallacy. It breaks off seven days before Mr. St. George's death.*

> 'Long at his couch death took his patient stand,
> And menaced oft, and oft withheld the blow.'

Yet the moment of his final dissolution shocked me no less than if it had been sudden and unexpected. To say the truth, to me it was so; strong affection will hope where reason would despair, and I never for an instant relinquished the expectation of his recovery. His last moments will never be erased from my memory, were I to live for ages. All the surrounding objects are likewise engraved on my brain, and can never perish while that endures. Even the orange tree which waved its branches across the window between my fixed eyes and that setting sun

* This journal does not exist among the papers which have come into my hands.—Ed.

he had seen for the last time, is impressed with every leaf on my imagination. My friends, the Warres, in a few hours took me to their home, and neglected none of the offices of friendship. I required them all, for my mind was deeply affected. Sometimes I talked incessantly, recapitulated all the incidents of our courtship and marriage, then sunk into sullen silence. Sometimes I reproached myself vehemently for imaginary faults toward him, and formed wild schemes of expiating errors I had not committed. Sometimes I imagined all was a dream, from which I might yet awake. But my predominant idea was regret for not having shown him warmer love, more observant duty, more tender fondness. I wished that these 'had been in every point twice done, and then done double;' and whenever I was alone, used to address him in the language of contrition, and call on him with all the fervour of passionate attachment.

The day which completed my two-and-twentieth year, found my mind in this disordered state, and saw the remains of my husband placed on shipboard to be deposited at Athlone in the tomb of his ancestors. I soon followed those precious relics. The scene of my misfortune was hateful to me. The spring was advancing with charms of which a more northern climate had given me no idea; but I saw with displeasure beauties *he* could not enjoy, and longed to remove, as if I hoped to fly from grief. In vain did the Warres intreat me to pass the summer with them, and promise they would themselves conduct me to Ireland in the beginning of the autumn. Without motive or object, without even a home to return to, I felt a vague desire of wandering, and I sailed for

Dublin about a month after my misfortune. As I crossed the bar, which half a year before I had passed with the gayest and most lively hopes, the large waves rolled solemnly toward the vessel, and I often wished it were possible that one of them might receive me into its dark bosom and all my inquietudes.

Contrary winds forced our vessel to take shelter in Cork harbour. There I landed, and was taken to an inn, and was put to bed more dead than alive. Next morning I arose to pursue my journey to Dublin, as rest was hateful to me. I longed to be with Mr. St. George's nearest relations and dearest friends. A magazine lay on the table; I took it up, and mechanically turned toward the Deaths. There my grandfather's name was the first I saw. At any time nature must have spoken to the heart of a child thus shocked with the intelligence of a parent's loss; but in my position the incident was doubly affecting.

After a melancholy journey, I arrived at Mrs. Cradock's. With her and Mrs. Marjoribanks I passed the first year of my widowhood. I suffered much both in mind and body; however, I recovered by the pure air of Broomfield, and the unremitting attention of those who loved me. In about fifteen months after my return, I resolved on visiting England, and invited Miss Chenevix to accompany me. At the commencement of that journey I began a regular journal, which I shall probably continue to the end of my life and faculties.

I gather from the handwriting of the above passage that it was written not many years after the events which it narrates, and during the widowhood of the writer. Of the journal, which in the last sentence she describes herself as keeping, and

intending to keep, and which no doubt for a great many years she did keep, only a few fragments, so far as concerns the next seven years, have come into my hands. If they are fair specimens of the rest, it must have been kept with considerable fulness. I shall extract a few of these; but before this, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of inserting, though it has properly no place in this volume, one letter, which I have found among my Mother's papers, for the abiding interest of the events and persons to whom it refers. It is from Colonel Cradock, afterwards Lord Howden (he was half-brother to Colonel St. George), and written after a visit to the Duke of Brunswick's head-quarters, and on the memorable day that the Prussian army entered France with the intention of marching to Paris, releasing the King, and putting down the Revolution. Honourable to the professional zeal of the writer, and no less in other ways, it is a slight but authentic glimpse of an epoch-making moment in the world's history; though it may have needed at the moment a Goethe to discern and to announce, as it will be remembered that *he* did by the Prussian watch-fires after the cannonade at Valmy, all the significance which it possessed.

COLONEL CRADOCK TO MRS. ST. GEORGE.

Luxembourg, Aug. 19, 1792.

It is high time, according to promise, I should give you some account of ourselves, and how far we have accomplished our wild-goose chase. Our excursion furnished a proof *de plus* that nothing is so difficult in execution as in plan; for here we are, though in London we were told the project was impossible; and as we advanced, the account of obstructions increased; yet to this town and this moment we have proceeded without meeting one. We came by Dover, Ostend, Bruges, Ypres, Brussels, Namur, Luxembourg, still

hunting the Duke of Brunswick's army, in agony lest the delay of one hour should make us too late; for such was the tenor of our intelligence as we pursued our course. We arrived here on Tuesday evening, and to our inexpressible joy found the King of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick, and the main army of 50,000 men encamped at Montfort, about four miles from the town. Colonel Manners, St. Leger, two other officers, and ourselves, composed the whole of the English, though taught to expect so many more, in the town. We went next morning to the camp, and were presented, at the time of giving orders, to the King of Prussia and Duke of Brunswick before their tents. The whole passed without the least ceremony, and had entirely the appearance of an introduction upon the parade to the commanding officers, such was the martial simplicity and modesty of everything around. The King's tent was that of a field officer, and his two sons', the Prince Royal and Prince Louis, those of captains, adjoining to his. On that morning arrived at head-quarters Monsieur and the Count d'Artois from Treves, with *écuyers grands*, &c., without number. The vain parade of people in their circumstances added highly to the scene; for who could behold the contrast without admiration and wonder—poverty and exile in the gay trappings of pride and vain-glory, and real power and dominion over thousands and ten thousands concealed yet augmented by the apparent moderation of its possessor?

I cannot too favourably express the flattering reception we met with from the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick. To us English officers was allowed the peculiar privilege of riding throughout

the camp wherever we pleased; and, if stopped by any sentry, we had but to explain who we were, and we met with no interruption. This privilege allowed us yesterday morning the happy opportunity of attending the breaking up of their camp, and accompanying their march twelve miles to Bellenburg, where they encamped upon an open plain of corn upon the very frontier of France. The ground was so advantageously situated that one could behold the column of cavalry and the three of infantry enter the plain at once, and take up their ground at the same time. A description would be tedious, and will better serve for conversation than correspondence; but still I must say, in the traveller cant, so magnificent a sight my imagination could not have conceived. The whole was performed with infinite regularity and expedition, and every person knew his business so well that not a direction nor scarce a word was heard. Yet something took place, considering the Prussian discipline, that surprised me. The men, even in sight of their officers, stepped from their ranks and loaded themselves with the corn, potatoes, &c., and at length appeared like a moving field. As permission to accompany the army had been refused to every person, of whatsoever situation, that does not belong to it, we English officers, fearful of exceeding our limits, were obliged to withdraw ourselves last night, and have bid adieu, with our best wishes, to the Duke of Brunswick. This day he proceeded to a place called Tiercelet, near to Longwy. Whether he will continue his route to Paris alone, or wait to be joined by the French Princes or M. de Clairfait's army, no one can tell. His motions are so secret, that nothing but the past and present are known.

The Prussian army seems to be exasperated to a degree against every thing that bears the name of Frenchman; and patriot or emigrant appears to make but little difference of sentiment in them. The emigrants everywhere conduct themselves with so little good sense, and are so regardless of good-will and conciliation, that the world regard them and their cause with much indifference; and was it not thought that their cause would ultimately affect others, no one would stir a step in their behalf. The other day there had been a skirmish between some Prussian hussars and a party of the French, which ended in the defeat of the latter, without the loss of a single man on the side of the Prussians. About fifty wounded men and prisoners were brought into town, and passed before our windows, where we were at dinner at a *table-d'hôte* with some Frenchmen. They jumped up and ran out, and returned, after viewing the poor wounded people, crying out, '*Que c'est charmant! comme les hussars les ont bien arrangés!*' We abhorred them. To-morrow the Princes and emigrants take up the former ground of the Prussians near this town. We shall go in the morning and meet them upon their march. I am really very anxious to see the three thousand officers doing the duty of soldiers and the common drudgery of the camp. Though a painful sight, yet it is interesting, and worthy of observation. We shall afterwards go to Arlon and stay a day or two with General Clairfait's army, and enable ourselves to talk with discernment of the difference between the Prussian and Austrian soldiers.

I have quite failed to obtain any letters, or discover any journals, of the next five or six years. It is only in the autumn of 1798 that I find a few loose pages of journal. I will make some brief extracts from these:—

Sept. 2, 1798.—Left London yesterday morning, and arrived at Colonel Sloane's, Stoneham, at five. Colonel Sloane seems a sensible, polite, pleasing man; a good understanding and great mildness appear in his conversation. This house is situated on the river Itchen, which winds before the windows, and, with the addition of a single-arched bridge, and trees well grouped, forms a very pleasing view. A small lake, or rather pool, near the house, is excessively pretty; and nothing can be pleasanter than to walk on its margin under the shade of large plane-trees, whose branches arch over your head and dip themselves in the water; while on the opposite bank you see a rich variety of wood, which repeats itself in the clear dark surface. The scene is minute, but attractive; and the intermixture of weeping willows and trees of spiry forms among those of the more general shape, has a delightful effect.

Sept. 3.—Colonel Sloane, who commands the Hampshire Militia, received orders this morning at three o'clock to hold himself and his regiment prepared for going to repel the French invasion in Ireland.

Sept. 16.—Dined at Lord Palmerston's. Broadlands is very beautiful, both from nature and from art; to the latter it is most indebted. The river

winds just before the house, and the trees are luxuriant and well grouped; but its distinguishing feature is a species of rich unsullied verdure I have never seen but there.

Sept. 24.—This day closes my happy visit to Stoneham—spot ever to be remembered with grateful affection. Miss Sloane and Miss Dickenson kindly walked with me to Southampton, where I mean to pass a week, as my house in London is painting, and I have no engagement which it is convenient to me to fulfil till the 1st of October.

Sept. 29.—I have passed most of my time with Miss Sloane since my arrival at Southampton, and repent the misplaced delicacy and fear of intruding which hurried me from a place where I was so acceptable and so happy.

Oct. 3.—I arrived on the 1st at Lady Buckingham's. La Trappe itself could not be more solitary than her habitation. The house is convenient, the walks retired and shady. She does not encourage visits, which pleases me, as solitude is preferable to the casual uninteresting society to be obtained in a villa near London. Lady Buckingham has engaged me for a month's *tête-à-tête*. If our friendship survives this ordeal, it may be immortal.

Oct. 7.—Went to see Miss Agar, at Lord Mendip's. She did not expect I would dine with her; was engaged out, and being in an empty house, had nothing to give me. She sent an excuse where she was

expected, and we dined gaily on bacon, eggs, and porter. 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is,' &c. The hour of parting came too soon.

Nov. 1.—Returned to town, after passing all October with Lady Buckingham. She is sensible, friendly, and pleasant; I am attached to her both by gratitude and choice; '*mais mon âme ne se fond pas dans la sienne.*' The retirement we lived in was complete, and rather raised than lowered my spirits.

Dec. 1.—A long blank. I have been with good Lady Lifford and the pleasant Copes, and did not return to London till yesterday. London, as usual, agitates and disquiets me. It appears to me a gulf of splendid misery and attractive wickedness. 'De profundis clamavi ad Te, Domine,' to be preserved from both. I this day saw only Lady Yarmouth and Henry Sanford; yesterday Miss Sloane,—all very affectionate. That I often inspire affection is one of the chief blessings of my life.

Dec. 3.—Went with Lord and Lady Yarmouth to a private box, to see Mrs. Siddons in *Isabella* and *Blue Beard*. I think Mrs. Siddons is less various than formerly, and is so perpetually in paroxysms of agony that she wears out their effect. She does not reserve her great guns, as Melantius* calls them, for critical situations, but fires them off as minute guns, without any discrimination.

* This was a name given among his friends to Edward Tighe, well known in Ireland for works of active beneficence, when they were not so common as they are now.—ED.

Dec. 4.—Dined at the Duke of Queensberry's. He is very ill—has a violent cough, but *will* eat an immense dinner, and then complains of a *digestion pénible.* Sheridan's translation of the *Death of Rolla*, under the name of *Pizarro*, has brought him £5000 per week for five weeks. The sentiments of loyalty uttered by Rolla are supposed to have had so good an effect, that on the Duke of Queensberry's asking why the stocks had fallen, a stockjobber replied, 'Because at Drury-lane they have left off acting *Pizarro*.'

Dec. 7.—Saw poor Mad. Ciriello, the picture of despair. The late revolution at Naples not only makes her feel miserable at the fate of her friend the Queen, but deprives her and her husband of all the comforts of affluence, at that advanced time of life when such a vicissitude is most irreparable and insupportable.—At Mrs. Walker's masquerade we supped in the chapel. Some were shocked at this, who, when they heard it was a Roman Catholic chapel, felt their consciences perfectly at ease.

Dec. 17.—I have been, and still am, confused by a violent feverish cold. The solitude of my apartment is not disagreeable to me, but tranquillity and reflection strengthen my desire of living in the country, because I think I could there adopt a consistent plan of doing good, and see its effects. In town one may be of use in a desultory way, but not to the same extent, or with the same pleasure. One is divided from the objects one serves. Those times are past when everything I saw, every person I met, every employment I engaged in, amused, improved, or inte-

rested me. I no longer study character and seek friends; an indifference is creeping over me. I see all around me acting a part, pursuing they know not what, yet as eager in the pursuit as if eternal happiness depended on it. An anxiety to go everywhere, to know everybody, to associate with those above them in position, seems a marked feature of the polished inhabitants of London. Like flies caught in a bottle of honey, all are smothered in disgusting sweets, and all are trying to rise above each other, no matter how. The distinctions of vice and virtue are broken down. 'Well-dressed, well-bred, well-equipaged,' is a passport for every door. The affected lip-deep homage paid to virtue, while every knee bows to Baal, wherever he appears clad in purple and fine linen, spreads a varnish over vice, which only throws it out in stronger colours and darker deformity. 'I was made for a better life.

CHAPTER II.

1799—1801.

A LARGE part of the chapter which follows was printed last year, under the title of *A Visit to Germany in* 1799, 1800, of which a good many copies were privately circulated. It excited more attention and remark than I was prepared to expect; and I am glad that it should be now placed within the reach of all. A few additional entries, but all of secondary interest, which were then passed over, have now found a place in the text.

Oct. 20, 1799, *Yarmouth.*—I left London on the 16th, with the consolation of feeling that all my friends parted from me as from a beloved child, mixing with their affection a degree of care that proved they quite forgot I was more than fifteen. I have been detained here since last Friday, waiting for a fair wind, and my imprisonment would have been comfortless enough, had it not been for the attentions of Mr. Hudson Gurney, a young man on whom I had no claims, except from a letter of Mr. Sanford's; who, without knowing or having any connexion with him, recommended me to his care, feeling wretched at the idea of my being unprotected in the first stage of my journey. He has already devoted to me one evening and two mornings, assisted me in money matters, lent me books, and enlivened my confinement to a wretched inn by his pleasant conversation. Mr. Sanford having described me as a person travel-

ling *alone for her health*, he says his old assistant in the bank fancied I was a decrepit elderly lady who might safely be consigned to his youthful partner. His description of his surprise, thus prepared, was conceived in a very good strain of flattery. He is about two and twenty; understands several languages, seems to delight in books, and to be uncommonly well informed.

Oct. 27, *Cuxhaven.*—Arrived yesterday—uncivil captain—wretched passage—a high wind—never able to quit my little miserable bed. I fancied myself a good sailor, because I *tolerated* my Portuguese voyage, when I had the whole vessel to myself, several attendants, all possible luxuries and accommodations, and every person on board occupied in sparing me the shadow of an inconvenience. I find that travelling under the protection of a husband who deifies one, and is profuse in all expenses that can promote one's comfort, gives a very faint idea of the *contretems* of an economical and solitary journey. Saw Mr. Harward, agent for the packets, and Colonel Malcolm—both very kind. The former invited me to his house, and offered to conduct me free of all expense to Hamburg, if I would wait till the boat set off with the Government money. This offer for many trifling reasons I declined. Colonel Malcolm is a Scotchman, devoured by military ardour, who left Canada, where he was happily settled, because, *unfortunately*, it was a quiet country. He now commands a brigade at Tuam.

Oct. 28.—Mr. Harward, as I refused to suffer him

to accompany me, offered me the society of his daughter, and we sailed up the Elbe for Hamburg in a fishing-boat, worked by two sailors. We were thirty-six hours on the passage. I slept on a bench in a den dignified with the name of cabin, wrapped up in blankets I had the precaution to bring with me.

Nov. 4, *Ham, near Hamburg.*—Arrived at the Stadt Petersburg on the 29th; a pleasant inn, as it looks upon a public walk. Here you have a regular dinner of several dishes for the same price that a chicken costs at a London hotel; but the beds and attendants are nearly as expensive as in Pall Mall. Baron Breteuil* called next morning, and overcame all my objections to making him a visit by proving it was as much the wish of his daughter as himself. She also called and reiterated the invitation. The Baron is rich as an *émigré*, having near 4000*l.* a-year. He has a delightful house, and entertains in a very comfortable way, without any pretension to keeping up his ancient style of magnificence. He sees not only his friends, but a various and extensive acquaintance. His daughter, Mad. de Matignon, has a certain share of wit, great pleasantry, the best manners possible, and unalterable cheerfulness, amounting indeed to what may be called uncommon high spirits. His grand-daughter, the Duchess of Montmorenci, is

* Baron Breteuil, born in 1733, was employed by Louis XV. in important diplomatic services, in Russia and elsewhere; and at a later day was Minister of Home Affairs. He opposed the calling together of the States-General, and headed for a moment a reactionary ministry after the brief retirement of Neckar. He left France in 1790, and after residing in Hamburg for some years, was allowed to return in 1802. He died at Paris, in 1807.—Ed.

pleasing, lively, and well-bred, less clever than her mother in conversation, and excessively occupied with her toilette, but in so unaffected a way it rather diverts than fatigues you. The whole time of my visit she has employed herself in taking patterns of everything I possessed, and making up similar dresses with the ingenuity of a milliner or mantua-maker. The whole family vie with each other in proofs of civility to me, and in solicitations that I would prolong my stay. Last evening they accompanied me to the play, and in spite of the law which commands the gates of Hamburg to be closed at half-past five, we returned to Ham at ten. This is done by a little manœuvre, and crossing the river where it is shallow and narrow, an operation of about fifteen minutes. I saw it was an expedition which did not delight the Baron, though he undertook it on my account; and I am not surprised at his repugnance, as certainly in the month of November it was a party only suited to five and twenty. I met at his house Lady Edward Fitzgerald and her lovely little daughter, whose eyes and eyelashes are celestial.

Nov. 6, *Soltau.*—Left Ham yesterday, penetrated with Baron Breteuil's unaltered friendship, which time and absence have had no power to diminish. Travelled but one post, crossed the Elbe, and slept in a small inn on its banks. You are not to expect any luxuries on a German road; small rooms, with sanded floors, no carpet or curtains, dark little beds in corners, and wooden chairs, were all I found here. I supped well on eggs and milk. "I must give you an idea of this day's journey, not by way of *complaint*,

but of *narrative.* Without delay, dispute, accident, or ever quitting the carriage, I have travelled from Hopen here, exactly at the rate of two English miles an hour, in a post chaise, but moderately loaded, and drawn by four horses. It is two posts, one of four, the other of three German miles, each of which you know is some four English. The roads are dreadfully bad, but from the flatness of the country, and the absence of either wall or ditch, not dangerous. Going so slow, in an occasional journey, does not signify, but I should be sorry to *live* where the difficulty of communication is so great. It would be a sad thing to think that if your child or best friend was in the most urgent distress at a hundred miles' distance, you would be fifty hours getting to them even if you travelled night and day, which on these roads few constitutions could bear. The sterility and uninhabited appearance of the country is melancholy to excess. Imagine a dead flat, either absolutely naked, or slightly covered with a little starved heath, and sometimes extending three or four miles without an appearance of life, or trace of the hand of man. After driving for a couple of hours through a desert of this sort, you cannot imagine the pleasure with which I saw and heard three or four geese, which formed in my eye a most interesting group."*

Nov. 8, *Zell.*—The second post of yesterday's journey was more tolerable to the eye than any I have yet seen, as a river in one place, and here and there a few trees, broke the general appearance of sterility.

* This passage, in inverted commas, is evidently an extract from a letter.—Ed.

Many of them were firs, whose deep green contrasted agreeably with the withered leaves of bright brown and yellow that were intermixed. This is a very small town, without trade or manufactures, and possesses no attractions of any kind; yet I remained here to-day, partly to rest, and partly to view at my leisure the castle where Matilda, Queen of Denmark, died in the bloom of her youth, after having expiated by three years' confinement either her indiscretion or her crime, for history seems at a loss to decide whether she was guilty or only imprudent. It is a quadrangle surrounded by a moat, has once been whitewashed, but is now very dirty, and the outside has a gloomy appearance, increased perhaps by our associating with it ideas of banishment and a prison. The apartment once inhabited by Matilda is a suite of five rooms, terminating in her bed-chamber. They are all hung with tapestry, and her bed is of green damask. Though unsuitable to a youthful Queen, they are yet spacious, convenient, and have a certain air of dignity. Her mattrass and quilt, the one of white, the other of dark green satin, have been preserved untouched since her death. I also went to see the church, which is ornamented with painting and sculpture. A nervous person would have been startled at seeing in the floor of the chancel a large open space, discovering a flight of steps leading down to a vault, and on each side a man in black with a lighted taper. I was soon given to understand that the burying-place was here the chief object of curiosity. The coffin of the Queen of Denmark is the most ornamented, and not far from it stood that of Dorothea, wife of George the First. It was impossible to see their dust repose so

near, and not reflect on the similarity of their fates. Both were accused of infidelity to their husbands; both ended their days in banishment and obscurity; no accusation was ever clearly proved of either; and the presumed lovers of each perished by a violent death.

Nov. 9, *Hanover.*—Another day of fatigue and two tedious posts have brought me here. The country has improved during this last day's journey. There is a road edged with trees, instead of the miserable track, scarce discernible, through sand or heath; and here and there the eye is refreshed with a cultivated field and distant wood. I am not out of humour with German travelling, slow as it is. I have found all the people I employed, obliging, though not *empressé*, and there is a quietness in their manner that pleases. The postilions neither swear, nor beat their horses, and are satisfied with a very small gratuity, as are also the maids at the inns. Sixteen good groschen to the first, and eight or ten to the last, contents them. Two groschen is $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ of our money.

Nov. 11, 12.—So uneasy at not having received any letters either from my beloved Charles, or my other friends in England or Ireland, that these two days were a complete blank.

Nov. 13.—Received a visit from Mr. Tatler, one of Prince Adolphus' household. Soon after he sent me a civil note and several books. He is about thirty; pleasing in his manners and appearance.

Nov. 15.—Prince Adolphus, who arrived last night, called on me this morning. His exterior is highly prepossessing. He is extremely handsome, tall, and finely formed. His complexion fair, yet manly; his features regular, yet expressive. His manners bear that stamp of real goodness, which no art can imitate, no other charm replace; and though he presents himself with suitable dignity, his address immediately inspires ease and confidence. His conversation is fluent, various, and entertaining.

Nov. 16.—Prince Adolphus called on me about twelve, introducing to me Mad. de Büssche, whose husband has a place at Court, and whom he has fixed on to accompany me in my round of visits. She is a beautiful grandmother, with irresistible manners. At six Mad. de Büssche called to take me to pay my visits; we only dropped tickets, and afterwards she introduced me, according to an arrangement of the Prince's, at Mad. de Wallmöden's. The Maréchal de Wallmöden is son to George the Second and the beautiful Lady Yarmouth. Our company only consisted of our host and hostess, the two Princes, an officer who played on the violin, some musicians, and Mr. Tatler, who educated the Princes Augustus and Adolphus, and now lives with the latter as a friend. It was a delightful evening, and Prince Adolphus sang with very good taste and a charming voice. He is extremely animated, and there is a frankness and goodness in his manner that pleases even more than his graces and his talents.

Nov. 18.—The Prince, who regularly sends me the

newspapers, was so kind as to call on me at five in the evening with a French gazette; and afterwards Mr. Tatler, whose adoration of him is truly interesting, sat with me the rest of the evening. He enlarged much on his goodness, saying he never had done, and never would do, anything to give the King, his father, a moment's uneasiness. He cannot speak of his father without tears in his eyes. He rises at six, and takes four lessons daily in different branches of study and science.

Nov. 20.—Dined at Court; an invitation dinner of about thirty persons. Prince Adolphus of course represents our King; but there is no ceremony, and the dinner does not differ from that at the house of any private gentleman, except in the number of attendants and the circumstance of every person's being placed at table according to their rank. They rise from table in about two hours and a half, drink coffee, and separate between five and six. There is no particular court dress. When I least expected it the band played 'God save the King.' It was the first time I had heard it since I left England, and in addition to the feelings it usually excites, it awakened ten thousand fond ideas of home and all the dear friends I had left behind. It was a painfully-pleasing moment.

Nov. 24.—An assembly at Mad. Bielwhal's. Instead of the constant ingress and egress from ten till one, as at a London assembly, every one assembles at about half-past six and goes away about nine. I like this better; you are sure of meeting your acquaintances by going to the same place, which does not follow in

London. The play here is so very low it really deserves its name, and no one can possibly make it a business.

Nov. 27.—At a supper at Mad. de Wallmöden's, met a countryman, Lord B——, whom I had always seen with great indifference at home, but whose appearance in a foreign country gave me great pleasure.

Nov. 30.—Went to Prince Ernest's assembly. He has a pleasant house, belonging to our King, and has so furnished as to give it a very cheerful appearance. I am much pleased with Count Münster,* one of my new acquaintances, who appears to have information, taste, and talents.

Dec. 3.—A ball at Prince Adolphus'. He was good enough to begin it with me. His house is very beautiful, both as to taste and magnificence, and the former predominates just enough. The rooms are chiefly hung and furnished with Lyons silks, in compartments, and the ceilings, floors, doors, windows, &c., are painted in the most exquisite Italian style. The hall is lofty and well-proportioned, the apartments perfectly distributed, and there is a marble saloon and a boudoir lined with looking-glass, which more resemble a description in the *Arabian Nights* than anything one has seen in real life. The ball was gay and brilliant; many more men than women, which still surprises me, after having been accustomed to see seven women to

* Count Münster is well known in England, having been for many years, during the connexion between Hanover and England, the minister for Hanoverian affairs at the Court of London.—Ed.

one man in London. I never saw anything like the good-nature of the Hanoverian ladies—no malicious shrugs or whispers, no sarcasms under the mask of compliments, no satirical glances from top to bottom at one's dress, no sign of displeasure at the Prince's goodness to a stranger.

Dec. 4-11.—Our amusements have been varied by the arrival of Mad. de Wally, who gives herself out as an *émigrée* of distinction, and who supports herself by singing in public. She has infinite taste, skill, and knowledge of music. I have been fortunate enough to render her some slight services, of which she seems deeply sensible. She sung very well at a little concert which I gave to my most intimate acquaintance.

Dec. 18.—I have had a little cold, and have not been out in an evening since the concert at Court on the 9th, except once *en famille* to Count Münster's. Count Münster has a charming collection of pictures, which he chose himself at Rome, when he was there with Prince Augustus. He paints himself in oils extremely well for an amateur. At his house I met Mad. Zimmerman, widow of the writer *On Solitude.* She seems a very intelligent and is a very pleasing woman. She is not admitted to any of the great assemblies of any of the first class, but may visit them in private. The distinction between the *noblesse* and the other classes is here kept up with a rigorous exactitude. At first it provoked me. On reflexion, I believe it contributes more to happiness than the mixture of ranks in London. Here every one moves contentedly in their own class; there all are struggling

to associate with those above them; whence proceeds a vast share of envy, expense, and dissipation. Much of these evils is cut up by the roots, when it is impossible by any exertion to quit the society of equals for that of superiors; and as this rule only extends to large societies, it does not break asunder any endearing ties; for who would not rather see their friend in a society of six than of sixty persons? Charlotte, in *Werther*, is a character drawn from life, and passed some time here. She was likewise of the second class, but not remarkable for beauty.

Dec. 21.—An assembly given by Prince Adolphus to the Duke of Altenburg, who came here to beg his Royal Highness and General Wallmöden would use their influence with the English Minister to obtain his release from the obligation of furnishing troops and money towards the present Continental war. They declined to interfere.

Dec. 24.—I this day saw the little *fête* of Christmas-Eve, so interestingly alluded to in *Werther*. Mad. de Wallmöden knew it was a scene that would please me. On that evening all the children and young people in a family receive from their friends a variety of presents, called *les étrennes*. They are arranged with taste upon tables highly illuminated, ornamented with boughs and shrubs, natural and artificial. Here you see, in agreeable and studied confusion, shawls, ribbons, flowers, pelisses, ornaments, toys, sweetmeats, books—everything, in short. One table was spread for the Countesses de la Lippe, two wards of the Field-Marshal, and one for each of his children and grand-

children. When all is arranged the young people are admitted, and nothing can form a greater variety of pleasing pictures than the delight of the children, their unstudied expressions of gratitude, and the pleasure of the parents in witnessing the delicious sensations of that bewitching age. I was sensibly affected by this scene, and equally interested by Mad. de Wallmöden's deep but unobtrusive sensibility, and the lively expression of happiness in the looks and gestures of Mad. de Kielmansegge, a beautiful little woman, whose animation in the embraces of her children is contrasted by a certain indifferent *nonchalance* on other occasions. The Field-Marshal retained his usual appearance of strong sense, and conscious, but not unpleasing, superiority, which gives him rather the aspect of an observer than an actor in every passing scene. I sung several English songs, which pleased by their novelty those who had never heard them before; and the Prince de la Lippe's tutor observed that he was quite surprised at finding the English language could be so well adapted to music. As it is much softer than German, the remark added to the long list I have made in proof that nothing English is appreciated by foreigners. They willingly overrate the individual, but almost always underrate the nation.

Dec. 26.—On the day of *les étrennes* I laid these lines on the table of Mad. de Büssche, with some muslin worked with white flowers (I must observe that the custom of giving presents is not confined to parents; it is a day for a general exchange of *souvenirs*):—

While friends long loved, long tried, entwine
Fresh garlands for Louisa's shrine,
Trembling, a timid stranger dares
To blend her little gift with theirs;
Framed in her lonely pensive hours,
These colourless, insipid flowers
By no bright hues attract the eye,
No radiant tints of Tyrian dye.
Thus simple, unadorned, and plain,
Louisa might the gift disdain,
If art could add a single grace
To all the wonders of her face.

Dec. 27.—A day of leave-taking. The Prince gave me a map of Germany for my tour, and sent me a kind note, enclosing a letter of recommendation to the Duchess of Brunswick.

Dec. 28.—At five o'clock bade adieu to Hanover. My host, hostess, children, and family, were all up to see me depart; had prepared spiced wine, and showed me every little mark of attention. It was of course quite dark when I set out, and the day seemed to dawn from earth instead of heaven, in consequence of the ground being covered with snow. I travelled eight German, or thirty-eight English, miles with the same horses, rested an hour, and arrived about six at Brunswick.

Dec. 29, *Brunswick.*—This evening saw Mr. Loftus, eldest son to the General. As I did not think of staying here, even for a day, or being presented, I brought no letter except that I received from Prince Adolphus, which I did not know the etiquette of sending. Fortunately, Mr. Loftus, whose father and

mother I am well acquainted with, can assist me in this and other particulars.

Dec. 30.—Sent to inform the Duchess' maid of honour I had a letter for her Royal Highness. The reply was an invitation to wait on her at six to-morrow evening.

Dec. 31.—At six went to the Duchess's *casino*, so they call an undress ball and supper. She received me with the most winning condescension. It is impossible not to be delighted with the ease, good humour, and familiarity of her deportment. She has great fluency in her own conversation, and is very attentive to that of others, evidently showing her approbation when anything is said that strikes or pleases her. There are few ways in which a great person can encourage or gratify more than this, and yet it is not common in the very highest class. She is a fair, well-looking woman, with what we call a very good countenance, and I think when young must have been handsome. She is now a great deal too large, and her dress made her appear more so, being a thick buff-coloured satin chemise, with long sleeves entirely lined, as she told me, with fleecy hosiery. The Duchess invited me to sup at her table with a party of about ten, and placed me by her. I should have enjoyed the conversation and her civility much more if she had not, after many other inquiries, extracted from me my age, which I had determined to keep secret while here, as people have thought me much younger than I am; and as so few tell truth on that subject, those that do are always given a few

years more than they really have. Her exclamations of surprise and declarations that twenty-four was the utmost any one could give me, did not console me for having been brought to confession. The Duke of Brunswick is a tall military-looking man, with a fine penetrating countenance; his manners polite, but imposing and dignified even to a degree of stateliness.

Jan. 1, 1800.—Dined and supped with the Duchess, and sat by the Hereditary Prince each time. At dinner he was wonderfully affectionate, considering we had not been acquainted twenty-four hours. At supper, when time had improved our knowledge of each other sufficiently for such a confidence, he assured me I was the most interesting person he had ever met, and that nothing could make him so happy as being able to prevail on me to stay at Brunswick. This was accompanied with many sighs, *doux yeux*, and exclamations, to all which I answered with low bows and *audible* expressions of gratitude. I could not refrain from this *malice*, as everything of the soft kind was said in so very low a whisper that I saw nothing could be more unwelcome, or more likely to stop such declarations, than thus making them public. In the course of the evening I was presented to the Dowager Duchess, a wonderful woman of eighty-five. She is grand-daughter to George the First, whom she says she remembers seeing when she was eight years old, and grandmother to the Princess of Wales, so is doubly connected with England. She is sister to the great Frederick, whose pictures she resembles, has great sharpness in her eyes, and peculiar animation

in her remarkably small features. Her address is pleasing, and there is a neatness, a purity, if I may so express myself, in her whole appearance, that one contemplates with satisfaction.' I played Commerce at her table, putting a florin in the pool, a strong contrast to the high play of London. I had been presented the night before to the Hereditary Princess, a lively little woman, about twenty-nine. She has a remarkably good carriage and address, walks and dances well, and has a certain quickness in her looks, speech, and motions, that gives an idea of great natural vivacity.

Jan. 2.—Dined with the Hereditary Princess—no other woman but Lady Findlater, who appears sensible, lively, and talkative. In the evening went to a concert at the reigning Duchess's. I do not find an atom of that form I was taught to expect in all German Courts. Not only the Duchess, but the ladies who played *raco* with her, worked in the intervals of the game. At another table there was a large party employed in knotting, netting, embroidery, and even the homely occupation of knitting stockings; while the Hereditary Princess, and those idlers who had no

* I extract from some observations by my Mother on the Princess of Bayreuth's *Memoirs*, a later portrait, from recollection, of the Dowager Duchess. 'The Duchess of Brunswick was one of the most accomplished and brilliant women of her time. To a late period of life, beyond her eightieth year, she possessed an incomparable understanding, and the most amiable cheerfulness. Time had respected not only her faculties, but her exterior; and while it had worn her form to a sort of etherial transparency, had left her perfect symmetry, lively eyes, and an expressive delicate countenance. She appeared like a model of agreeable old age turned in ivory, and was said to be a softened resemblance of Frederic the Great, whose *agrémens* of appearance and manner have been so well described by Mirabeau.'—Ed.

regular work, were busy making lint for the hospital. The Duchess was extremely kind to me, and I again supped at her table, and she obligingly desired me to dine with her next day, if I was invited nowhere else.

Jan. 3.—After dinner the Duchess pressed me to stay some time at Brunswick, at least till the arrival of Lady Minto, to whom she said she would introduce me. She dwelt on the inconvenience of my going to Vienna a perfect stranger; and said that a woman of my age and appearance, who travelled in that way, had '*tous les préjugés contre elle.*' We were alone, and she enlarged most affectionately on the subject, ending by kissing my cheek, and assuring me that, despite of this disadvantage, every one in Brunswick was excessively partial to me, which she kindly said gave her great pleasure. I supped with the Dowager Duchess. She conversed with me after she rose from supper: '*Vous n'aimez pas beaucoup en Angleterre le Roi de Prusse?*' I frankly owned to her we did not. 'But,' said she, '*il n'est pas assez riche pour faire face aux dépenses d'une guerre contre les François, et d'ailleurs il ne pourroit pas s'unir avec l'Empéreur. Les François ont bien voulu lui donner Hanovre, mais il l'a refusé.*' She expressed great regret at not having learned English. '*Vous avez de grands écrivains en Angleterre; j'aime infiniment Pope; je le trouve au dessus de Voltaire.*' She then reverted to politics, extolled Mr. Pitt, and said every Englishman should wear him in his heart.

Jan. 4-9.—Every morning has brought me a regular invitation from the reigning Duchess to dine and sup

at Court, except when she knew I was engaged to the Hereditary Princess or the Dowager. She has behaved to me with real affection, and once said to me with the utmost kindness, 'I think you will love me at last.' Indeed I should be very ungrateful if I did not. The only day on which she went out to a private party she took me with her, and presented me to the lady of the house, Mad. Munichhausen, a pleasing little woman, but in a bad state of health. The ceremonial of the dinner at Court on the ordinary days is as follows:—you go about three, dressed as you like, except that you must not appear in a hat, bonnet, shawl, or muff. You find the Duchess standing at the door of an inner apartment, her maids of honour being in the next. The whole company stand till dinner time (the Duke and Duchess never sit except when their company can do so too). The chamberlain announces to the Duchess that it is on the table, and hands her out. She makes a low curtsey to the Duke and the company. The ladies follow, also curtseying to the Duke, according to their rank; except foreigners, who, even when untitled, take place of all others, going in and out of the rooms, and also at table. At dinner the Duchess sits at the middle of one side, and the Duke opposite to her. This situation, as far as I have seen, answers to the head and foot in England. The ladies are all ranged on one side, and the gentlemen on the other, excepting princes, who are allowed to mix with the ladies. The Prince de Salm generally fell to my lot, and once Prince George. The Prince de Salm is rather above par in address, appearance, and understanding. At dinner there are every day forty people, and the con-

versation, of course, is seldom general. Once only it turned on politics. Some of the company expressed their expectations that monarchy would be re-established in France. '*Je le désire*,' said the Duke, '*plus que je ne l'espère*.' He speaks well, in the subdued voice of good sense, and has a stoop which takes nothing away from the dignity of his appearance. I have never seen him converse with a woman. There is an apparent coldness in his manner to the Duchess, and in hers to him a degree of constraint which it is evident she tries to conceal. (Her rival, a woman of birth and fashion, is lodged in the palace, and he dines with her on a fixed day in every week.) Some time after dinner the company all remove to the drawing-room, where tea and coffee occupy a few minutes; no one sits down. The Duchess takes leave of her company about half-past five; the ladies curtsey to the Duke, and return home, even though they may be engaged for the evening party which begins at a little after six. The Duchess one evening invited me to retire with her at this time to her private apartment, which is a particular favour. She spoke with great gratitude of the affection the English had shown to her daughter, and with great delicacy of the Prince of Wales, yet in a manner which showed she felt his conduct. I dined twice with the Hereditary Prince. There the dinners are more cheerful, about ten people at a round table, and men and women are intermixed. *On n'y fait pas trop bonne chère*, but that is to me of no consequence whatever. The Duchess Dowager's dinners are more in the style of her son's; she has near thirty people every day, so that the three Courts, except when the family happen to dine together, en-

tertain daily near eighty persons. This dear little old woman is just like a mummy; she is mere skin and bone in the highest preserve. On the 9th I had a private audience to take leave, and she gave me a letter of recommendation, with some very kind expressions. She has the talent of accommodating her conversation to the age, situation, and country of those she speaks to in a high degree. Indeed, her address is pre-eminently good. I supped with the reigning Duchess the last evening. She kissed me with the utmost sensibility at parting, and the whole family took leave of me as if I were an old friend. The Princess Abbess is *most* caressing. She is easy, lively, and clever; but I hear she is very false, extremely gallant, and that she entirely governs the Duke, which I should think difficult.*

Jan. 10.—Left Brunswick for Berlin, 127 English miles; engaged four horses for ten louis. Just before I set out, the dear Duchess sent me a letter of introduction to Prince Augustus at Berlin. Travelled

* We now know pretty intimately the whole Court of Brunswick, as Lord Malmesbury found it on occasion of his mission to seek there a wife for the Prince of Wales, some five years before the above was written.—(See his *Diaries and Correspondence*, vol. iii.) I have been interested to observe the almost exact coincidence of his judgment in respect of all the persons who composed that Court with what is written here. It is true that, having actually to transact important business with the Duke, he saw the real weakness and vacillation of his character, as a woman with no such opportunities was not likely to do. But of the Duchess Dowager he writes, 'Nothing can be so open, so frank, and so unreserved as her manner; nor so perfectly good-natured and unaffected' (vol. iii. p. 155). In another place, 'The Hereditary Prince and Princess vastly friendly; she a most admirable character, all sense and judgment; he little of either, but very harmless and good-natured' (p. 188). The Princess Augusta, Abbess of Gandersheim, he describes as 'clever in the Beatrix way' (p. 159), 'clever, artful, and rather *coming*' (p. 165).—Ed.

twenty-five miles through an unvaried expanse of snow, bounded at a great distance by a few rows of trees, which looked like dark lines across the horizon. It appeared as if one was in the midst of a wide sea of snow. Slept at Helmstedt, still in the Duke of Brunswick's dominions. It is said to be one of the oldest towns in Germany; and I saw nothing in its appearance to contradict the assertion. After a journey in England, where all is busy and populous and animated, one through this country conveys a strange idea of privation and non-existence.

Jan. 11.—To-day's journey was monotonous and melancholy as that of yesterday. Slept at Magdeburg. On entering his Prussian Majesty's dominions, the precautions at the gates of every city are much increased, and hurt the pride of an English traveller, who is accustomed to pass unquestioned and unmolested. You are required to write down your name, condition, whence you come, where you go; and this paper is afterwards verified at the inn, where the host makes the same inquiries, and signs a duplicate.

Jan. 13.—As well as I can judge while the ground is covered several feet deep with snow, the prospect improves as one advances to Brandenburg, a small town, built with more regularity and appearance of comfort than any I have seen since I left England.

Jan. 14.—Slept at Potsdam. The gradual improvement of the country from the moment you enter the King of Prussia's territories is visible to the most careless observer. Roads, plantations, neat cottages,

pleasant country seats, well-built towns and good inns, take place of the appearance of poverty and depopulation so strongly marked in that of Germany I have hitherto seen.

Jan. 15.—A dull road to Berlin, where I arrived early, and was settled immediately in the Russian Hotel. The superiority in cleanliness and accommodation of the Prussian to the German inns is very great.

Jan. 16.—Sent to Prince Augustus a letter of introduction given to me by the Duchess of Brunswick; received a very civil answer, offering to arrange my presentation at Court, and regretting that his illness did not allow him to visit me. It is said he is perfectly well, but confines himself to avoid meeting the French Ambassador.

Jan. 17.—Drove about this very beautiful town, which abounds in public buildings of great magnificence, that all seem at their ease, instead of being crowded up like ours in London.

Jan. 18.—Saw Mr. Garlike and Dr. Brown, the only English gentlemen to whom I had brought letters. Received from them every offer of assistance and civility. Dr. Garlike is Secretary of Legation, Dr. Brown physician to the King. Had the most polite notes from the Ladies of Honour of the Princess Ferdinand, and Princess Radziwill. I had been recommended to the former by the Dowager Duchess, to the latter both by the Hereditary Princess and the Princess Abbess.

Jan. 21.—Was persuaded by Mr. Garlike to go to an Italian opera in order to see the Queen. It was the first of the eight given by the King to the public at the time of the Carnival. The house is fine, and properly lighted. The royal box is in front, very wide, and reaches from the ceiling to the pit. It is also more lighted than the other boxes, which, added to its size and situation, enables every individual in the house to have a perfect view of the royal family. To this box are admitted no women except those of royal blood and their *Grandes Maîtresses*. But beside the King and Princes, it is open to many officers of the Court, all strangers, and the foreign Ministers. The King is a well-looking man, the Queen extremely beautiful. She is tall, finely-formed, her neck and shoulders particularly well-shaped, her hair light, and her features small and agreeable. She is about five-and-twenty. The prominent traits of her character, as I am told, are the most entire complaisance to every wish of the King, and the most excessive passion for dress and for dancing, particularly the waltz. She did not converse, but read the opera book all the evening. She was dressed in a purple satin round gown, drawn in the front like an old-fashioned chemise, with a flat back and long sleeves; nothing on her head but two or three bandeaus, and her hair lightly powdered.

Monsieur de Burrau, Minister from I forget what Court, accompanied me. I was engaged to go with his wife, but her illness prevented it. Two other ladies made acquaintance with me. The one was Madame de Grotthaus, a prettyish, talkative, silly woman, who addressed me in good English, and whose

obligingness was as prompt as the confidence she chose to place in me; for in about five minutes she offered me, with many compliments, letters of recommendation to Vienna, and told me her particular fondness for the English arose in part from her having had 'an inclination' for a young man of that nation: '*J'étais toute-prête à l'épouser; il était fort aimable, très lié avec le Prince de Galles, très riche; il a une belle terre près de Londres, son nom commence par un G—; mais enfin j'ai épousé un autre, ce militaire que vous voyez là, bon homme, tout-à-fait aimable, qui fait tout ce que je veux.*' The opera is but indifferent; the scenery alone is to be admired. The singing and dancing are not above mediocrity. I did not, however, hear Marchetti, the first female singer, who is indisposed. The music did not do honour to the King's taste, who is the person that chooses it. It was the *Semiramide* of Himmel, a German, and had been hissed at Naples. To me, who had heard that of Bianchi, it was particularly tiresome. The frequenters of the opera are doomed to hear it four times; for there are but two spectacles represented during the Carnival. There is no Italian opera except during these eight nights, so music, I suspect, cannot be very highly cultivated at Berlin.

Jan. 22.—Just as I was going to dinner, Mad. de Haugwitz, the wife of the chief Minister, who introduced herself to me last night by an encomium on my dress, sent her tailor for the pattern of my gown, begging that this person, whom, in a note he showed me, she calls *mon ami*, would engage me to put it on, that he might see what a good effect it had. I think

this intolerably free and easy, considering I am a perfect stranger.

Ten P.M.—I have just had a visit of two hours from Prince Augustus. He is taller and larger than Prince Adolphus, and much resembles the Prince of Wales. His hair is too scientifically and studiously dressed to be very becoming, but on the whole his exterior is to be admired. He appears to have a fund of conversation, and great fluency. His vanity is so undisguised that it wears the form of frankness, and therefore gives no disgust. I mentioned to him that I had heard of his excellence in singing, and he agreed that he possessed it without the least hesitation, adding, 'I *had* the most wonderful voice that ever was heard —three octaves—and I do understand music. I practised eight hours a day in Italy. One may boast of a voice, as it is a gift of nature.' Yet his vanity is so blended with civility and a desire to please, that I defy any person with a good heart to dislike it.

Mad. de Ritz, mistress to the late King, amassed a fortune of about eighty thousand louis. She was a woman of very mean birth; but induced the King, about a year before his death, to ennoble her,* and then appeared at Court, which gave great offence. The King had not been dead a quarter of an hour, when she was arrested, hurried to a fortress, there to be confined for life, and all her fortune, except an allowance of four thousand crowns a-year, confiscated and given to the poor. All this *without a trial!* I listened, and blessed dear England.

The Lutheran religion, which is that professed

* As Countess Lichtenau. The whole curious story is to be found in Vehse, *Gesch. des Preuss. Hofs und Adel*, part 5, p. 67 sqq.—Ed.

here, allows a man to marry two or more sisters in succession; and of this permission people often avail themselves, as well as of obtaining a divorce, if either party complain of *incompatibility* of temper, a most convenient and sweeping cause of separation. At this moment a pair, in the very first circle, are on the point of obtaining a divorce, to enable the lady to marry a young officer, and the gentleman his wife's younger sister. A woman may retain an unimpeached character after an unlimited number of these separations. Yet the King and Queen give the best example possible.

The King of Prussia is supposed to be remarkably economical. When he came to the throne in 1797, there was not a guinea in the treasury, and it is now supposed that in five years it will be as full as at the death of the great Frederick. In a few years more, according to a calculation made, it will absorb all the current coin of the country.

Prince Augustus offered me a letter to the Duke of Weimar. He stayed so long that Mr. Arbuthnot, his gentleman in waiting, came to tell him the supper he was engaged to was just over.

Feb. 18, *Dresden.*—The fatigues of my journey, added to a violent cold, have left a wide chasm in my diary. Left Berlin for this the 23rd of last month. In driving to Potsdam I had the opportunity for the first time of observing that a fine, clear winter's day in these northern climates possesses more charms than we usually imagine. Sheets of snow, strongly reflecting the rays of the sun, often remain undissolved on the plains, when completely melted under the groves

of fir, whose deep green softens its excessive brilliancy. Under these circumstances the snow frequently assumes the form of a lake, surrounded by wood; and gives more beauty than it takes away. The hardships and dangers of this journey were various. I one night ran a great risk of being lost in the snow, the postilions having missed the track in an extensive forest of fir trees. I was forced to keep Fitz from falling asleep from the effects of intense cold, which I knew to be certain death, by giving him repeated glasses of brandy out of the carriage windows. A distant light at last directed us to a cottage, where we obtained a guide. I slept in the most wretched hovels, once was without a bed, and two days without any food but eggs and coffee. At one of the post-houses the master thought it his duty to keep me company while my servants supped. He was a young man, above six feet high, covered with furs, *l'air fier, et même un peu farouche*, with something terrific in his whole appearance. He seated himself opposite to me, smoked his pipe, laid his great paws on my work, and began a conversation. I tried to hide a vague sort of fear under the appearance of *insouciance* and civility, but at last took courage to say I was sleepy, and would wish him good night. The servant girls at these wretched inns seem half savage. Undoubtedly cultivation, arts, and sciences, lead to luxury and its attendant evils; but without them man is even below the beasts that perish.

Mr. Elliot,* our Minister at Dresden, is a very

* The Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, brother to the first Lord Minto. A few years later he proceeded to India as Governor of Madras, and died in London in the year 1822.—Ed.

pleasing man, about forty; his style of conversation and tone of voice are highly captivating. He has a large family of little cherubs, and a charming daughter who marries Mr. Paine this week.

March 10.—The society here possesses many very charming individuals, but is not what the French call *montée sur un ton agréable*, a phrase as easy to comprehend as difficult to translate. I think I *see*, and am sure I *feel*, a certain constraint, which destroys all enjoyment. I have scarcely ever been less at my ease than in the company I have frequented since my arrival. Yet I have not wanted that encouragement which is usually all that is necessary to inspire confidence. Mr. Elliot in general makes me a daily visit, and when he omits it, apologises as for a breach of duty. I have constant invitations to his house, where I always find a small party and a little sociable supper. Mad. Münster, my most intimate female acquaintance, forgets nothing which can contribute to my amusement. I have gone with her to morning exhibitions and evening assemblies. Among the latter, that of Mad. de Loss, wife to the first Minister, was most brilliant—as much so as any I have seen in London. A numerous suite of rooms, furnished with taste; a very large society, dressed with more magnificence, though not with as much elegance, as in England; and a hostess whose address and appearance would dignify any situation. She is near sixty, but still a very fine woman, her looks English, her manners French.

I have also been at a concert, where I heard an Italian, Mad. Paravicini, play delightfully on the

violin. She has infinite expression, and imitates the graces of the voice better than any one I have ever heard. She manages the instrument well, and avoids all the grotesque which one annexes to the idea of a *female fiddler*. An assembly at the Hanoverian Minister's, with a few evenings passed in very small family circles (to which it is a great compliment to admit a stranger), have filled up all my afternoons, except one, which I passed at the opera, where I saw *Axur*, by Salieri; the music is very pleasing, but the plot absurd, and the hero kills himself in a moment of pique from causes very inadequate to the effect. The orchestra is the best I ever heard. That of Munich alone, in Europe, disputes the palm.

I saw a good collection of pictures at the Comte de Hagendorn's, where I breakfasted. A St. Sebastian, by Raphael, was the most remarkable piece. I did not think a martyrdom could be so pleasing. I forgot the arrow in his breast because he seemed to have done so himself, and, like him, I was too much absorbed in the thought of his approaching beatitude not to be insensible to the idea of mere bodily pain. It is a wonderfully fine picture. At the first glance you approve, after a moment's examination you admire, and from admiration you pass to that state in which the whole soul is concentrated in the eyes; you cease to approve or admire, you only *feel*, and, having totally forgot the artist, identify yourself with the object he has created.

Yesterday I was presented at Court. Here it is an evening assembly without any form. Women are never invited, but pay their respects on Sunday evenings, as often as they please. The Electress has

the greatest good humour, ease, and condescension in her manner. Her pearl necklace is the finest I ever saw. The Elector has something fixed, glassy, and embarrassing in his eyes. Their only child is a fine young woman, about seventeen. The whole family, I need not say, receive strangers with the utmost politeness, for this seems to me so universal in Germany, it ceases to be the object of a remark. The Elector is said to be a good and a religious man; even those who seem to dislike him, do not contest this point. The Electress said she now gave no balls, because the Elector disapproves of such pleasures while Europe was in its present unhappy state. The Court never mix in society. When the Elector's uncle was at Dresden, dying, for several months, none of his family visited him, as he was not within the walls of the palace, and it would have been a breach of etiquette. At Mad. de Loss's, Alexis Orloff was presented to me, and I was introduced to his daughter. He does not look like the frontispiece to his History. His figure is colossal and massy, but his air is not savage, and his countenance is rather mild than otherwise. The recollection of the atrocities that he had committed embarrassed me so, that I retain no very distinct idea of his person and address.* He does not

* He and his two brothers, as is well known, strangled with their own hands Peter III., the husband of Catherine, and laid thus the foundations of their fortunes. But his name is branded with a crime of yet deeper dye, and of an almost incredible baseness. A young daughter of the Empress Elizabeth was living in extreme poverty and obscurity in Italy, whom Catherine, jealous of a possible pretender to the throne, desired to get within her power. Alexis Orloff found her out at Rome, married her, lured her away from her safe refuge in Italy, and delivered her to Catherine. She died in a Russian dungeon.—Ed.

speak French, but we conversed a little in Italian. His daughter has a pleasing address. She is pale, sallow, and delicate in her appearance, with a gentle, modest demeanour, and fine expressive dark eyes: She wore no ornaments except rows of the finest pearls. Her diamonds are valued at £40,000. Orloff adores her, and declares she shall marry whomsoever she pleases. She conversed in very good French, and speaks English wonderfully well in proportion to the time she has learned it. Her father wears the picture of Catherine the Second covered, instead of crystal, with a single diamond.

March 12.—Dresden is filled with foreigners from all parts, chiefly Poles and Russians. Of the latter Mr. Elliot told me two horrid anecdotes. He was invited to dine with a Russian major; and one of his servants, a recruit who had been thought too sickly to serve in the army, laid the cloth rather awkwardly. His master beat him furiously, first with a stick, next with an iron bar. 'Good heavens,' cried Mr. Elliot, 'you will kill the man.' 'Why,' replied the Major, 'it is very hard that I have killed seven or eight, and never been able to make a good servant yet.' At another time Mr. Elliot dined with a gentleman who talked of the aversion the Cossacks had to the Jews. 'Now, I dare say,' cried he, 'this little fellow behind me,' turning to a Cossack of about thirteen, 'has dispatched them by the score. Come, tell me how many did you ever kill at once.' 'The most I ever killed at once was eleven,' answered the young savage, with a grin. 'Impossible!' said Mr. Elliot, 'that boy could have killed eleven men!'

'Oh yes,' answered he, 'for my father bound their hands, and I stabbed them.'

March 14.—The Princess Fürstenberg and Mad. Münster increase their attentions daily. I have been confined by a cold in consequence of a round of visits paid to the wives of the different Ministers previous to being presented. I did not expect to be admitted, and was not prepared in my dress for going up and down immense flights of stone stairs in frost and snow. My indisposition has given these amiable women an opportunity of showing me unceasing kindness (I wish, however, it did not display itself so much in writing notes). The Princess heard me wish one evening for the translation of a German poem, and sat up till three o'clock next morning to accomplish it, that I might receive it the moment I woke.

March 15.—Mr. and Mrs. Greathead and their son are persons whom I regret leaving. They seem to have excellent hearts, and possess many talents and acquirements. He is author of *The Regent*, and said to be extremely well informed. She seems a lively, frank, decided, hasty, clever woman, with a ready flow of ideas and copiousness of diction.

March 16.—Last night I was invited to a supper at the Prussian Minister's. The company were chiefly Russians; five English were asked, and Lavalette, the French Envoy, and his wife, were also of the party. It has caused great sensation here, as it is said that it was highly improper for a person in that line to invite either Russians or English to meet Lavalette. I

did not go, but I have seen him and his wife at a public ball. He is unpowdered, mean, squat, and dirty. She is prettyish, and very becomingly drest, but without much attention to decency. Her arm is quite bare, from the bottom of her sleeve, about an inch below her shoulder, to the top of her glove, about an inch above her elbow. Any exposure one is unused to, offends.

March 20, *Prague.*—Left Dresden for Vienna, and slept last night here. The road is very interesting in the commencement of this journey, particularly from Aussig to Leitmaritz, where it winds through a romantic range of hills by the side of the Elbe. After you part from the river, the country becomes in general a dull flat. Prague, as you approach it, has an appearance of grandeur. It is, however, though spacious, a dirty, ill-built town, with very high houses, and very narrow streets. You cannot take a step without being reminded you are in a Roman Catholic country; it is so peopled with Madonnas and saints. I was so fatigued, I remained to-day at the inn (Rothes Haus) where Suwarrow lived three months of the last year. He rose every day at two hours after midnight, dined at eight, and went to bed at three. 'He is a great bigot and a great hog,' the waiter told me, of whom I asked two or three questions about him, but was soon obliged to desist. He was afraid I did not understand what was the species of company Suwarrow associated with; and after long seeking a French word to explain it, found out that of *coquette*, which he seemed to think a perfect translation of the coarser expression he had used in German.

March 22.—Dined and slept at Iglau, a neat-looking town. How much exaggerated is the account I have heard of the discomforts of a German journey. The post-boys are civil, and not in the least importunate. They seldom ask for more than they receive; a simple denial silences them, and what we call in England grumbling, I have never heard in this country. Even the beggars (and in Bohemia they abound) ask with mildness, and desist at the first refusal.

March 26, *Vienna.*—Arrived here two days ago, after making in six days a journey usually very much dreaded, without a single inconvenience or the smallest fatigue. I travelled about fifty miles daily, after leaving Prague, and with facility, as the roads are good. I set out casually about seven, and reached my *gîte* long before dark. Vienna, I fancy, cannot be a healthy residence; the houses are so high, the streets so narrow, and the population so disproportioned to the size of the town. One can walk round the walls in an hour; yet it contains 53,000 inhabitants. The best shops are far inferior to those even in the obscure parts of the city in London. Saw the Comtesse de Wayna, who returned my visit in less than an hour. She is very polite, *empressée*, and conversible; a very handsome woman, and still young.

March 28.—It grieves me to find travelling contribute so little to the improvement of my mind. A variety of causes operate to prevent the possibility of a woman reaping *much* benefit from a journey through Germany, unless she totally gives up the world. A certain enlargement of ideas must imper-

ceptibly follow, and she corrects some erroneous notions; but she finds infinite difficulty in making any new acquirements. The multiplicity of visits, not confined to leaving a card, as in London, but real substantial, bodily visits, and the impossibility, without overstepping all the bounds of custom, of associating with any but *noblesse*, may be reckoned among the greatest obstacles. To make travelling subservient to improvement, it must be undertaken on a different plan from my present journey. I believe there is no undertaking whatever, in which the first attempt is not condemned to many gross and obvious imperfections. No foresight, no reflection, no sagacity, and, I had almost said, no advice, can supply the want of experience, even in situations where it appears least necessary. It is a melancholy consideration that we only know how to live, when the chief pleasures of life, those attendant on youth and youthful spirits, are vanished for ever.

Last night I went to an assembly at Lord Minto's; the only difference between this meeting, and one of the same kind in London, was that here I saw infinitely less beauty, particularly among the men, less elegance of dress, and less of those abstractions of different pairs from the rest of the society, which I must call 'flirtation,' spite of the vulgarity of the term. Steibelt* played exquisitely on the pianoforte. So interesting a performer I never heard. After he had executed a delightful *capriccio*, he gave some jigs, in which his wife accompanied him on the tambourine; and these miserable trifles, in which he was quite sub-

* Born 1756, died 1823. The *Conversations-Lexicon* says, 'Sein Clavierspiel war glänzend; auch improvisirte er glücklich.'—Ed.

servient to her playing, and sacrificed himself to cover her little inaccuracies in point of time, were more admired than his scientific delightful compositions. Accompanying a fine pianoforte player on the tambourine is like daubing rouge over a Madonna by Raphael; but it shows a pretty woman to advantage, and suits the frivolous false taste of the age. The preference of all which is either frivolous or exaggerated to what is really excellent grieves me. I blush for my cotemporaries even in the moments when I most profit by their ignorance, and when they mistake my own superficial attainments for real talents.

The coarseness of the German language, and the patchwork made use of to conceal its poverty in some instances, displease me. Its beauties are said to be considerable. More study will lead me to a knowledge of them, but a little suffices to enable one to discover faults.

March 29.—I walked and drove in the Prater, that great boast of the Germans, who think those who have not seen it, have seen nothing. As far as I went today, I was on a straight wide road, shaded with trees, that led through an extensive plain, moderately wooded, and perfectly flat. In summer it must be very pleasant, but a complete flat excludes in my mind all ideas of pre-eminent beauty. I could as soon think in the living countenance that fine colours or features could be beautiful without expression, as that any verdure, any trees, or any river could make amends for the want of inequality of ground.

April 9.—I must correct my judgment of the Prater. The fashionable alley there is uninteresting;

but when the whole is considered as a wood of near eight miles in length, commencing almost *in* a great city, it acquires respectability.

April 13.—Before I had been a week here, I had so many engagements I was only embarrassed in the choice of them. The pleasantest hours I have spent were at Lord Minto's, Prince Schwarzenberg's, and the Hanoverian Minister's. There I sat by the famous General Bellegarde, to whom it is said the Archduke Charles is chiefly indebted for his most brilliant successes.* He is highly agreeable in conversation, polite, lively, pleasing, the best *ton* possible, and the most rational way of thinking. They say he is the person most in the confidence of Thugut, the Minister. He is about fifty, and his appearance gives a favourable impression of him. Lord Minto is very pleasing, when he *does* converse; but, like a ghost, will rarely speak till spoken to, unless to his most intimate friends. He is criticised here for not representing with sufficient dignity, and for confining himself to a small circle, composed chiefly of Poles and French. He is extremely absent. The Empress gives him audiences, and he forgets the day. He accepts invitations to formal dinners, invites company for the same day, and thinks no more of his engagement. A person here painted very happily in one sentence his absence, and his want of those manners in his own house which ought to distinguish him as the master of it, by saying,

* This is certainly a mistake. Field-Marshal Bellegarde was a very distinguished officer, who, whether serving under the Archduke Charles, as at Aspern, or holding independent military commands, which he often did, always acquitted himself excellently well; but there are not, I believe, the slightest grounds for the suggestion in the text.—Ed.

'*Il se fera présenter, quelque jour, chez lui.*' On the whole, he is censured for his conduct in trifles; and of his political career I have heard no opinion, for politics are a subject scrupulously avoided. This is commanded by the laws, and they seem in this point exactly obeyed. Deep regrets for the loss of Joseph the Second are all that ever escapes, which has the most remote tendency that way. Yet many here think that he did much harm as well as good; that his spirit of improvement led him to risk too hasty innovations, and that he was so ardent in his desire *de faire le bien*, he did not give himself leisure *de le bien faire.*

At Prince Schwarzenberg's I heard Haydn's famous *Creation*, a very pleasing oratorio, but which I think is applauded here much above its merits. The Duchess of Giovine, authoress of several estimable works which display great learning and uncommon application, has distinguished me in a very gratifying way. I have met likewise with a very amiable woman to whom the Countess Münster recommended me. She is a *Berlinoise*, and the widow of Prince Reuss, but is received in very few of the first circles here, on account of her birth, her father having been a merchant. She was originally a Jewess. I went to Mad. Arnstein's with her, which I fear was a breach of etiquette, Mad. Arnstein being a banker's wife, and of the second class of *noblesse.* However, I found there a pleasant society, and an easier *ton* than in most houses at Vienna. She keeps open house every evening to a few women, and all the best company in Vienna as to men. She is a pretty woman with an excellent address. I supped once at the Prince de Ligne's, whom I was prepared to fear

and admire as a most *aimable roué, plein d'esprit, et de talens.* I have yet seen in him no resemblance to any part of this picture. In general, conversation at Vienna seems to me but meagre; little events are magnified, as in a small town; politics never, and literature very seldom, mentioned.

April 14.—The Ridotto, a very large fine room, well lighted, most people in their usual dresses—no brilliancy of dress, or whimsicality, or variety of character. Those who masque, merely disguise themselves, without assuming any particular costume.

April 17.—Breakfasted at Lady Taaffe's, to see the Emperor pass by to St. Stephen's, in honour of the citizens of Vienna, who, on the anniversary of this day four years ago, rose *en masse*, and took arms to oppose Buonaparte. The occasion of the fête made it interesting; dazzling it was not, for the Emperor, who is averse to all unnecessary parade, was in a plain coach, without guards or any outward sign of royalty. All the citizens who took arms, marched in a body, with their officers at their head, and military music. The spectators made a most pleasing part of the spectacle; not a beggar, or ragged or dirty person to be seen. All were well clothed, and had the appearance of enjoying habitually the comforts of life. The Emperor is easy of access, and two days in the week may be approached by the meanest of his subjects. He is averse to all pomp, lives in his own family, and is attached to his own wife, which in Germany is a singular thing, as a mistress is almost considered here a necessary part of the establishment of a married

man. He appears at the Prater in the plainest carriage, driving the Empress, who scarcely ever leaves him. She is not beautiful, but possesses, I am told, a thousand graces; is highly accomplished; mistress both of the theory and practice of music, and an excellent mineralogist. I dined to-day at Prince Esterhazy's, one of the greatest among the Hungarian noblemen. He has a million florins a-year, but is greatly in debt. He was not at home, but the Princess is a charming, unaffected, pretty woman about thirty.

April 20.—Dined at Prince Colloredo's. His wife, though very civil, could not conceal her joy that I was soon to go to England, because I was to be succeeded by a gold muslin, which I have promised to buy for her. The abundance of pearls and diamonds worn here is absolutely dazzling. I am told they are all entailed.

April 21.—Passed the evening with the Duchess of Giovine. The oftener we meet, the more I admire the extent of her information, the clearness of her understanding, and the vivacity of her ideas. The learned languages, history ancient and modern, and the various branches of natural philosophy, especially mineralogy, seem familiar to her. She has reflected deeply on education, politics, and manners; and owned to me that she had hoped to have a place about the Empress, which would enable her to direct the education of the Archduchesses.* No woman

* The Duchess of Giovine, though married to a Neapolitan nobleman, was a German by birth. In Goethe's *Italiänische Reise* (June 2, 1787), there is an interesting record of an evening spent at Naples with her. His estimate of her is quite as high as my Mother's; and, remarkably enough, he too notes the evident desire which she showed '*auf die Töchter der höchstens Standes zu wirken.*'—ED.

could be more fit for such a situation; but court intrigues, and particularly the influence of the Marquis di Gallo, the Neapolitan Minister, and of the present *grande maîtresse*, prevented it. That the first should oppose her was the more extraordinary, as she is highly favoured by the Queen of Naples. An unhappy marriage, bad health, and a natural taste for mental improvement, all co-operated to promote her present retired and studious life.

April 25.—A *thé* at Comtesse Worzell's, a Polonaise. Lord Douglas, a late arrival, was of the party. He looks like a public singer, and is devoted to music, but is easy and well-bred. Saw the real dress of a Polish nobleman. It is becoming, and is a sort of tunic of two colours, with sleeves puffed at the top, and a girdle. The colours are blue and grey.

April 26.—The opera of *La Virtu in Cimento*, a charming piece on the canvass of Patient Grizzle; the music by Paer. His wife sings in it remarkably well.

May 2.—The public walks about Vienna are delicious, particularly the Augarten, where no carriages or horses are admitted, and which, if less a garden *peigné*, would be perfect. I have dined three days this week at the houses of the Ministers. This is no compliment, being a matter of course. There are about forty persons present at these entertainments. The dinners do not appear superlatively good, and would not, I believe, content an English epicure. They all begin at three, end before five; coffee and cards succeed; one retires about six, and, if one

chooses, returns at nine to an assembly in the same house.—Among the modes here, I chiefly dislike the use of running footmen. It is so cruel, and so unnecessary. These unhappy people always precede the carriage of their masters in town, and sometimes even to the suburbs. They seldom live above three or four years, and generally die of consumption. Fatigue and disease are painted in their pallid and drawn features; but, like victims, they are crowned with flowers, and adorned with tinsel. Dwarfs as a piece of pageantry also pain me, though I do not well know why.

May 4.—Drank tea at a house Mad. de —— possesses in the Prater, a delicious little spot; and the moving, animated, and varied spectacle it offers of people of every description and almost of every nation, apparently happy and entertained, is wonderfully amusing—for a few moments. The inhabitants of Vienna may certainly be called the Sybarites of Europe, and their love of diversions proves an obstacle to the cultivation of intellect, art, or science.

May 7.—Was presented by the Baroness de la Vallaise to the Emperor and Empress. He receives quite alone, she with two ladies of honour; so in fact you merely pay them a morning visit. He has a mild countenance; she has as much gentleness in her expression, with more animation. Both are extremely gracious, and it appears nature, and not art. They place themselves on a level with you, and do not remind you that they descend. She is not handsome, but very pleasing. She was well dressed, in white silk; in her hair, which seems very fine and was

dressed with powder, she wore a row of emeralds, each set flat, and surrounded with diamonds. A trimming on the front of her gown, and her necklace and ear-rings, were all of the same kind.

May 11.—Supped with Mad. Divoff. Cardinal Albani accompanied very well on the pianoforte Mons. ——, a banker, who had passed his youth in Italy, and who sung charmingly. Mad. de Kalitschoff, the Russian embassadress, a lively pretty woman, was so impatient for the pattern of my combs, that she pulled them out of my head, without the least reluctance to discompose my toilette, and put them into her own. The women here possess little taste in their dress. The manner in which they mix every colour, not merely in the rainbow, but in all nature, and the variety of showy ornaments they heap on one another, is incredible.

May 12.—Saw the Hungarian Guard in gala, a most beautiful sight. Seventy-two young men, the flower of the Hungarian nobility, magnificently and tastefully dressed, mounted on white horses, finely shaped and full of spirit. The costume is rich, yet so well fancied that it adds to personal dignity, which most splendid dresses diminish. It is composed of a scarlet vest and trousers, made to the shape, with green belts, scarfs, and yellow half-boots, all richly trimmed and embroidered with silver. A tiger's skin is fancifully disposed on the back, and covers part of the left arm. A very lofty fur cap, ornamented with green and silver, is completed with a heron's feather. Upon the whole it is rich, yet not heavy; splendid, yet

not gaudy; and while every part is ornamental, none seems to impede the exertion of strength or activity.

May 13.—Saw Count Lambert's collection of pictures—an excellent choice. My favourite, a storm and shipwreck by Loutherbourg, much superior to his usual style of colouring, very transparent, beautiful, and expressive. The Etruscan vases are numerous, and he supposes them coëval with the Creation, as he declares them six thousand years old.

May 14.—Saw the porcelain manufactory. It is said the mass is not so fine as that of Dresden, of which the white is beautifully clear and transparent, somewhat like a plover's egg. It is, however, eminently beautiful; but the biscuit figures are not in such good taste, nor so well proportioned, as those of Dresden. A *plateau*, designed as a present from the Emperor to the Duchess of York, cannot be enough admired. The biscuit figures in the middle represent the story of Cupid and Psyche. It costs twelve thousand florins.

May 15.—Went to a breakfast at the Prater. I went at one, hoping the violence of the breakfast would be over, as I do not love sitting long at table. Unfortunately others do. This social meal had begun at twelve, and lasted till three, when dancing began. It is the custom to dance a country-dance and a waltz alternately; but those who only dance the former are treated unfairly; for, as the waltz is the favourite, and there is no reason it should ever finish, a vast

deal more time is devoted to it than to the country-dance, which has a stated progress. The waltz is so passionately beloved by the German women, that numbers of all ranks fall a sacrifice to it; and every Carnival is usually fatal to one or two individuals of the first society.

May 16.—Found the Princess Rosamoffska at home in a delicious country-house, or, as they call it here, garden—very like Richmond. I find her extremely pleasing. She is one of the daughters of Mad. de Thun, the Mad. de Sévigné of Vienna. Her husband was a *ci-devant* Russian Minister, and I see she has a large share of the general antipathy to the Emperor. She asked me if I had seen two excellent caricatures of him. In the first he writes with one hand *Ordre*, with the other *Contre-ordre*, while on his forehead is written *Désordre*. In the second, Peter the Great is represented with a torch he appears to have just lighted; Catherine the Second has a pair of snuffers to make it burn still brighter, and poor Paul an—extinguisher. I left Mad. Rosamoffska much pleased with her conversation, and the *prévenante* vivacity of her manners.

I found the following verses on a loose sheet of paper, quite separate from the journal, and without any date; but if my Mother made actually, and not merely in imagination, a visit to the famous shrine at Mariazell—which is in Styria, and some seventy miles from Vienna—it must have been during this, her only residence in that city. I am quite ignorant whether she is here recording an incident in her own travels,

or in those of another; but the description of the scenery in the earlier lines appears like that of one drawing on her own experience. The story is a touching one, and may help to remind that there are other forms of human life besides that highly artificial one in which at this time the writer was moving.

MARIAZELL.

I joined the crowd that from Vienna streamed
As pious pilgrims to Mariazell,
Where stands the Virgin Mother's holy shrine;
And trod with them the steep romantic paths
That wound by rushing waters, and through vales
No sunbeams ever pierced. Full many a dale
Seemed by the lofty mountains sternly closed,
Until the narrow path had reached its base,
And then a sharply sudden turn displayed
O'erhanging rocks, young groves, and rivulets,
That sparkling cheered the wanderer's weary way,
Till at the last the summit's airy height,
Crowned with its antique cloister, was disclosed.
Chanting their simple hymn the pilgrims rise.
Then long bright tresses are unbound, to float
Like hers—the Magdalen, by Guido drawn—
Denoting penitence, meek humble prayer,
And recklessness of earthly ornament.
I rested by a fountain near the top,
And saw a father, mother, and their son
Slowly ascend the hill. The boy was fair,
The woman calm, courageous, and resigned;
So in her features did I read her soul.
But he who should have been the guide of both,
With looks of helpless, all-confiding love,
Received support from them—for he was blind.
Around his neck a rosary was hung;
His fingers told the tranquillizing beads,
While in a soft and melancholy chaunt
His wife recited the accustomed prayers,
That fell like balm upon his wounded heart.

For the last time the wonder-working stream
Refreshed his weary lips. The days prescribed,
Three anxious days of prayer and hope, were past,
Each altar visited, each vow fulfilled.
Though poor in worldly treasure, they were rich
In purer wealth, a family of love.
Their distant home in green Bohemia lay,
Where a fair daughter in ripe womanhood
Hung like a mother o'er the little band,
Who watched with longing eyes a sire's return.
Ere darkness fell on him, he sat and sang,
Plying the shuttle with unwearied skill;
And labour, like a ceaseless fountain, flung
Around his rural home the green delight
Of rustic plenty. But, the light withdrawn
From those sad eyes, by slow degrees his day
Became a sleepless night, and poverty
Assailed him like an armèd man. At last
He formed the difficult resolve to save
A pittance for a journey to these shrines.
Then all was spared that nature did not need,
And while the customary fruits were laid
On the loved father's board, his faithful wife
And cheerful offspring shared the coarsest food:
He knew it not, nor ever would have known,
But for the prying humour of a neighbour.
She told this simple tale, and rose to go.
No ray of light had visited his eyes,
Yet he was half consoled, and pleased to think
He had fulfilled his duty to his children:
And though he had not found the boon he *sought*,
He was resigned, and blest the will of Heaven.

May 28.—Dined with the Count de la Gardie, Swedish Minister. The Hanoverian and Prussian Ministers were of the party. The gentlemen, according to the Swedish custom, were called into the anteroom a moment before dinner to drink brandy and

eat bread-and-butter. At dinner, the conversation turned on Italy. Count Divoff, a Russian, said, '*L'été prochain j'irai en Italie; alors les rois seront tous sur leurs trônes, et l'ordre rétabli.*' Count Keller, the Prussian Minister, said with an air of *persiflage*—at least, I thought it such—'*Il est vrai que c'est un espoir auquel il ne faut pas renoncer.*' One assigned cause for Sir Charles Whitworth's disgrace with the Court of Russia is curious. The Emperor had given orders no empty carriage should pass a certain part of the palace. Sir Charles, ignorant of this, had left his coach to speak with a workman, and desired it might drive on and meet him at a distance. The sentinel stopped the carriage; the servants insisted on driving on; a scuffle ensued. The Emperor, ever on the watch about trifles, inquired into the cause of the dispute, and, on learning it, ordered the servants to be beat, the horses to be beat, and the coach to be beat (Xerxes lashing the sea!). Sir Charles Whitworth, by way of washing off this stain, ordered his servants to be discharged, his horses to be shot, his carriage, after being broken into a thousand pieces, to be thrown into the river. The Emperor, indignant at this mark of offended pride, insisted on his recall.

June 4.—At Count Keller's, the Prussian Minister's, heard Marchetti, the first woman singer at Berlin. She has a very powerful expression, too powerful, perhaps, except for the stage, and a very brilliant execution, too much ornamented, perhaps, for the generality of her hearers. Her voice has, upon the whole, more strength than sweetness, though it is said some of her low tones resemble Marchesi. Sup-

ped with the Princess de Lorraine, once the most beautiful woman of her time. She retains, though past sixty, very splendid remains, and has an uncommon share of grace and dignity. From the pension of 12,000 florins allowed her by the Emperor, she supports several of her friends, relations, and even acquaintances. She gives suppers four times a week, composed of the best society among the emigrants, intermingled with a few Germans and foreigners.

June 6.—I passed this morning with Mad. de la Gardie, wife to the Swedish Minister. She is very kind to me, and I have at her house that easy ingress and egress which I prefer to formal invitations. We went together to see Füger's paintings.* He is a fine artist, and a sincere enthusiast. I believe he ranks very high in the first class of historical painters. His 'Death of Virginia' is a beautiful performance. Her father has just stabbed her; Appius, who is elevated on the tribune from which he had given sentence, remains petrified in the posture into which he had thrown himself from the involuntary motion by which we mechanically attempt to save an object in danger, even when we know and feel our help comes too late. The expression, *ordonnance*, and colouring of this picture are all charming. I also saw his drawings from Klopstock's *Messiah*—wild, fanciful, expressive. The dream of Judas, suggested by Satan, who appears with his hand on the

* Füger was born in 1751, and died at Vienna in 1818. German critics in art speak very highly of his genius, especially as manifested in the design and composition of his pictures. His illustrations of Klopstock's *Messiah*, spoken of in the text, are always considered his greatest work.—Ed.

culprit's heart, while his guardian angel mournfully retires, particularly struck me; as did the restoration of one of the fallen angels, who has repented, is forgiven, and recovers his pristine dignity and beauty. Füger is a tall, well-looking man, about forty, his countenance is placid, his eye is open, clear, and *attractive*—I mean, invites you to look into it, and to repose your soul on his. I have seen this in but few eyes, and they generally belonged to persons who combined genius with simplicity. After he had explained to me the subjects of his drawings from Klopstock, and regretted I could not understand him in German, he took down an Italian translation of a few favourite cantos, and began to read it to me. Mad. de la Gardie became impatient to go; however he went on. At last she tore me away; but not till Füger put the book into my hand, exclaiming, '*Lisez, lisez; cela vous tournera la tête, et vous échauffera le sang.*' In the evening went to Lady Minto's and Mad. Arnstein's.—It is said Cesario, the resident *Chargé d'Affaires* here from Berlin, had orders from Haugwitz to carry on a negotiation with Thugut without the participation of Keller. Cesario had borrowed from the latter some maps; in returning which he sent him by mistake a letter from Thugut, that discovered their secret intercourse. Keller, enraged, wrote a remonstrance to Haugwitz, which, it is also said, has procured his recall. This story is denied by La Gardie, the friend of Keller, who affirms that Cesario, a confirmed Jacobin, attempted to intrigue, without being authorized by his Court, and is to be himself recalled. Keller, La Gardie, and La Vallaise live much together; Lord Minto

extremely apart from all the foreign Ministers. Query, if this is good policy in his Lordship?

June 7.—On coming home last night from Mad. Arnstein's, I saw by the light of the moon a poor female peasant with a load of wood at her back, praying before a crucifix, placed on one side of the road under a few trees, with a lighted taper before it. It was a pleasing picture. There labour and poverty forget their care, and there only exists a momentary, but a real and consoling, equality. What can those *soi-disant* philosophers, who endeavour to extirpate religion from the hearts of men, offer to the poor and the wretched in its place?—Supped at the Prince de Ligne's.

June 11.—Various symptoms of peace are observed to-day. Thugut is *rayonnant* with delight. He has always, it is said, been favourable in his heart to the French, and his estates in France have never been confiscated. The Emperor is supposed to be wholly guided by him. The Empress is averse to this Minister, but, spite of her influence in politics, cannot displace him. The Emperor has done everything within the bounds of decent respect to prevent the Queen of Naples from coming; but cannot succeed.

June 12.—I forgot to mention having dined in the course of last month with Count Cobenzl, who desired me to make my own party, and devoted a day to showing me his delightful grounds. He is a farmer as well as an embellisher of nature, and has such a cowhouse, &c., as I have never seen in any country.

I also dined last month at Dornbach, and saw the villa of Maréchal Lacy, where nature has performed her part in the most exquisite manner, but where art has been impertinently busy. Great are the beauties of both these places; Count Cobenzl's, however, displays a purity of taste which is not to be found at the Maréchal's.—Saw this day from the windows of Baroness Spielman the public adoration of the Host by the Emperor and Empress. The procession which appears in honour of this day, the *Fête Dieu*, is the most splendid and brilliant Vienna ever displays. The Emperor and Empress, Grand Duke of Tuscany, Palatine, ladies of the Court in gala dresses, friars of the different Orders, children maintained by charitable institutions, vicars of all the churches with painted banners, German and Hungarian Guards, officers of those regiments who rose *en masse* to oppose the French, &c. &c., all proceed to church. The Emperor, Empress, &c., go in state coaches, but return on foot, preceded by the Host, to which they kneel for some minutes in different streets. He was dressed in uniform, with the Order of Maria Theresa; she in a silver muslin gown, her hair dressed somewhat *à l'antique*, powdered and ornamented with roses and festoons of pearls. The ceremony would, in my opinion, have been much more impressive with a mixture of martial and religious music.

June 15-17.—Three days at Baden, a small town two posts from Vienna, celebrated for its warm sulphureous baths. They appear convenient and well attended. In the largest, men and women of the best society bathe together, and appear very much to enjoy

the amusement. The gentlemen are in shirts and trousers; the ladies in their usual white morning dresses, and on their heads caps, handkerchiefs, laces, and ribbons, fancifully and becomingly disposed. It is the triumph of real beauty and freshness, as no rouge can be worn or paint of any kind. The bath opens a vast field for coquetry. A becoming dishabille, graceful attitudes, timidity, languor, and an affectionate confidence in your conductor, may here all be displayed to advantage. The lover leads his mistress, and has perhaps a secret satisfaction in finding himself with her in a new element; for Mad. de Genlis observes, I think with truth, that to those who really love every new situation in company with the beloved has a certain charm. Many of those who have no lovers obtain, however, half a conductor, as every man who is not devoted generally gives each arm to a different lady. The old, the plain, and the neglected sit round on benches, as it is dangerous for women to walk about in the bath without a guide. Spectators are admitted, who view the scene from a little gallery. To them the heat and sulphureous smell is very unpleasant. The situation of this village is agreeable, among hills, which, though minute, are of a romantic character. An *écluse*, in a very wild spot, at about ten minutes' distance, has been made to receive the wood which has floated on the river from the mountains. It mingles ideas of industry and ingenuity with those of peace and retirement, a contrast that always pleases.

June 19.—Dined yesterday at Prince Staremberg's, where I saw Count ——, just returned from Russia,

who told a thousand strange stories of the Emperor's frivolity, punctilio, and pride. He now fears he shall see the ghost of Catherine (a sublime apparition!); and one night under the influence of this apprehension leaped out of bed, and threw down the chairs and tables in his haste to take shelter in the chimney. The Empress, who slept near his room, terrified at the noise, arose, and not finding the Emperor, called his attendants. They examined the apartments, and discovered the place of his retreat. He was so ashamed of the ridicule he felt conscious of having incurred, that he put the Empress under arrest, with strict orders never to come uncalled into his chamber. Count —— also said it was not allowed to invite half a dozen people to dinner without permission from the police; and if this permission was too often asked, the person became suspected. I mentioned the conversation of yesterday at the Count de la Gardie's, where I dined to-day. '*Ce Monsieur*,' said he, '*fera fortune à Vienne, où c'est la mode de médire de l'Empereur de Russie.*'

June 27.—Dined at Maréchal Lacy's—a large party—his invitation was in the spirit of ancient chivalry, begging '*l'honneur de me servir à diner.*' This delightful old man does the honours of his house perfectly. He seemed quite grieved at parting from me, and pressed my hand most affectionately as he put me into the carriage. In the evening went to see a firework in the Prater. The *emplacement* is perfectly convenient, the view beautiful, and the representation extremely amusing. Those spectators who choose to pay a florin are seated on a

stage, exactly opposite, where there is no crowd, and where they are perfectly at their ease. The difference of colour in the fire, some being perfectly white, and some bright yellow, has a good effect, and there is a degree of perspective obtained, beyond what I thought possible. The performance represented the taking of Genoa, and at one moment displayed a warrior, who waved his sword, and had a noble yet satanic appearance, which reminded one of Milton's fallen archangel. At the close were a range of trophies, surmounted by a long wreath of laurel, suspended at intervals and formed into festoons by eagles in different postures, who held it in their beaks.

June 30.—Dined with Count Erclädy, and in the evening went to a concert at Dr. Franc's. He is a physician, who is supposed to have great skill in his profession. His son's wife sings remarkably well, and with some other amateurs performed the opera of *The Horatii and Curiatii*—the words Metastasio's, the music Cimarosa's — the former very poetical and affecting, the latter brilliant, pathetic, and expressive. Paer also sung charmingly; he is a *maître de chapelle*, and a very agreeable composer. I find the *noblesse* can sometimes wave etiquette, and sacrifice their dignity to their amusement, for the auditors were chiefly of the first class.

July 1. — Breakfasted with the incomparable Duchess of Giovine, who gave me in the most graceful manner a pair of opal ear-rings and a cross to match. She hoped their colour might be emblematic of the unspotted felicity I should enjoy

during the remainder of my life. Dined with Mad. de la Gardie.

July 2.—Mrs. —— made many inquiries whether I saw Mad. de la Gardie frequently, and ended by assuring me she was extremely jealous. I am certain she is as far removed from jealousy as he is from giving her cause. Accompanied her this morning to the gallery of Count Truchsess, a valuable collection. There are above eleven hundred pictures, chiefly by Flemish and Dutch masters, some by Germans; among which Füger's are conspicuous, particularly one of Stratonice and Antiochus, a charming subject, exquisitely treated.

July 3-7.—Dined one day at Prince Staremberg's, whose garden is much admired here, and would be thought very tasteless in England. He is, I see, delighted with a little muddy rivulet, flowing a very short but serpentine way through two heaps of stones piled on each side, and ending to the left in a small pool, with an island in it, about the size and shape of a plate, and to the right in a cascade that falls about ten feet down five or six regular steps. '*Cela va toujours*,' said he triumphantly, '*et cela m'a couté trente mille florins*.' I dined also again with the Arnsteins, who I see hate the Austrian government. She is a Prussian, and, according to the late cant phrase, 'that accounts for it.'

July 8.—Went to see Prince Lichtenstein's collection of pictures, which fills fourteen rooms. We have no idea of such numerous collections in England.

His pictures are chiefly Flemish and Dutch. In these consist the riches of most of the Vienna collections. Pictures by Italian masters are comparatively rare. Van Huysum's flowers, and Sebold's extraordinary representations of nature, in which not a hair or pore but is distinct, were to me the greatest novelties. The latter in the course of a long life painted but twelve pictures, all, I believe, heads. His own portrait and that of his daughter, who is still living, are in Prince Lichtenstein's gallery.

July 10.—The nobility here do not disdain any branch of commerce or mercantile speculation, not even usury. Prince Staremberg, Maréchal Kinski, and the Prince de Paer are the chief usurers. The Duchess of Giovine was employed by the Queen of Naples to negotiate a loan of four millions, and had recourse to the latter, who modestly asked twenty per cent. interest, saying to her, '*Madame, quant à l'argent, je vous déclare je ne suis pas délicat; je suis tout à fait marchand. Je suis accoutumé à prêter mon argent à* 20 *pour* 100, *et je ne puis le faire à moins.*' The great people here also make a practice of selling wine in as small a quantity as five bottles, or a florin's worth, at a time. Prince Staremberg will even consent to sell a single tree out of his favourite garden, if any one offers a sufficient price for it.

July 11.—A ball at Mödling, a water-drinking place, about four miles from Vienna. Went with the Count and Countess Wickenburg. He is Minister for Bavaria, and a friend to peace, as are La Gardie, Keller, and La Vallaise; all, indeed, except Lord

Minto. Danced with Ferdinand Count Palffy, director of the mines, an excellent dancer and an agreeable little man, but of too finical and foppish an exterior. Supped with the two Princes of Wurtemburg, *beaux frères* of our Princess Royal. Conversed much with him who is tall, of a dark complexion, and about five and twenty.

July 12.—Received a visit from Count Truchsess. He is averse to peace. He proposes sending his collection to England next year, in order to sell it. Every one at present is anxious to turn a capital of that sort into money, having the fear of the French before their eyes.

July 14.—Was presented at Duke Albert's, where I thought myself in England; his looks and manners so much resemble those of an Englishman of high fashion. He is son to the late King of Poland. Mad. de Menée, a lady who is not related to him, was *grande maîtresse* to his late wife, lives in his house, and presides at his parties. This is not thought singular here. At the Duke's, which appears incontestably the pleasantest house at Vienna, saw the Duchess of Riario, his niece—a fine woman, between twenty and thirty, extremely advantageously dressed, with a tolerably handsome face, and great ease, nay, even confidence, of manner.

July 18.—Dined at La Gardie's—read *Les Mères Rivales* aloud, while she made a *couvre-pied* for her approaching confinement; her mother worked a cap for the babe, and he sat down to his netting; it was

a black shawl for his wife. A fine tall man, a soldier, too, with a very martial appearance, netting a shawl for his wife, amused me—Hercules and Omphale! I leave Vienna to-morrow.

Desultory Remarks.—Upon the whole, Vienna is no place of gay dissipation, except in the Carnival. The spectacles are but indifferent, the assemblies but little frequented, there are few concerts and no balls. Married women, or if one happens to be a *chanoinesse*, which confers the same privileges, go about to all places without a companion of their own sex. Those who are of notorious bad character are received in all societies with as much *empressement* as those of the very best conduct. The few really virtuous women do not make a class apart, but associate indiscriminately, and even form friendships, with those who are most notoriously otherwise. Yet a certain respect is shown to a good character; for, though gallantry is never blamed, a uniform life of virtue is often praised. Attentions are reciprocal between the sexes. The women do not exact homage, and therefore do not receive it. I was seldom more surprised than on being congratulated by a lady on the attentions of a young Pole, who distinguished me particularly on the evening of my first appearance, as in general such congratulations are offered to the man whose homage is suffered, and not to the woman who receives it. Scandal is a vice totally unknown; its most general object among women is here not disgraceful, so hardly ever made a topic, and, when mentioned, spoken of without censure or enlargement. The best feature in the character of the society at

Vienna is a universal appearance of good nature. The young Germans do not associate much with women, and, as the various subjects of political information which are necessary to an Englishman are merely matters of speculation under a despotic government, one great motive to study which exists among us is here cut off. Classical knowledge is not thought essential to the education of a gentleman; study, in general, not a favourite pursuit; and reading scarcely considered as an amusement. Consequently the young Austrians do not excel in the art of conversation, nor do they even possess what we call small talk, from mixing so little with women of fashion. They dance and ride, but I believe the variety of sports and exercises which give a graceful exterior, is quite unknown to them. They have little grace, and scarcely any beauty.

Upon the whole, however, I love the German character. Calmness and mildness are its most prominent features. Cruelty is a vice here totally unknown, with all its attendants, roughness, brutality, oaths, loud speech, &c. As to importunity and servility, they are alike banished from the land. The beggar asks charity without whining or clamour, and if not immediately relieved, desists without reproach. There arises from this universal calmness of soul a certain dignity more easily felt than described. I would advise every one who has irritable nerves to reside in this country. He will see none of those melancholy objects who awake pity, and hear none of those atrocities which excite horror. Safe under the guardianship of a mild but vigilant police, he may travel over unfrequented heaths at all hours of the

night, and may lie down and sleep in full security, without even the precaution of locking his door. He may walk about the streets in any costume without being insulted, and he may carry his whole fortune about him without any danger of losing it by the dishonesty of others. *C'est défendu* acts in this country with the force the most violent penal laws do not possess in England. At the play a lady said to me, '*On ne siffle plus au spectacle; c'est défendu.*' The general wish for peace is strongly expressed; and as the Emperor has neither men nor money to carry on the war, he must desire it as much as his subjects. Gold is scarcely ever seen. I did not see one piece of coined gold during the four months of my residence at Vienna.

Upon the whole, the facility which strangers who are highly recommended find in establishing themselves in good society, the variety created by the concourse of people from all parts of the world, those points of national character I have already stated, and the extreme beauty of the country, make Vienna a delightful residence. It is also, when compared to London, extremely cheap. A person may live in the same manner as in London, as nearly as the difference of each town will permit, for about one-third of the expense.

July 20, *Prague.*—The road from Vienna here is very agreeably diversified with hills, vineyards, hop grounds, and abundance of corn-fields; but, alas! literally the harvest is plenteous and the labourers few. I scarcely saw a peasant, and in one field reckoned thirteen women at work, with only two men.

July 22, *Carlsbad.* — Two fatiguing days have brought me here. The situation of these baths is charming. A variety of hills, covered to the very top with different species of fir, sweep around and play into one another in every direction. A small river runs at the bottom, and an appearance of dignity, repose, and seclusion is the general expression of the scene.

July 23.—Became acquainted with the Countess Brühl, a woman whose character seems to command universal respect, and whose manners please me extremely. I preferred seeing a beautiful country with her to dancing with the gayer part of the society, and was well rewarded for my choice by her conversation. Though I had no recommendation to her, she has offered to introduce me here, and presented me in the same evening to the Princess Radziwill and Duchess of Courland. The former very graciously told me that I was still regretted at Brunswick.

July 25-28.—Lived chiefly with an English society composed of Colonel and Mrs. ——, Sir Thomas and Lady ——. Early tea drinking and late supping consumed the evenings; and the mornings were wasted in visits and shopping, with all their tiresome accompaniments. The conversation ran chiefly on the decided superiority of England in all points, and comparisons of different places abroad in point of cheapness, and stale anecdotes of ourselves and of the English world. The improvement small, and the amusement less.

August 4, *Töplitz.*—Remained at Carlsbad till the second. The situation is charming, the *ton* perfectly easy, the lodgings tolerable, the hours convenient, and the manner of living extremely agreeable. Two days have brought me here. The situation has not the divine romantic beauty of Carlsbad. I have seen no part of it so agreeable as the *Wiesè* where I there lodged, and I much regret the change. Went with the Princess Clary to a *thé* given in that part of her garden open to the public by the Princess Dolgorouki, a Russian. The *locale* made it a pleasing fête, but somehow or other I was not amused. In the evening was admitted to the Princess Dolgorouki. As she rose at my entrance I did not perceive her previous situation; and was a little surprised when I saw her throw herself upon a mattress, covered with the same calico as her sofas. There she lay along, dressed in a very dirty, huddled *dishabille*, and wrapped up in a Turkish shawl. The room was small, low, and mean, like most of the lodgings here; but was ornamented with pieces of chintz, calico, and muslin hung round in festoons; the like were suspended from the ceiling; prints, unframed, were hung about in various places; orange-trees were in the four corners, and the stove was veiled with drapery of various kinds. The lady and the room gave me an idea of Bedlam, yet every one admired, and cried out how enchanting her taste. In Germany be extraordinary, grotesque or absurd in a new way, and you will surely be applauded. Conversed chiefly with a wounded officer, the Prince Tour and Taxis, who gave me a horrid account of the fatigues and sufferings of the Austrian army during the last campaign. He was left ten hours on the

field of battle, '*où je serois mort*,' added he, '*si le caporal de mon régiment n'avoit bouché les trous de mes plaies avec de la terre. J'aurois été heureux de mourir, car cela m'auroit épargné bien des souffrances.*' All seem dissatisfied with the conduct of the war, particularly since Prince Charles resigned the command.

August 11.—Long airings with the Princess Clary (to whom Töplitz belongs) fill up my evenings very agreeably. I have been in two of the carriages of the country. The first holds four, of whom two only can be defended from the weather. The second holds eight; it is a long plank covered with a cushion, with a footboard on each side, and on one a sort of narrow resting-place, which at will may serve for your back or arms, as you can turn yourself either way. It has four wheels covered with cases of strong leather to prevent the branches from entangling in them, and is excellent for going through woods and narrow roads. It is heavy to the horses, and requires six in a long drive.

August 13.—Went to a *thé* given by Vicomte Anadia, the Portuguese Minister, and afterwards saw *Le Sauvage*, a very ugly dance, which I mean to take to England, where novelty sometimes supplies the want of every other charm.

August 22.—The last four days have been cheered by the society of my friend Mr. S——. How delightful to meet a friend and countryman in a foreign land. He travels with his eldest son, who has passed near a year at M. de Mounier's academy in Weimar.

He went there merely a pretty-looking, insignificant young man, devoted to fashion, full of vanity, and anxious to think on all subjects with those who lead in the *ton*. Mounier has enlarged, refined, and liberalized his ideas, given him just notions of politics, a general taste in literature, and cleared his mind of the prejudices acquired in the round of fashionable life in London.—Conversed with the Count O'Kelly, who confirmed all I have heard of the Empress's unbounded influence over her husband, her devotion to her mother, and her dislike of the Archduke Charles, which has produced fatal effects—whole troops at the battle of Marengo having surrendered without firing a shot, saying, 'Why should we suffer ourselves to be massacred for those who have taken our father from us?'

Aug. 24.—To-morrow I leave Töplitz. There is one point in which it differs materially from an English water-drinking place; the expense may be rated at about one-seventh. I am in a wretchedly comfortless, but not disgraceful lodging, for which I pay but two florins a night, and had I taken it by the week or month, it would have been still cheaper.—Yesterday evening I saw a play represented in the open air. The piece, *Graf von Walthron*, is military, and founded on a true story. An inferior officer, who insults his colonel, is condemned to die, and receives a pardon at the place of execution. Nothing, as far as what I saw of the pantomime enabled me to judge—for it was a play only to the eye, as it was impossible to hear a word—appeared new in the details. A wife, who arrives in great spirits to see her husband in camp, receives

the news of his condemnation with a fainting fit, who kneels, implores, weeps, embraces, attempts to shoot herself, and, according to custom, suffers the pistol to be forced from her with great facility, is what we have all seen a thousand times. I was chiefly employed in reflecting what astonishing art the ancients must have possessed to give effect to a piece in the open air. Here nothing could be worse. I sat in one of the best places, yet heard not a word; and the mere spectacle did not strike the eye, as I expected an exact reality would have done. At one moment only the representation appeared to gain by its perfect truth; it was when a number of horsemen gallop forward with repeated cries, and produce the pardon of Graf Walthron. Extreme haste to further a benevolent purpose has always a good stage effect. Count Waldstein's horses were the performers. Among the spectators was Mad. de Cachet, who commanded 22,000 men in the war of La Vendée, was wounded in several engagements, wishes to be thought daughter to Louis the Sixteenth, and is really not unlike the portraits of the family. She also resembles the Margravine of Anspach. I think her about forty, rather well-looking, her hair *d'une couleur un peu hardie*, and very long; her complexion good, and not tanned; her throat well-turned, and very white, and her manner of carrying her head beautiful. She is of a middle height, rather fat and massy, her dress without taste, but not without pretension—a black gown, with a white muslin chemise thrown over it, fancifully made and trimmed, a white muslin on her head, and a great display of hair, one tress of which hung down from the top of her head, where it was puffed, to the

bottom of her waist in front. Her *confidante* abused the privilege which *confidantes* possess of being hideous. Some one proposed to remove her chair a little further back, and she turned to Mad. de Cachet, saying, '*Je dirai comme vous, je ne suis pas faite pour reculer.*' Her friend smiled at this citation with great complacence.*

August 27, *Dresden.*—I have just seen Mr. Elliot, agreeable as ever. His conversation—'The Emperor of Russia is a wild beast. I consider him a greater Jacobin than Robespierre. He has made more Jacobins. A person of whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, told me the following story. "I was travelling lately in Russia, and saw one of the carriages used in transporting prisoners, and sealed, according to custom, with the Emperor's seal. I heard a faint voice call for water, and I asked who was within. The guide desired me to look through a small grated window. I did, and saw two human figures fastened together by a chain passed through their cheeks, and secured by a padlock. One of them implored the conductor, in accents faint and indistinct, for God's sake to release him from his fellow-prisoner, who was become a corpse. The guide said that it was contrary to the Emperor's orders, and that he dared

* I am entirely perplexed who this Vendean heroine is. I can find no mention of her in any histories of the time. Nor is this the only perplexity. Louis the Sixteenth was born in 1754. This lady of about forty could scarcely have claimed him for her father; not to say that the purity of his domestic life would of itself have condemned her boast. Perhaps we should read 'Fifteenth' for 'Sixteenth;' but even then I cannot explain the entire silence of history about her. She may possibly have been an impostress, trading on the royalist sympathies of Germany.—Ed.

not open the carriage till it arrived at the destined spot." One would willingly go to Petersburg, for the sake of shooting such a monster.' In the evening I met Lord and Lady Holland at Mr. Elliot's. Her manner is pleasing; she is tall and *embonpoint*, with fine eyes, and an agreeable countenance, rather well-looking than handsome. Her husband is agreeable, and they both possess that vivacity of conversation and mildness of manner, the union of which forms the *cachet* of the Devonshire society.

Aug. 31.—Dined with Lady Holland. Mr. Marsh, Dr. Drew, and Lord Dungannon formed the circle. The latter is a very promising young man, natural, civil, conversible, and good humoured.

Sept. 1.—An assembly at Mad. ——'s. On attempting to return home, fell into a strange perplexity. I removed this day from the inn to a lodging, but did not know the name of the street; yet having more dread of *ennui* than fear of losing my way, would not wait at the assembly for my footman, but got into a chair, and desired the men in bad German to take me to a lodging opposite the Golden Angel—rather an indefinite direction, as it might apply to a dozen other as well as mine. However, I trusted to the good luck which follows me in trifles, and depended on chance for leading me to the right one. Alas! I find myself on a staircase quite different from mine, and the chairmen do not comprehend they have made a mistake. A stranger (Count Romanzow, as I afterwards learned) politely asks if he can be of service, and desires to know where I wish to go. 'Indeed,

sir, I cannot tell.' He wishes to know at length whence I came. That I cannot tell either, as Mrs. Elliot's carriage brought me, and I never asked the name of my hostess. He must have thought me mad. At last, as my most natural resource, he ordered the chair, at my desire, to Mr. Elliot's house in town, where Lord and Lady Holland are lodged. I there supped with them. Mr. Elliot remarkably amusing; no one has so much small talk, or parries better by a jest an opinion he disapproves, but does not choose to refute. He has so much wit, originality, and knowledge of the world, his caprice rather increases than diminishes his powers of pleasing. He says the Princess Radziwill (*mère*) is like a high priest in an Italian opera. Those who have seen her will appreciate the comparison.

Sept. 2.—At Mad. Divoff's. Her husband amused by assuring me how often the painters who worked here at the Gallery, profited by *his* advice. All the artists I have heard speak on the subject, laugh at him; and the taste he has shown in his collection of prints is execrable. But riches, omnipotent riches, procure to their possessor all the pleasures attendant on the consciousness of taste and talents. Every one fancies he possesses them, and the rich man ever finds that deference paid to his opinion, which tends to maintain so pleasing an error.

Sept. 3.—Drank tea with Mad. de Hoenthal, a very small party, made for the reigning, or rather the *ci-devant*, Princess Tour and Taxis, who was forced to quit Ratisbon on the arrival of the French. She

has travelled four nights, yet is as fresh as possible, and betrays not a symptom of languor or weariness. She is a woman of about thirty, tall, well-made and graceful, her face agreeable, though her features irregular. Her deportment and countenance bear some resemblance to those of our Queen, her aunt. She is on her way to visit her sister, the Queen of Prussia. Her address is pleasing, and the character I have heard of her is amiable. Her anxiety to see every work of art worth observation, which has been strongly marked since her arrival, speaks in her favour. She is attended by her brother, the Prince of Mecklenburg. His features are good, and with expression might even be called handsome.

Sept. 4.—Breakfasted with Mad. d'Ahlefeld at a public garden called The Little Osterwiese. It was a very small party given to the Princess Tour and Taxis. Afterwards we saw the palace of Prince Max,—very mediocre; and his garden, where the ornament that we were desired most to observe, because it contributed most to the Prince's amusement, was a *pipée*, or contrivance for catching birds in a net. I cannot describe it. There was a building, several walks, and a great deal of apparatus connected with it. It is the Prince's principal occupation. Poor man! We then went to the Gallery, where the picture that most struck me was a Raphael representing the Virgin standing on a cloud, with the infant Jesus in her arms, the saints on either side in the act of adoration, and at the bottom of the picture two of the loveliest heads of cherubs I ever saw. The Virgin's face is divine. The Child, who appears about a year old, has more the expression

of the King, than Saviour of the world. There is a beautiful haughtiness, mixed with disdain, in his features. Mad. Wissenberg passed the evening with me, and oppressed me with her tenderness. She has been educated in a convent in France, which I should have guessed, had she not told it to me.

Sept. 6.—Saw by torchlight Mengs' selection of casts in plaster of Paris, from the *chef-d'œuvres* of Italy. They are lighted by a single torch carried by the Director, and are supposed to appear more soft, yet more *prononcée*, more dignified and less glaringly white, than by the light of day. In some measure *cela les vivifie.*

Sept. 7.—Dined at Mr. Elliot's with the Hollands. Her Ladyship's manner to her husband is too imperious; it is not the tyranny of a mistress or a wife, but of a governess to her trembling pupil.

Sept. 8.—Dined with the Hollands. She has a mixture of imperiousness and caprice very amusing to the mere spectators. Her indolence is also remarkable, and she lies in a very easy posture on a sofa, with screens between the lights and her eyes, in all the dignity of idleness, employing every individual who travels in her party, without apology or intermission. Her husband has the honour of being fag-in-chief, but she likewise entirely occupies a humorous clergyman, a peevish physician, and a young lord. There is besides a boy (Mr. Dickens) who comes occasionally, like those who attend servants in great families, to do jobs; but he has found out that she

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dislikes the trouble of repeating her orders, and often evades them by affecting not to hear.

Sept. 9.—This was a busy day to me. At ten I saw the magnificent Picture Gallery. Pictures which struck me most were an Abraham preparing to offer up Isaac, imitated from the Laocoon—the finest painting on this subject I have seen, and the only one that ever pleased me;—a Magdalen renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world, a discipline in her hand. She is perfectly beautiful, pale, *touchante*, and in an attitude expressive of the most perfect abstraction and *abandon;* the soul which informs that lovely form seems to dwell wholly in the eyes; the rest of the person has already ceased to exist. The Princess Dolgorouki has ordered a copy of the Joseph and Potiphar's Wife—a strange choice!

Supped at the Princess Dolgorouki's—her egotism and vanity excessive. '*J'ai donné une fête au Roi de Pologne, qui l'a presque rendu fou. Madame de Brune avoit arrangé des groupes que nous répresentions sur un petit théâtre derrière une gaze—entr'autres la famille de Darius—moi, j'étois Statire aux pieds d'Alexandre. Après, la toilette de Vénus; trois des plus jolies femmes répresentoient les Graces; moi, j'étois Vénus, et il avoit un petit Amour en tricot qui me chaussoit.*'

Sept. 18.—Arrived at Count Münster's. He lives at Königsbruck, where he possesses a large and convenient château, which he has rendered cheerful by his taste in the disposition and furniture of the apartments. The family do not assemble at breakfast here

as in England. Countess Münster rises at six, and does not establish herself in her drawing-room till about twelve. Their life is extremely retired; and I believe it is not so much the custom to receive company in a German château as in an English country-house. We dine at two, sup at half-past nine, and retire long before eleven.

Sept. 28.—Left Königsbruck, where I had passed a few very pleasant and retired days. Countess Münster is a warm partizan of the philosophy of Kant, who says perfectibility, and not happiness, should be the object of human researches. Mad. Münster has adopted this idea, and considers all revealed religion as priestcraft, and Christianity as depraving our hearts, because it founds our virtues on a selfish hope of future bliss, and contracting our understandings, because it substitutes faith for reason. She thinks truth unattainable, but that there is a degree of relative truth to which each understanding may arrive, in proportion to its strength and efforts. She is not the most formidable opponent to the Christian religion it has yet encountered; and I doubt if she perfectly understands herself on these subjects, which she seeks with an eagerness that denotes a perfect conviction of her own strength. A lofty contempt of those who do believe, and great bigotry to her own system, render her conversation on such topics unpleasing. She has some imagination, extensive reading, but little tact, and a great deal of vanity; yet she is altogether superior to the general class of females, and neither wants sensibility nor elevation.

Sept. 30.—From the Museum went to the collection of porcelain under the same roof—eighteen chambers full of the finest specimens of every kind of Japan, Chinese, and Saxon porcelain. The value of this collection is incalculable. I saw the Saxon dragon china, which is only permitted to be manufactured for the Electoral family—the dragons are in shades of crimson; perfect imitations of the brown and gold, or black and gold, japan; exquisite biscuit, in imitation of the antique; heaps of valuable, but by me unvalued, mandarins; a whole room full of Egyptian idols; all sorts of old-fashioned figures in glazed and coloured china; fine dressed ladies with hats on one side and crooks in their hands, shepherds with pink ribbons and yellow feathers kneeling at their feet, the dog and the sheep partaking in the general smirk; coloured bouquets, insipid, but curiously accurate; hundreds of such jars as have singly formed the happiness of many a respectable dowager; the coarse pottery painted by Raphael when he was in love with the potter's daughter; and, in short, a profusion which I had never expected to behold. I then went to Graff's, an excellent portrait painter. He is famous for catching the expression of the countenance, but he leaves nature pretty much as he finds her, without attempting to obtain as much ideal beauty as is consistent with the resemblance.*

Oct. 2.—Dined at the Elliots'. While I was playing at chess with Mr. Elliot, the news arrived of Lord

* Graff, born in 1736, is said to have left behind him at his death, in 1813, more than eleven hundred portraits. His pictures are still held in high esteem, but more those of men than of women.—Ed.

Nelson's arrival, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Cadogan, mother of the latter, and Miss Cornelia Knight, famous for her *Continuation of Rasselas*,* and *Private Life of the Romans*.†

Oct. 3.—Dined at Mr. Elliot's with only the Nelson party. It is plain that Lord Nelson thinks of nothing but Lady Hamilton, who is totally occupied by the same object. She is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet, which are hideous, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne; the shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head, and particularly her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white; her eyes light blue, with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty or expression. Her eyebrows and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked, variable, and interesting; her movements in common life ungraceful; her voice loud, yet not disagreeable. Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity; who, I suppose, must resemble what Suwarrow was in his youth, as he is like all the pictures I have seen of that General. Lady Hamilton takes possession of him, and he is a willing captive, the most submissive and devoted I have seen. Sir William is old, infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her. Miss Cornelia Knight seems the decided flatterer of the two, and never opens her mouth but to show

* *Dinarbas, a Continuation of Rasselas*, 1790.—Ed.
† *Marcus Flaminius; or, Life of the Romans*, 1795.—Ed.

forth their praise; and Mrs. Cadogan, Lady Hamilton's mother, is—what one might expect. After dinner we had several songs in honour of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight, and sung by Lady Hamilton.* She puffs the incense full in his face; but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially. The songs all ended in the sailor's way, with 'Hip, hip, hip, hurra,' and a bumper with the last drop on the nail, a ceremony I had never heard of or seen before.

Oct. 4.—Accompanied the Nelson party to Mr. Elliot's box at the opera. Lady Hamilton paid me those kinds of compliments which prove she thinks mere exterior alone of any consequence. She and Lord Nelson were wrapped up in each other's conversation during the chief part of the evening.

Oct. 5.—Went by Lady Hamilton's invitation to see Lord Nelson dressed for Court. On his hat he wore the large diamond feather, or ensign of sovereignty, given him by the Grand Signior; on his breast the Order of the Bath, the Order he received as Duke of Bronte, the diamond star, including the sun or crescent given him by the Grand Signior, three gold medals obtained by three different victories, and a beautiful present from the King of Naples. On one side is his Majesty's picture, richly set and surrounded with laurels, which spring from two united anchors at bottom, and support the Neapolitan crown at top; on

* See Miss Cornelia Knight's *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 152, where one of these songs, beginning,

'Britannia's leader gives the dread command,'

is given.—Ed.

the other is the Queen's cypher, which turns so as to appear within the same laurels, and is formed of diamonds on green enamel.* In short, Lord Nelson was a perfect constellation of stars and Orders. Marcolini visited him while I was there.

Oct. 6.—Dined with Lord Nelson at the Hôtel de Pologne. Went in the evening to a concert given to him by Count Marcolini. Paris sung—a fine bass, with the lowest tones I ever heard; and Ciciarelli, a soprano, who has lost his voice, but declaims well. From thence went to a party at Countess Richtenstein's, Lady Hamilton loading me with all marks of friendship at first sight, which I always think more extraordinary than love of the same kind.

Oct. 7.—Breakfasted with Lady Hamilton, and saw her represent in succession the best statues and paintings extant. She assumes their attitude, expression, and drapery with great facility, swiftness, and accuracy. Several Indian shawls, a chair, some antique vases, a wreath of roses, a tambourine, and a few children are her whole apparatus. She stands at one end of the room with a strong light to her left, and every other window closed. Her hair (which by-the-bye is never clean) is short, dressed like an antique, and her gown a simple calico chemise, very

* Miss Cornelia Knight (*Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 148) gives testimony here to the perfect accuracy with which these little details are set down. 'Before landing at Leghorn the Queen presented Lord Nelson with a medallion, on one side of which was a fine miniature of the King, and on the other her own cipher, round which ran a wreath of laurel, and two anchors were represented supporting the crown of the Two Sicilies. This device was executed in large diamonds.'—Ed.

easy, with loose sleeves to the wrist. She disposes the shawls so as to form Grecian, Turkish, and other drapery, as well as a variety of turbans. Her arrangement of the turbans is absolute sleight-of-hand, she does it so quickly, so easily, and so well. It is a beautiful performance, amusing to the most ignorant, and highly interesting to the lovers of art. The chief of her imitations are from the antique. Each representation lasts about ten minutes. It is remarkable that, though coarse and ungraceful in common life, she becomes highly graceful, and even beautiful, during this performance. It is also singular that, in spite of the accuracy of her imitation of the finest ancient draperies, her usual dress is tasteless, vulgar, loaded, and unbecoming. She has borrowed several of my gowns, and much admires my dress; which cannot flatter, as her own is so frightful. Her waist is absolutely between her shoulders. After showing her attitudes, she sang, and I accompanied. Her voice is good, and very strong, but she is frequently out of tune; her expression strongly marked and various; but she has no shake, no flexibility, and no sweetness.* She acts her songs, which I think the last degree of bad taste. All imperfect imitations are disagreeable, and to represent passion with the eyes

* This account of Lady Hamilton has been considered by some readers to depreciate even her external advantages. It may be worth while to observe that Goethe's judgment of her singing some fourteen years earlier (*Italiänische Reise*, May 27, 1787) quite agrees with that of the text: 'Darf ich mir eine Bemerkung erlauben, die freilich ein wohlbehandelter Gast nicht wagen sollte, so muss ich gestehen dass mir unsere schöne Unterhaltende doch eigentlich als ein geistloses Wesen vorkommt, die wohl mit ihrer Gestalt bezahlen, aber durch keinen seelenvollen Ausdruck der Stimme, der Sprache sich geltend machen kann. Schon ihr Gesang ist nicht von zusagender Fülle.'—Ed.

fixed on a book and the person confined to a spot, must always be a poor piece of acting *manqué*. She continues her demonstrations of friendship, pays me many compliments both when I am absent and present, and said many fine things about my accompanying her at sight. Still she does not gain upon me. I think her bold, daring, vain even to folly, and stamped with the manners of her first situation much more strongly than one would suppose, after having represented Majesty, and lived in good company fifteen years. Her ruling passions seem to me vanity, avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and has actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing. Mr. Elliot says, 'She will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and play a great part in England.' Dined with the Elliots. He was wonderfully amusing. His wit, his humour, his discontent, his spleen, his happy choice of words, his rapid flow of ideas, and his disposition to playful satire, make one always long to write short-hand, and preserve his conversation.

Oct. 8.—Dined at Mad. de Loss's, wife to the Prime Minister, with the Nelson party. The Electress will not receive Lady Hamilton, on account of her former dissolute life. She wished to go to Court, on which a pretext was made to avoid receiving company last Sunday, and I understand there will be no Court while she stays. Lord Nelson, understanding the Elector did not wish to see her, said to Mr. Elliot, 'Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady

Hamilton will knock the Elector down.' She was not invited in the beginning to Mad. de Loss's; upon which Lord Nelson sent his excuse, and then Mr. Elliot persuaded Mad. de Loss to invite her. From Mad. de Loss's visited Mrs. Neumann, a very obliging woman of the *tiers état*, and thence to sup at Mrs. Rawdon's. Here I found Lady W—— in the midst of a very animated discourse on precedence, which I soon found took its rise from Mr. Elliot's having led me in to dinner at Mad. de Loss's before her and another lady who had place. She politely told me he showed his ignorance and his impertinence, and she was sorry he knew no better. I had been so amused by his conversation at dinner, I had quite forgot this indecorum.

Oct. 9.—A great breakfast at the Elliots', given to the Nelson party. Lady Hamilton repeated her attitudes with great effect. All the company, except their party and myself, went away before dinner; after which Lady Hamilton, who declared she was passionately fond of champagne, took such a portion of it as astonished me. Lord Nelson was not behindhand, called more vociferously than usual for songs in his own praise, and after many bumpers proposed the Queen of Naples, adding, 'She is *my* Queen; she is Queen to the backbone.' Poor Mr. Elliot, who was anxious the party should not expose themselves more than they had done already, and wished to get over the last day as well as he had done the rest, endeavoured to stop the effusion of champagne, and effected it with some difficulty; but not till the Lord and Lady, or, as he calls them, Antony and *Moll* Cleopatra, were

pretty far gone. I was so tired, I returned home soon after dinner, but not till 'Cleopatra' had talked to me a great deal of her doubts whether the Queen would receive her, adding, 'I care little about it. I had much rather she would settle half Sir William's pension on me.' After I went, Mr. Elliot told me she acted Nina intolerably ill, and danced the *Tarantola*. During her acting Lord Nelson expressed his admiration by the Irish sound of astonished applause, which no written character can imitate. Lady Hamilton expressed great anxiety to go to Court, and Mrs. Elliot assured her it would not amuse her, and that the Elector never gave dinners or suppers—'What?' cried she, 'no guttling!' Sir William also this evening performed feats of activity, hopping round the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star and ribbon all flying about in the air.

Oct. 10.—Mr. Elliot saw them on board to-day. He heard by chance from a King's Messenger that a frigate waited for them at Hamburg, and ventured to announce it formally.* He says:—'The moment they were on board, there was an end of the fine arts, of the attitudes, of the acting, the dancing, and the singing. Lady Hamilton's maid began to scold in French about some provisions which had been forgot, in language quite impossible to repeat, using certain French words, which were never spoken but by *men* of the lowest class, and roaring them out from one

* Mr. Elliot must have been a little too easily satisfied with his information; which under the circumstances is not very much to be wondered at. When Lord Nelson reached Hamburg there was no frigate waiting for him there, and he had to wait, I think, several days before one arrived. —Ed.

boat to another. Lady Hamilton began bawling for an Irish stew, and her old mother set about washing the potatoes, which she did as cleverly as possible. They were exactly like Hogarth's actresses dressing in the barn.' In the evening I went to congratulate the Elliots on their deliverance, and found them very sensible of it. Mr. Elliot would not allow his wife to speak above her breath, and said every now and then, 'Now don't let us laugh to-night; let us all speak in our turn; and be very, very quiet.'*

Oct. 11.—Dined at the Elliots', to meet Colonel and Mrs. Clinton, formerly Miss Chartres (daughter of Lord Elcho). They are pleasing, quiet people, and seem to like one another very much. Mr. Elliot says I shall not like Berlin. This is the summary of his sentiments on the subject:—'The King is a fool, and the Queen a doll. Mad. de Brühl an unpleasant, conceited, proud woman. Her husband ought to have been the woman, and she the man. The Browns a most uninteresting society, the Doctor pompous, and the wife tiresome. Beware of the Bishopswerders, an intriguing, dangerous set. Make no friendships. The Berlin people are false and unprincipled. You will lose a winter, and probably repent your journey.'

* It is sometimes curious and instructive to contrast the records of the same events. Here is the stately historical record of the sojourn at Dresden, as given in Pettigrew's very serviceable *Memoirs of Lord Nelson*, vol. i. p. 388:—'In two days he reached Dresden, where Mr. Elliot was British Minister. Prince Xavier, the brother of the Elector of Saxony, here visited Nelson. The celebrated Dresden Gallery was thrown open for his inspection and his friends', and they remained eight days in the city, admiring its worthy beauties and receiving entertainments at the Court, and when they took their departure, gondolas magnificently fitted up were in readiness to convey them to Hamburg.'—Ed.

Oct. 15.—After three days and a half journey through the most tiresome, flat, and sandy country I have ever seen in so long a continuity, arrived at Berlin.

Oct. 20, *Berlin.*—I have been here since Wednesday, and am now settled in the apartments last inhabited by Prince Augustus; I pay ten *louis d'or* a month for the rooms he occupied, but of course have not hired any of those that were occupied by his suite. I have as yet made no new acquaintance except that of Lord and Lady Carysfort; an excellent and an amiable pair. She is made for her situation, having both the desire and the power of pleasing, appears to possess quick parts and strong feelings, has great pleasantry and a graceful flowing elocution. I have been there thrice by appointment, and have received a general invitation for every evening.

Oct. 21.—Went to a supper at Prince Ferdinand's. He is almost unintelligible from his manner of speaking, and it is difficult to persuade oneself he was brother to the great Frederick, to the lively and highly intelligent Dowager Duchess of Brunswick. The Princess played cards with the gentleman whom Mirabeau speaks of as '*le père de ses enfans.*' She is good-looking, civil, and gentlewomanlike. The style of these suppers is *triste* and ceremonious.

Oct. 25.—Passed most of the evening with Mad. de Solms, a beautiful little widow, who is just going to make a second choice, and is evidently enchanted at the idea. Finished the evening with Mrs. Hunter

and Miss Jones, with whom I have always found the same French gentleman. She took the unnecessary trouble of accounting for this, by saying he came to thread their needles.

Oct. 26.—Supped at Princess Henry's—a very agreeable evening. The Princess talked much to me across the table, as her *grande maîtresse* desired me to take the place opposite to her. I was a little embarrassed at hearing my own voice in that way; but received some compliments on what *they were pleased to call* (to use the Clarissa phrase) my *charmante organe*. Made the acquaintance of the Countess ——, who has married five husbands, and despatched four of these—by divorces. This she has done, it is said, for the sake of the jewels, which, except in cases of infidelity, remain with the wife; and which the German *noblesse* are not allowed to sell without going through some troublesome forms, that render it difficult, and, unless in cases of evident necessity, disgraceful.

Oct. 30.—Went to the Exhibition, or as some call it, Exposition. It really *exposes* the melancholy state of the arts at Berlin. The head of Herod, formed entirely of little children, whose bodies, artificially placed, represented his features without the assistance of any other object, was a curious specimen of misplaced ingenuity, and false taste of the most odious kind.—Supped at Prince Ferdinand's; saw Prince Henry, who desired I should be presented to him. He looks like a little fiend of the minor class, not Belial, or any of the *noblesse* of hell. We conversed

so little, I can speak but of his exterior. He appears as if he had just crept out of the embers, and was half-singed. He has two pretty women in his suite. They say Rheinsberg, his country house, is a scene of extraordinary wickedness and depravity.*

Nov. 1.—At a party at Mad. Podewitz' conversed with Lord Carysfort, Mr. Adams the American Envoy, and *Citoyen* Beurnonville the French Minister.† The latter looks like a Newmarket bullying swindler, but was full of flourishing civility. Bonaparte, the Consul's brother, and Envoy Extraordinary to this country, is short, very dark, and remarkably serious. His whiskers cover half of each cheek, and add to the dinginess of his appearance. He is going with Beurnonville's aide-de-camp to Warsaw, in order, as he says, to inspect the forts—of which, wherever he has been, he takes the most exact plans and dimensions—in hope, I suppose, they will soon belong to his own country. People are astonished at the imprudence of the Court of Prussia in suffering this journey, as Warsaw is already filled with discontented minds, and has been half, some say quite, organized for revo-

* There are various scandalous memoirs, both in French and German, of Prince Henry's life at Rheinsberg, which I know only by name; one, printed at Paris, ascribed, but falsely, to Mirabeau. On a visit to Paris, in 1784, he was present at a sitting of the French Academy, and was hailed there by Marmontel as '*la Vertu couronnée de gloire.*'—Ed.

† Beurnonville, born in 1752, distinguished himself at Valmy and Gemappes. Being sent by the Convention to arrest Dumouriez, he, with the four Commissioners who accompanied him, was by him arrested and delivered to the Austrians. Recovering his liberty by an exchange, he was, in 1800, sent as Minister or Ambassador to Berlin. Having taken service with the Bourbons at the first Restoration, he adhered to them during the Hundred Days, and for this fidelity was largely rewarded. He died in 1817, a Marquis and a Marshal of France.

lution by the Abbé Sièyes. On the whole, the favourable manner in which this French mission has been received by the Court and the Ministers is so strongly marked, it cannot escape the most inattentive eye. Their preference of French politics and French principles to those of England appears a degree of infatuation in a monarchical state not to be accounted for by any of the common motives of action.

TO H. ELLIOT, ESQ., DRESDEN.

Berlin, Nov., 1800.

It is always my fate to begin my letters to you and Mrs. Elliot with acknowledgments for past civilities, or, to speak more justly, acts of kindness. The last I received from you has been of infinite use, and promises to contribute very much to the *agrément* of my visit to Berlin; as nothing could be more flattering than the reception your letter procured me from Lady Carysfort; and the manner in which she lives makes her house a great resource to those who love a little quiet private society. She is always at home, except when upon duty with some of the Princesses; and has desired me to pass every evening with her in which I have not some other engagement. I have passed my time chiefly at her house, since my arrival. She seems to have all that strong desire to please, so necessary in her situation, and great powers of attraction in private society; I have not yet seen her in public.

We have been expecting you these five days. I

will still hope you may come; and that, from being in the same house, I may now and then have the chance of a little conversation with you; which I would tell you with truth *I know how to appreciate*, if I had not read the phrase in nine out of ten of the notes I have received since my arrival here; and if, alas! I had not often used it in a sense very contrary to that in which it is usually understood. I will therefore banish it from my intercourse with those to whom I wish to express my real feelings; and of whom it seems a sort of profanation to express my ideas in the common jargon of worldly intercourse.

Is Bonaparte dead or not? This is the first question asked in every society. If you can answer it, pray do; and give me a new speculation as to the probable consequences of his death. I will pass it off as my own; and from your political stores you will not miss it.

Nov. 18-23.—It is unnecessary to endeavour to discriminate every day in my journal, when all are so much alike in my life. I pass it entirely at Lord Carysfort's. I have been at a great supper at Count Schulenberg's, which did not vary the scene, as I sat by Lord Carysfort at supper in a very large company instead of sitting by him at dinner in a very small one. As usual, I saw Beurnonville, who was very attentive. He looks like an immense cart-horse put by mistake in the finest caparisons; for his figure is colossal and ungainly; and his uniform of blue and gold, which appears too large even for his large person, is half covered with the broadest gold lace. His

ton is that of a *corps-de-garde* (he was really a corporal), but when he addresses himself to women, he affects a softness and *légèreté*, which reminds one exactly of the Ass and the Spaniel, and his compliments are very much in the style of M. Jourdain. It is said, however, he is benevolent and well meaning.

Nov. 28.—I have not, according to Mr. Elliot's phrase, found a Paradise at Berlin, but it is quite as pleasant as I expected. However, apart from the impression it has made on me, which always depends on trifling circumstances, I conceive it to be less agreeable, less various, less polished, than Vienna. Both are infinitely more inferior to London than I had supposed before I saw them.

Nov. 29.—Dined to-day with Mad. Divoff; saw several curious contrasts in the entertainment—a dinner dressed by a French cook, and dirty napkins, &c.—the servants in magnificent liveries of scarlet and gold, with dirty shirts—the mistress of the house in a point-lace cap, and a dirty silk pelisse. For two hours after dinner we sang with Righini, an excellent *maître de chapelle*, who, to prove he was at his ease, came in his boots, and made love to Mad. Divoff. Supped at the Princess Wyzimska's; sang duets with Righini, and heard him sing charmingly—without a voice, but with a variety, taste, and suitableness to the expression of the air in his *manière de broder*, which I think unequalled.

Nov. 30.—Supped at Mad. Angeström's, wife to the Swedish Minister, who is perfectly indifferent as to all

the interests of Europe, provided nothing interrupts her reception of the Paris fashions, for which she has an uncommon avidity. '*N'est ce pas, ma chère, que ceci est charmant; c'est copié fidèlement d'un journal de Paris, et quel journal, délicieux!*' She wears very little covering on her person, and none on her arms of any kind (shifts being long exploded) except sleeves of the finest cambric, unlined, and *travaillé au jour*, which reach only half way from the shoulder to the elbow. She seems to consider it a duty to shiver in this thin attire, for she said to Lady Carysfort, '*Ah, Miledi, que vous êtes heureuse, vous portez des poches et des jupes.*' I conversed chiefly with Beurnonville and Pignatelli. Beurnonville says, '*Mon secrétaire est pour les affaires, mon aide-de-camp pour les dames, et moi pour la représentation.*' The people about him are conscious he is *peu de chose*, but say, '*Qu'importe? on est si bon en Prusse, et si bien disposé pour nous.*' A person asked Vaudreuil, aide-de-camp to Beurnonville, if the latter was a *ci-devant*. '*Non*,' *dit-il*, '*mais il voudroit l'être*'—a reply of a good deal of *finesse*, and plainly proving how unconquerable the respect for rank, and wish among those who have destroyed the substance, to possess the shadow. On my return I found an immense inhabitant of the hair on my tucker. My suspicions turned for a moment on Pignatelli, but on reflection I am sure he belonged to the French mission.

Dec. 2.—Accompanied Mr. Headlam, a sensible, well-bred, respectful young man, and the Miss Browns, to the porcelain manufactory, and observed the whole process which transforms a piece of Silesian stone

into a beautiful, brilliant, and valuable vase. The operation is begun by a steam-engine, which acts in various ways till the mass is formed. Then the manipulation begins; round forms are turned as in England; other shapes begun and ended in moulds without any assistance from the wheel. Some are painted before they are varnished, but these only receive a dark blue colour, which is black till it passes through the fire. The finest are varnished first, which increases the difficulty of painting them, as the colours used are metallic, the porcelain but an earth: the intervention of a body which has some analogy with both is therefore necessary; and for chymical reasons, which I do not retain, the painters use colours which do not produce effect immediately, so are forced to an exertion of mind and memory as well as of the hand. This china is cheaper than that of Dresden or Vienna. It is said that Berlin china excels in the colours of the painting, Vienna in the gilding, Dresden in the mass. As to general taste in the forms and painting I place Dresden first, and Berlin last.

Dec. 4.—A ball at Albertleben the Minister's. No supper, but cakes, ices, lemonade, orgeat, and punch, very warm and strong, of which the ladies drank plentifully. It was very like a Lord Mayor's ball in London, but the dress and dancing not so good. Lady C. says half the misses were in coarse muslin over pink stuff; a little exaggeration in this, but there was not the elegance displayed which I expected. On the whole, Berlin reminds me of a provincial town with a large garrison, and its manners seem pretty much on a par with its morals. The women are *borné* to a degree,

and do not even possess ornamental accomplishments. I forgive this as a consequence of their bad education; but I cannot excuse their failure in dress and dancing, which are the study of their lives.

Dec. 5.—Met M. Gentz,* a *Berlinois*, at Lord Carysfort's. He strikes me as possessing more energy than any man I had ever seen. His head seems to be organized in a very superior manner, and his conversation bears the stamp of real genius. He is one of those who seem to impart a portion of their own endowment; for you feel your mind elevated while in his society. In argument he is irresistible; but it seems to be from fair and honest force, unassisted by trick or artifice. His voice rises, and his eye kindles, yet his warmth never becomes displeasing, nor degenerates into either violence or sharpness. In his writings he proposes Burke for his model, and walks boldly beside him, for we cannot say he is a copyist, though a successful imitator.

Dec. 6.—I have met M. Rivarol,† a much-applauded French writer; he also proposes to be the wit and demigod of the Berlin society, and I think may suc-

* Gentz's able political writings in the early part of this century, and his discreditable connexion with Fanny Elssler in his old age, have made him too well known to need any notice here. His journal, which is very little to his honour, has just been published.—Ed.

† Antony, Count Rivarol, was born in 1753, and made literature his profession. His discourse *On the Causes of the Universality of the French Language* was crowned by the Berlin Academy in 1784, and still keeps its place as a valuable contribution to the history of the French language. He fled from the Revolution, first to Hamburg and then to Berlin, where he died rather suddenly in 1801, aged 47. A sketch of his life and character, by M. Berville, prefixed to his *Mémoires*, Paris, 1824, exactly bears out this account of him.—Ed.

ceed; though his powers would not in my opinion assure him that rank elsewhere.

Dec. 13.—This morning I went to Lady Carysfort's. Mr. Proby, Lord Carysfort's nephew and chaplain, gave us the whole church service. It is interesting in this corrupted town to see a family circle join in prayer, and an inestimable wife and mother surrounded by her lovely innocent daughters, untainted, and as yet unconscious of the infection which surrounds them.

Dec. 14.—A little dance at my hotel, composed chiefly of English. Gentz was of the party, and his conversation, as usual, delighted me. Rivarol and he are the two men of greatest talent I have seen in Berlin. I perceive this difference in their conversation, that Rivarol is perpetually on the watch to display himself, and catch the approbation of the circle, while Gentz is only anxious to do justice to his topic, and to lead their opinion. Rivarol labours, and sometimes successfully, to produce wit; Gentz lets fall from the plenitude of his ideas such superfluities as he cannot even miss.

Dec. 18.—Prince George, Righini, and Lord Carysfort passed the morning with me. The former said, upon my observing that Prince Augustus could be amiable, '*Oui, mais ses accès d'amabilité deviennent tous les jours plus rares, comme les apparitions du soleil à la fin de l'automne.*'—Prince Radziwill has been engaged in a plot to recover the independence of Poland. A letter of his was intercepted at Vienna,

expressive of the wish, and arranging some of the means, adding, '*il faut mettre en avant un Prince du sang*,' words which were supposed to allude to his wife's brother, Prince Louis, the 'Duc d'Orléans of Germany.'

Dec. 25.—Dined at Lord Carysfort's to celebrate Christmas Day; received the Sacrament there in the morning. The party consisted of all the English in Berlin. In the evening we danced country dances.

Dec. 27.—Presented to Mad. de Voss, *grande maîtresse*. It is impossible to receive with more dignity and politeness than she displays. Supped at Princess Wyzimska's, and sung *Giuro che ad altro mai* with Righini.

Dec. 28.—Went to Court, which is here an evening assembly. I was presented to the King and Queen. He is a fine tall military man, plain and reserved in his manners and address. She reminded me of Burke's 'star, glittering with life, splendour, and joy,' and realized all the fanciful ideas one forms in one's infancy, of the young, gay, beautiful, and magnificent queens in the *Arabian Nights*. She is an angel of loveliness, mildness, and grace; tall and *svelte*, yet sufficiently *embonpoint;* her hair is light, her complexion fair and faultless; an inexpressible air of sweetness reigns in her countenance, and forms its predominant character. As perfect beauty in nature is a chimæra, like the philosopher's stone, and as it is rarely to be found but in the higher works of art, I take nothing from her charms in saying she is not

faultless. An ill-shaped mouth, indifferent teeth, a broad forehead and large limbs are the only defects the severest criticism can discover; while her hair, her height, her movements, her shoulders, her waist, are all unexceptionable. These slight faults only prove she is a woman and not a statue, and altogether she is one of the loveliest creatures I have ever seen. Her dress was in the best taste. Her hair was dressed in the fullest and most varied of the Grecian forms, going very far back, and ornamented with a very tall heron's feather, and a number of immense diamond stars, so placed as to form a bandeau quite round, which came close to her temples. She wore a chemise of crape, richly embroidered in emerald-green foil, and a *moldave* (simply a body, train, and short sleeves) of pale pink silk, slightly sparkling with gold, and trimmed all round with sable. Her neck was richly ornamented with jewels. She speaks very graciously and politely to every one. I was also presented to the Princess of Orange, a beautiful young woman.

Dec. 31.—Went to a ball at Mad. Angeström's, the Swedish Minister's wife. Every one seemed to partake in the design of finishing the century with festivity and cheerfulness. The company was the *élite* of the Berlin society, and the ball was unusually animated and brilliant. I had just danced one dance with Mr. Caulfield, and was resting myself during the second in an outer room, when I heard that M. d'Orville, a young officer just one-and-twenty, had fallen down in a fainting fit in the dance. After some moments he was removed from the ball-room into Mad. Angeström's boudoir, where all the common

remedies of salts, essences, cold water, and fresh air were tried without effect. Still no one was much alarmed. However, a physician and surgeon were called in. They exhausted in vain all the resources of their art; he was irrecoverably gone, and afforded an awful example of the uncertainty of human life. Mad. Angeström, whose nerves had been lately shaken by the death of a favourite son, was affected in a dreadful way. She fainted, and on her recovery knew nothing of what had passed, but was impressed with the idea that something had happened to her children. Her husband went to their apartment, and brought them to her from their beds, wrapped in large cloaks. He reminded me of Lewis's verses—

> 'Tis the father who holds his young son in his arm,
> And close in his mantle has wrapt him up warm.'

At first she did not know her children, and she continued to utter such incoherent rhapsodies as were both shocking and pathetic. The shrieks, faintings, tears, and hysterics of every woman who either had really weak nerves, or who wished to display her feelings, completed the horror of the scene. I wished to escape. Lord Carysfort and Prince Radziwill offered me their carriages, but I refused one, and there was a mistake about the other. At last the contagion of the scene spread to me. I wept violently, and remember no more than that I was wrapped up by Mr. Ridley and Mr. Caulfield, who both showed infinite good nature, in a large cloak, and put into a carriage; that Mr. Ridley accompanied me home, where Mr. Kinnaird and he remained with me till a

few minutes past twelve, that I might not be left to begin the new century a prey to melancholy reflections.

With this entry, closing the year 1800, the journal kept in Germany breaks abruptly off, and all of it which should follow has been looked for in vain. From one or two letters which will be found in a later part of this volume, I gather that the writer was brought, during her later stay at Berlin, into some nearer personal intercourse with the Queen of Prussia than a mere formal presentation at Court would imply; and might have something more to say of one who at a later day awakened so deep an interest, and in whom the touchstone of sorrow and adversity brought out so many noble qualities, probably at this time unknown and unguessed of by herself or by others. The only document which I have, immediately relating to the remaining period of my Mother's sojourn in Germany (some four months, I believe), is the letter which follows.

TO MRS. ELLIOT, DRESDEN.

Berlin, Feb., 1801.

We are all living here in a very contracted circle, as we are shut out by politics from the chief part of the houses of strangers, and the Berliners themselves are more polite and flattering than hospitable. I do not know whether the Carnival has been here what is comparatively called very brilliant; but certainly, after having witnessed the varied, tumultuous, and luxurious dissipation of London, it appears 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable.' I sacrificed to it neither my health nor my time; went everywhere very late, returned very early, and lived in

constant astonishment at having heard so much of an opera much inferior to ours, and a masquerade where no one appeared in character, and where *bon ton* commanded you to appear in deep mourning.

I have no news, except that the Princess Dolgorouki endeavours to put herself forward on the canvas by every possible means, and appeared at Krudener's *fête* 'with her very nose in an attitude' —that Miss Bishopsworder's match still hangs, neither on nor off—that the Russians are triumphant beyond all ideas of triumph; but are a little embarrassed whether they shall make the '*husband of the Archduchess*' (he goes by no other name) King of Poland, or Elector of Hanover. If Mr. Elliot will decide this for me, I will impart the opinion to Krudener.

I have found also, belonging to this time, one letter *to* my Mother from Prince Adolphus, who had shown her so many kindnesses at Hanover. This also, having permission, I will insert.

H.R.H. PRINCE ADOLPHUS (DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE), TO MRS. ST. GEORGE.

Hanover, Jan. 31, 1801.

DEAR MADAM,

I cannot let this opportunity pass of acknowledging the receipt of your very obliging letter of the 8th inst. Baron Rheden has brought me a very good account of your health, at which I do sincerely rejoice; and I trust that the fatigues of the Berlin carnival will not hurt you. The shocking accident of which you were a witness on the 31st of last month

will, I am afraid, have made a deep impression on your mind. It is at least very difficult for a person of your feelings to forget immediately such an event, and as it happened at a ball, all dancing parties must for a time recal that accident to your remembrance. I do sincerely pity M. d'Orville's fate, and I wish he may serve as an example for other young men, that they may not likewise fall victims to their dress. I have lately heard from Berlin that Lord Carysfort has played with the Queen at Court, which I look upon in a favourable light; and the exclusion of the Russian ships from the embargo, makes me hope that the disharmony which has taken place between the Cabinets of London and Berlin has ceased, and that matters will be made up. I am perfectly of your opinion that it is too often the case of Englishmen in the diplomatic line, that they forget the situation in which they are, and act entirely according to their own private feelings. This does their character the highest honour, but I cannot say the same for their judgment; for in the career of a Minister he must often do and put up with things for the public good which he never would do as a private man; and none knew this better than the late Lord Chesterfield.

Your next letter will, I hope, inform me when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here. Be assured, dear madam, that I wait with impatience for that day when I can have the pleasure of renewing the assurance of the very high esteem with which I have the honour to remain,

Your very devoted servant,

ADOLPHUS FREDERICK.

CHAPTER III.

1801—1806.

MY Mother returned to England in the spring of 1801, and presently passed over to Ireland. Of the period, somewhat more than a year, which elapsed before her next visit to the Continent, I find few memoranda, and fewer still which need to be published. I make an extract or two.

Aug. 11, 1801.—Arrived at Mr. Alcock's, Wilton, near Enniscorthy, an uncle of mine by marriage, and a worthy, valuable man. I find the Rebellion is the prominent object in the minds of his family, as it is, more or less, of most who have passed through it. It is their principal epoch, and seems to have divided time into two grand divisions, unmarked by any lesser periods; before, and after, the Rebellion. The first of these seems to resemble Paradise before the Fall. They had then good servants, fine flowers, fine fruit, fine horses, good beer, and plenty of barm—that indispensable requisite in rural economy. Since that period of perfect felicity, the servants have been unmanageable, the horses restive, the beer sour, the barm uncome-at-able, and all things scarce and dear. Great part of the evils complained of are undoubtedly felt; some are imaginary, and some arise from causes which are not so important or so pleasant to put forward as the word Rebellion.

Aug. 13.—Went to visit my farms near Gorey, accompanied by Mr. Alcock. Mr. B——, my principal tenant, though a rich and thriving farmer, lives in a state of dirt which really shocked me. He attributed some part of it to the Rebellion—of the rest he seemed unconscious. His wife seems dawdling, indolent, and like most of the lower and middling Irish, oppressed by either a real or affected melancholy. That it is sometimes the last, particularly in the presence of those they consider their superiors, my own observation has convinced me. A variety of causes operate to produce this effect. The chief of these seems to be an idea that the higher class have a sort of jealousy of the prosperity of their inferiors, and a fear, in some cases too well founded, that the increasing opulence and happiness of the tenant will excite unreasonable and disproportioned exactions on the part of the landlord. Mr. B. invited me to dinner, offering 'to kill a sheep in a crack.'

Oct. 31.—The latter part of the month I have passed with Mr. and Mrs. C——. They are good people from instinct and habit, and they have lived in the country, a situation most favourable to characters such as theirs.

Nov. 12-17.—From Mr. C——'s came to Castleton on a visit to Mr. Cox. From Mr. Benjamin Cox, brother to the master of the house, I have received great instruction on a subject to which I had hitherto devoted so little time or thought, that I was perhaps more ignorant of it than of any other with which females are supposed to be conversant. He has talked

to me of religion, of the God who created, the Saviour who redeemed, the Spirit who sanctifies; without affectation, without parade, he introduces this important topic; and, though lowly and meek to a degree I have seldom witnessed, no raillery or opposition ever drives him from his stronghold, or induces him to give up the defence of the saving truths of Christianity. His practice and his theory are in perfect harmony, and his life an excellent comment on his creed. Charitable to the extent of not only relieving, but seeking, objects of distress with whom to share his entire income—generous even to bestowing one-third of his fortune at three-and-twenty on a brother richer than himself; self-denying, humble, contented, devoted to retirement, not from incapacity to shine in the world or to enjoy its pleasures, but from an opinion that retirement is, with certain exceptions, favourable to virtue. This opinion has enabled him to conquer all those inducements to quit an obscure and monotonous life that arise from a pleasing appearance, an attractive address, a voice the most harmonious and persuasive, considerable knowledge, and favourable prospects of advancement and preferment in any profession he might have chosen. The Church alone, he declares, would have suited him; but from that he is excluded by the Thirty-nine Articles, to *all* of which he thinks he cannot conscientiously subscribe.

I will abandon for once a rule which I have laid down for myself in the present volume, which is, to let the writer pourtray herself, and to introduce no other portraiture, my own or

others; and I will here quote some words of Mrs. Leadbeater,* one of my mother's most honoured friends, and with whom she maintained the most frequent correspondence, describing the beginnings of an acquaintance which presently ripened into a friendship, only to be interrupted by death, and ever esteemed by my mother a signal blessing of her life. They occur in the *Annals of Ballitore*, a work which Mrs. Leadbeater left behind her in manuscript, and which, when published, as I believe it is on the point of being, will be found to contain, with other matters of interest, a very vivid description of social life in Ireland during the time of the Rebellion. The reader will easily understand that, had I felt at liberty to touch the passage, one or two words might not have remained exactly as they are, and altogether I would gladly have set the whole at a somewhat lower key of admiration; but I must leave it as I find it. These are Mrs. Leadbeater's words:—

'The inn on the high road from Dublin to Cork was completed, and was let to Thomas Glaizebrook. It attained a goodly reputation. One night, just as we were retiring to rest, a messenger came down from the landlord to say that a lady had arrived late, that the house was full to overflowing, and there was no room for her to take refreshment in, that she sate on the settle in the kitchen reading, waiting until she could obtain an apartment; that she would be glad of the meanest bed in the house, being much fatigued; could we be so kind as to assist our tenant in this strait? My husband went up at once for her, and brought her down in a carriage here, when we found from her attendants that she was a person of much consequence. She retired to rest, after expressing grateful thanks, and we thought would pass away with the

* Mary Leadbeater, a member of the Society of Friends, resided at Ballitore, a village in the county of Kildare, in great part a colony of Friends; and like so many other spots in Ireland where they dwelt in large numbers, a centre of order and civilization to all the county round. Zealous in all good works, and the mistress of a graceful and ready pen, she exerted herself to the best interest of the Irish people. Her *Cottage Dialogues*, the most useful and popular of her works, still maintain their place. She died in 1826, aged sixty-eight.—Ed.

morrow. But not so. Her servants told us that she had an estate in the neighbourhood, that she had appointed her agent to meet her at Ballitore inn, proposing to take her tenants from under the middleman to her own protection;—that she had been ten years the widow of a Colonel, and had one son. I had seen but little of her the night before; when she entered my parlour the next day, I was greatly struck with her personal appearance. My heart entirely acquits me of being influenced by what I had heard of her rank and fortune. Far more prepossessing than these were the soft lustre of her beautiful black eyes, and the sweetness of her fascinating smile. Her dress was simply elegant, and her fine dark hair, dressed according to the present fashion, in rows of curls over one another in front, appeared to me to be as becoming as it was new. These particulars are not important, except to myself; to me they are inexpressibly dear, because they retrace the first impressions made on me by this most charming woman, who afterwards gratified me by her friendship. Melesina St. George, such was the name of the lovely stranger, spent two weeks in our house. She asked permission, in the most engaging manner, to remain here rather than return to the inn. Providence had been liberal in granting to her talents and dispositions calculated for the improvement and happiness of all around her, while her meekness and humility prevented the restraint of her superiority being felt, without taking from the dignity of her character. I was surprised and affected when I beheld her seated on one of the kitchen chairs in the scullery, for coolness, hearing a tribe of little children of her tenants *sing* out their lessons to her. I wished for her picture drawn in this situation, and for its companion I would choose Edmund Burke making pills for the poor. It was with difficulty I prevailed upon her to bring her little school into our parlour, because, as she said, she would not bring them into her own. Admiring her method of instructing, I told her she would make an excellent schoolmistress; she modestly replied, with her enchanting smile, not an *excellent* one, but she had no dislike to the employment, and

had contemplated it as a means of subsistence when the Rebellion threatened to deprive her of her property. She came to Ballitore again, and had apartments at the inn, where she entertained us with kind, polite attention, and amused her leisure with taking sketches of the views from thence with a pen and ink, not having her pencils, &c. &c., with her, thus cheerfully entertaining herself with what was attainable.'

The following letter is the firstfruits of a correspondence which continued for a quarter of a century.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

1802.

Your prose *Ballitore** resembles a highly finished Dutch painting; in which one of the best artists has represented village scenery and manners, and where one is not only struck by the general effect, but amused and interested by the details, which all bear to be separately examined. Your minutest touches have their value, and the whole wears the stamp of truth and nature. As a faithful portrait of the manners of a small but interesting circle, it is really curious, and will become more so every day, as those minute particulars, neglected by the historian, and exaggerated by the novelist, increase in value as they increase in years. They throw the strongest light on the progress of luxury, and the changes of modes and customs; so perhaps many of the most trifling circumstances you have recorded may furnish matter whence our great-grandchildren may draw important conclusions.

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* *Annals of Ballitore*, referred to already, p. 132.—Ed.

In the spring of 1802, France, after having been closed for nine years, again became for a short period accessible, by the Peace of Amiens, to English travellers. What my Mother intended should be a short vacation ramble to Paris with her son, took a shape altogether different, and in fact fixed the whole fashion of her after life. Detained at Paris, first by indisposition, then by her approaching marriage, and lastly, by her husband's captivity, her sojourn there continued, not for a few weeks only, but for five years. Of the period anterior to her detention I can find only the journal of the first three weeks; from which I shall make some extracts. They differ little from the observations of any other curious and intelligent sight-seer; still, as the Paris of that day was to be so soon shut up anew against English visitors, I may be excused for finding room for them.

July 5, 1802.—Landed at Calais, where, besides the pleasure of escaping from a ship, one feels at Dessein's Hotel the satisfaction of treading classic ground, and sees Yorick, his interesting French widow, and his incomparable monk, gliding about in every apartment. While my imagination offered me these mild and gracious figures, my eyes presented me with Arthur O'Connor and a group of his associates. His features are regular and his person good. At the moment I saw him, he had a dark and scowling but sensible expression. He wore a green handkerchief as a neckcloth, and a tricoloured cockade. Before I could obtain leave to land my carriage, I was forced to sign a bond to bring it back to England within four months, under a penalty of twelve hundred francs—a testimony of the superior excellence of English carriages very inconvenient to travellers.

July 7, *Abbéville.*—The appearance of the harvest during these two days' journey exceeds every idea I had formed of plenty. Almost the whole country is under tillage, chiefly of wheat, intermixed, however, with other grain, with flax, and with vegetables. When I saw the peasant girls leading their lean cows by a rope to pick up a scanty meal on the edge of the road, I could have wished for the intermixture of meadow. There were no animals whatever grazing; but with the whole country thus under tillage, nothing but sour black bread was to be seen in the common post-houses, though they were kept by farmers; and at one village where I wished to buy a little white bread, it was searched for in vain.

July 8, *Breteuil.*—Where is the gaiety we have heard of from our infancy as the distinguishing characteristic of this nation? Where is the original of Sterne's picture of a French Sunday? I have seen to-day no cessation from toil, no intermixture of devotion, and repose, and pleasure. I have seen no dance, I have heard no song. But I have seen the pale labourer bending over the plentiful fields, of which he does not seem, if one may judge from his looks, ever to have enjoyed the produce; I have seen groups of men, women, and children, working under the influence of a burning sun (for the heat at present is extraordinary, such as has not been remembered since the year 1753), and others giving to toil the hours destined to repose, even so late as ten o'clock at night. Indeed, to judge from the extenuated appearance of the peasantry, one would conclude they were overworked and underfed. The children,

however, give a promise of becoming a hardy race, and seem healthy, strong, and blooming.

July 9, *Paris.*—A shocking accident took place at the close of my journey. My postilion, in spite of my repeated orders to the contrary, galloped through the streets with six horses, three abreast, and unfortunately threw down an elderly man and woman of the lower class, who were severely wounded by the horses. A crowd instantly gathered, but they behaved with the greatest moderation; and though I got out of the carriage to see what could be done, none among them blamed or insulted me as the cause of the accident; neither was anything pilfered in the general confusion, either from our persons or from the carriage. The police officers were sent for, who instantly exonerated me from all blame by saying I appeared *une dame timide*, who did not like to drive fast; and, after making the best arrangements I could think of in the confusion of the moment for the poor sufferers, we were allowed to proceed. I found the journey infinitely fatiguing from the heat of the weather, and the inns more expensive than in England, with much worse living and less civility. The journey from London to Paris cost me above fifty guineas. I travelled with a courier, a man servant, and my son.

July 12.—In the evening walked in the garden of the Tuileries. The total want of verdure and the straightness of the stems of the trees, which rise without a leaf to a considerable height, made me fancy myself in a room where a number of lofty poles had

been placed, and adorned with branches. Still, I acknowledge the walk to be magnificent, though not delicious.

July 13.—Saw the manufacture of Gobelin tapestry. My guide first brought me into a long room well-lighted and well-aired, where about a dozen men were working at what is called *la haute lisse*. They sat behind their frames; the weft is perpendicular, and they weave it from the bottom upwards. The picture thus growing from the ground, faces the spectator, and the artist has not the pleasure of seeing any but the mechanical progress of his work. All in this room were employed on fine historical paintings, either French originals or copies from good Italian masters. I then followed to another room, where were the workers *à la basse lisse*. These work on a frame placed horizontally, and remove each second thread by a pedal worked with their feet in the usual manner; whereas *à la haute lisse* they remove the threads only with their hands. These persons, not above half a dozen in number, were copying flowers, game, &c., and working from pictures almost defaced by time. I suspect the *haute lisse* has superior merits. I could not compare them, as the tapestry of *la basse lisse* cannot be seen while working, its right side being turned down. The guide owned it was less healthful to the artists, and did not pretend it had any advantage to balance this defect.

'*Mais pourquoi donc le continuer?*'

'*Ah, c'est l'ancienne mode. On travailloit comme cela au temps de Louis XIV., quand les Gobelins furent premièrement établis.*' After this satisfactory

explanation, he led me to the finished pieces, which are indeed very beautiful.

From the Gobelins we went to the Hameau de Chantilly, a tolerable little garden, fitted up by its proprietor with all that can attract such visitors as usually frequent these places—a hundred little dirty rooms by way of cottages, a swing, a place to ride in the ring, seats, tables, a green pond with three or four boats, and above all, every sort of *boire et manger* at an instant's warning, but at an exorbitant price.

July 15.—The celebration of the anniversary of Bonaparte's birth, and of the signature of the Concordat. Went to Nôtre Dame to see the consecration of the Archbishop of Lyons, uncle to the First Consul. The various branches of this ceremony, which was performed by Cardinal Caraffa, the Pope's Legate, were so puerile and multifarious, that, being unsupported by fine music, which is an essential in the effect of the Catholic form of worship, it became extremely tiresome. There was nothing to remind one of praise or adoration, nor during the whole service did I see any appearance of devotion. In the Tribunes was a strange medley of persons, apparently of every rank. We went late, but were given front places by two good-natured women, who, in their plain but clean dresses, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, though made in the simplest form, gave me the idea of being still what the most valuable part of the class of *moyen bourgeoisie* once was. An immense crowd assembled outside, in the hope, which was not gratified, of seeing the First Consul. In the evening the hope of seeing Bonaparte brought me again.

His canopy was prepared nearly opposite to that of the Archbishop of Paris, but somewhat nearer the sanctuary. However, he came not, nor did he leave the Tuileries the whole day. About nine o'clock we walked about the streets to see the illuminations. They were certainly more brilliant than those of London as to the quality of the light, lamps in the open air having a better effect than tallow candles behind glass. The whole area of the Place Vendôme was strewed with pyramids, which looked better than any other forms, possibly from being nearest to the natural shape assumed by fire. This spot, rendered extremely beautiful only by the adornment of this terrific element, seemed fit for the pleasure-garden of Satan, and reminded one of the noble description of the Hall of Eblis given in the *Caliph Vathek*. At ten in the evening, a single and very mediocre fire-work was let off; at which the people, who expected something finer, and had stood for hours to see it, were much dissatisfied.

July 16.—Went to hear the Abbé Sicard's lecture on the manner of teaching the deaf and dumb. The Abbé has a very animated and agreeable countenance; his pupils have more beauty than is usually seen in an equal number of children who possess all their senses; and they have in general a happy union of vivacity and calmness in their expression. He receives a pension from Government; and every Department has a right to send to him its deaf and dumb children.

July 17.—The Louvre. When I walk among the best Grecian statues, I feel a sort of dignified calm-

ness take possession of my soul. A secret influence seems to overshadow me, that keeps off all little and agitating ideas. Pictures please, statues both please and elevate.

July 18.—The Louvre again. The pictures which occupied me were two: 1. Rubens' Descent from the Cross, taken from the Cathedral at Antwerp—a beautiful and tragical scene. The tenderness and grief of the Virgin, who seems to fear the body should be injured by too rough a seizure—the variety of the figures, which, without affecting contrast, all differ in age, expression, attitude, and situation—the exquisite posture of the dead Christ, and the charms of execution and colouring, which rob a subject in itself horrible of all that can inspire horror, entitle this picture to the unbounded applause it has received. 2. A Holy Family, by Raphael. The colouring of this picture is very purple. Whether this is owing to the *restauration* and varnish of which the French are so liberal, I know not. It is a beautiful piece. As to *restauration*, it certainly requires great industry and knowledge; but it provokes me to see the French, when they have restored a picture, forget they have not painted it.

Saw *Andromaque*, that interesting piece which bears so imposing a character, that it deserves to occupy the evening of a day devoted to Grecian sculpture. We will not examine whether the characters possess real greatness; they wear that splendid counterfeit most fit for tragedy, and all possess it in different degrees. All are highly impassioned, all bear names we have lisped with respect from our

infancy, and all are dignified by their misfortunes and those of their family. Orestes was performed by Talma, and with infinite skill. His face and figure are fine. He was incomparably dressed in a white robe, seemingly of the quality of a Turkish shawl, which fell in folds of very picturesque drapery: it was embroidered round the edge with a deep antique pattern in gold; and he perfectly realized the dress and attitudes of Grecian sculpture. His voice is deep and susceptible of variety. I cannot say he affected me, but the fault was probably my own. M^lle^ Duchesnois, a *débutante*, played Hermione, and bids fair to be a favourite. Her ugliness resists all the art of dress and all the illusion of stage light. Her voice has no great power; her attitudes are forced and Etruscan; but she feels strongly, and has an *abandon* in the expression of her feelings, which, though it appeared to me to 'overstep the modesty of Nature,' gave great satisfaction to the audience. When I thought her disgustingly violent, those about me cried out, '*Voilà ce que s'appelle sentir;*' and a gentleman told me, that were she a pretty woman, '*elle embraserait la salle.*'

July 19.—The Louvre. Guido's sweet picture of the union of Design and Colouring pleased me much; but I know not why he makes both appear so melancholy. I must suppose they are going to paint the likeness of a lost friend. No picture I remarked to-day gave me more pleasure than a head by Raphael of a boy of fifteen. It is not ideal beauty, but it is the beauty of real life heightened with all the charms of sweet and sensible expression.

July 22.—Saw David's beautiful picture of the Sabine women reconciling their husbands and fathers. It is seen in an apartment of the Louvre, at thirty-six sous a-head. He is the first French painter, I believe, who has taken this method of reimbursing himself. The picture is very large. Romulus, a fine spirited figure, is in the act of lifting a spear to strike Tatius, who actually projects from the canvas. Hersilia throws herself between. She is standing, her arm extended, in the attitude of one breathless with haste and apprehension. Romulus, on the right, has his back to the spectators, and his face is seen in profile. I am not quite satisfied with his figure. Those of Tatius and Hersilia are admirable. These three form the foreground, combined with a group of lovely children; a graceful female figure embraces Tatius' knee; another, on the ground, points to an infant scarcely six months old. The Roman leader of cavalry is seen sheathing his sword; some of the enemies are already disarmed, and you see that the rest will soon be so. David has admirably united the most attractive brilliancy of colouring with the appearance of the dust raised by the contending armies. The background is formed by the troops, through which the women have forced their way. Some of the soldiers are indistinctly seen holding up their helmets in sign of peace; and there are several females in different postures, who all excite a sufficient degree of subordinate interest to give life to the whole picture.

July 25.—Again the Abbé Sicard.—'Pour le pont qui conduit du monde visible au monde intellectuel,

voici comme je le construis. J'ai un portrait de Mossieu, fort ressemblant, d'à peu près deux pieds de haut, que je fais descendre. Tous mes sourds-muets l'appellent Mossieu. Je l'appelle le faux Mossieu; ils font de même. Je l'appelle lui-même le vrai Mossieu; ils m'imitent. Je fais remonter le portrait, et je le dessine moi-même. Je leur dis, "Mais j'ai aussi un vrai Mossieu; *où est-il*, puisque je puis le copier?" Ils me répondent quelquefois, que je l'ai dans mes pieds, dans mes mains. Mais la plupart me répondent, que c'est dans ma tête; tant il est naturel à l'homme d'y placer le siège des opérations intellectuelles. Mais je leur demande, "Est-ce que je puis couper, plier ce vrai Mossieu qui est dans ma tête?" non; "Et puis qu'il a cinq pieds dix pouces de haut, comment puis je le placer dans ma tête?" Ils conviennent donc que j'ai dans la tête une espèce de toile, sur laquelle les objets se dessinent, absolument différente d'aucun être qu'ils connoissent déjà, puis qu'elle peut recevoir des objets beaucoup plus grands qu'elle-même, les retenir, et les reproduire à volonté. Ils avoient déjà soupçonné quelque chose de cette vérité. Ils désirent savoir la nature de cet être. Je souffle sur leur main, j'ouvre une porte, je leur fais sentir le vent; je leur explique que comme mon souffle, comme le vent, existent et produisent des effets, quoique nous ne pouvons les voir, les plier, ou les couper, de même manière existe cet être qui retient le portrait du vrai Mossieu—cet être auquel dès ce moment nous donnons le nom de souffle, de *spiritus*, d'*esprit* enfin.'

In the evening, went to the garden of the Tuileries, where the trees are old and varied enough to rescue

it from the class of French gardens in general, which are sandy flats, where straight poles, with bushes on their tops, are planted in straight lines.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Paris, March 8, 1803.

Nothing else [but ill health] should have detained me so long at Paris, a place which in cold weather I think excessively disagreeable and peculiarly unwholesome. In fine weather, when a stranger can visit the various works of art which the tempest has assembled here from every quarter of the globe, it is highly interesting; and it is encircled by so many delightful gardens, that one may pass the summer here without feeling one's absence from the country. Yet I have never seen a spot where I should more grieve at fixing my residence, nor a nation with which I should find it so difficult to coalesce. A revolution does not seem to be favourable to the morals of a people. In the upper classes I have seen nothing but the most ardent pursuit after sensual or frivolous pleasures, and the most unqualified egotism, with a devotion to the shrines of luxury and vanity unknown at any former period. The lower ranks are chiefly marked by a total want of probity, and an earnestness for the gain of *to-day*, though purchased by the sacrifice of that character which might ensure them tenfold advantage on the morrow.* You must not

* Among a few memoranda made by my father during his detention in France, I have found one of a somewhat later date, expressing exactly the

think me infected with national prejudice. I speak from the narrow circle of my own observation and that of my friends; and I do not include the suffering part of the nation, who have little intercourse with strangers, and who form a society apart. I have been presented to Bonaparte and his wife, who receive with great state, ceremony, and magnificence. His manner is very good, but the expression of his countenance is not attractive. Curran says he has the face of 'a gloomy tyrant.' Another has compared him to a corpse with living eyes: and a painter remarked to me that the smile on his lips never seemed to accord with the rest of his features. I have the pleasure of sending you a little picture, very like him, which may enable you to form your own opinion.

And now let me thank you a thousand times for your most flattering and beautiful verses, in which you have decked me with merits that I owe entirely to your partial friendship and lively imagination. I do not, however, wish you to awaken from the illusion;

same conviction of the effects which the Revolution had exercised on the moral character of the people. 'We have observed continually amongst the middle and lower orders of the French, that those who have been educated since the Revolution have a degree of illiberality in all their transactions, accompanied with an insatiable desire of *present* gain, even at the expense of permanent advantage, and a want of urbanity in their manners, which are by no means to be found in those of a generation before. We have often seen the mother rebuked, at least in looks, when by a direct and honest answer she has cut short the hesitating, overreaching prevarication of the daughter. I might make a similar observation on the difference between men and women; and I have so often smarted in addressing myself to youth and the female sex in their *magasins*, that I now, when I wish to avoid being cheated, apply to the men in preference to the women, and even to the old in preference to the young. "*La jeunesse veut gagner*," or in other words, "*tromper*," seems to be their motto.'—ED.

on the contrary, I feel a pride and pleasure in reflecting that, strong as is your discernment, your affection for me is still stronger.

Mrs. Leadbeater, to whom this last letter was written, was at this time comparatively a recent friend; this may perhaps explain the absence in it of any reference to the writer's approaching marriage, which took place at the English Embassy in Paris very shortly after the letter was written. She and my father, who had not very long been called to the bar, were on the point of returning to England, when they were overtaken by the somewhat abrupt termination of the Peace of Amiens. They, like so many other residents and travellers in France, had been quieted in the near prospect of war, by the assurance that, according to the universal rule in such cases, full opportunity would be given for quitting the hostile soil. How far the conduct of our Government palliated, or, as pleaded by Napoleon, justified, the course which he took in detaining the English whom he found in France at the moment when war broke out, need not be entered upon here, and as little the general story of their detention. How they in whom I have nearest interest, found their way to Orleans, a brief memorandum of my father's will explain. 'Aug. 7, 1803.—Left Paris with a passport granted by Junot, for Tours; arrived at Orleans on the 10th; waited on the Commandant, to obtain permission to remain in case Mrs. T.'s health should require it. He seemed much surprised we had not preferred Orleans to Tours: "*Il est deux fois plus grand.*" I replied that Orleans seemed a very charming town. He talked to me on politics, a subject I did not wish to enter on—set out with a profession of impartiality, and blaming both Governments for the war; but could not hold it two sentences: "*Pourquoi est-ce que vous-autres Messieurs veuillent garder la Malte?*" "*Je n'en sais rien, Monsieur, je suis ici prisonnier de guerre.*"

It was with difficulty I could persuade him of the indelicacy of pressing me on the subject.'

My Mother, as I perceive from letters addressed *to her*, maintained a tolerably active correspondence with England during the time of this her constrained residence in France, which endured for four years, till the spring of 1807; but with one or two exceptions, the only letters of hers during this period which have reached my hands, are written to her husband, whose detention she shared; and selections from these will follow. A word or two may be necessary to explain the circumstances under which they were written, and some of the references which they contain. While my father was, so to speak, 'ascriptus glebæ,' and confined by his *parole* to Orleans and its immediate vicinity, she was at liberty to move freely in the interior of the country, with no other restraints than those which she shared with the French themselves; indeed, could at any moment have obtained with little difficulty a passport allowing her to return to England. More than once she had actually obtained one, although when it came to the point, and under the doubt whether she would be permitted to rejoin her husband, she never could bring herself to use it. Every year during their detention at Orleans she paid a visit of several weeks to Paris, and in 1804 two visits—having always on these occasions the same object in view—namely, to make the most of what little interest it was possible there to command, either for the mitigation of the character of his detention, or the bringing of it to an end altogether. Sometimes it was necessary to employ all interest to prevent his being sent to Verdun, where the great body of the English were detained. It was accounted no little favour to be allowed to remain at Orleans, and more than once a relegation to the remoter depot, in all respects a most undesirable residence, seemed imminent. At other times the object was not so much that his position might not be made worse, but that it might be amended, and that he might be permitted to reside, as a few of the more favoured English were, at Paris, instead of in a dull country town—or, if this could not be granted, that

he might be allowed to visit Paris for a few weeks, in the hope that, this once permitted, he would not be again sent away. Or if friends seemed willing to exert themselves, and the French Government appeared more favourably disposed, as it was during Fox's negotiation for peace immediately after his advent to power, a bolder request would be urged; namely, that he might have leave to return to Ireland for six months on his *parole*, his interests there suffering much through his absence; or even that he might be permitted to return definitively home, with no obligation to replace himself in his captivity. This, as is well known, not a few of the English, one by one, obtained; and at length, early in the year 1807, by exactly what interest I know not, he obtained, after a captivity of four years, such a permission of unconditional return; in this more fortunate than many of his countrymen, whose detention was only brought to an end by the advance of the allied armies into France in 1814.

My Mother's letters during this period touch very seldom on public matters. The notices of Consular and Imperial France are slight and of no great interest. There is, moreover, about all such notices a visible caution, an evident sense that what was written might very possibly come under other eyes besides those for which it was intended. But in addition to this, she was, in the nature of things, remote from the centres of intelligence. The society in which the detained English could move was of necessity very limited. Attentions to them were not supposed to be favourably regarded by the Emperor. The good French houses which were open to them, were a very few of the old *régime*; and many circumstances combined to throw the English together, while yet the number of them was too small to allow much selection among them of congenial society. But for all this, the letters do contain glimpses of some of the French celebrities of this time, as the Abbé Delille, Isabey the miniature painter, Mad. Récamier, M^lle^ Raucourt, M^lle^ Duchesnois, Berthier, the Empress Josephine, and others; and a lively, though not always a very flattering, picture of those our English compatriots and

their way of living among themselves. If it should seem to any that they retail too many of the trivialities of social life, it must be remembered that they were written to cheer and enliven, if possible, a very dull captivity, made at the moment far more cheerless by her own absence; and that everything was welcome which might contribute to this end. The letters are unfortunately—unfortunately that is, for me, who would otherwise have been spared no little trouble—for the most part without their dates, nor have they postmarks to supply this want. Knowing the exact *months* of each year, during which they must have been written, I have, by one help or another, put most of those which I publish in their right order; but I am not confident that I have done this with all.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Paris, April, 1804.

I think I live here as if I was under the ban of the Holy Roman Empire. Is not that the phrase? No mortal comes near me. I wish the interdict was raised. I shall expect to be denied fire and water. Indeed, the last is so scarce in this house, and the first is so dear at Paris, that it is almost the same thing. I wish the sentence of excommunication was recalled.

I have read *Werther, faute de mieux*. I still admire it as an eloquent picture of love, which must always enchant those who have not drank at the fountain-head; but I find that the vivid colouring of a great attachment makes all shadows and representations appear at once faint and affected. 'I have heard the nightingale,' as the Athenian answered, when he was invited to hear an actor imitate her notes; and for

the rest of my life I can never be extremely delighted at what my imagination used formerly to embrace as the height of perfection. I regret the sensibility I wasted on *Werther*, as a girl, and shall never let it appear in my house now I am a mother of a family. I picked it up at an old lady's, where my grandfather took me to sit at the corner of the table, while he played his rubber. I borrowed it, brought it home, got it by heart, thought every one who did not admire it enthusiastically had a 'flinty heart,' shed torrents of tears over it, adopted its opinions, and laid the first stone of that false taste by which I was for some years subjugated.

I am delighted you went to the Marets. It is of consequence that you, as a prisoner, should be liked; and I wish them to lay all the *sauvagerie* of our life upon me. Nothing I should like more than their saying, '*Il est très aimable, et il le seroit encore plus sans sa femme, qui est bien bizarre.*' I wish I could *soufflé* this to Mad. d'Oisonville for one society, and Mad. Baudot for another, and it would soon be echoed about and be received as one of the dozen established phrases which form the whole conversation of Orleans.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, April, 1804.

After much driving about after General Hardy's address, I at last obtained it, and drove to his lodgings, with my letter to him in my hand, enclosing a copy of the memorial to General Berthier.

I deliberated, should I send up the letter or see him, when I found he was visible. I recollected your advice to speak, and it decided me. It was dusk, for I could not get the address till late. I walked under a dark and dirty *porte cocher*, where the carriage could not turn in, and up a very narrow staircase *au second.* The variety of my thoughts while walking upstairs would fill a page. Will he think me very forward? Shall I be too much embarrassed to speak? Shall I find a levée of young officers? Is General Hardy an impudent dashing young Irishman (for I knew he was our countryman), and will he think it civil to make love to me? I was a little reassured in passing through an ante-room, and seeing a very domestic-looking *couvert bourgeois* for four people. I walked into the inner room with trepidation, and there, to my comfort, saw two quiet-looking women, a modest and pretty girl, and a tall, fair, pleasing-countenanced man of about fifty, with a very gentle, civil address. He read my letter, looked at my memorial, and from what he promised, and the certainty he seemed to have that he would be the judge of our petition (unless Berthier had some private reason for or against it), I have little, I may say almost no doubt, that our affair is nearly done. Nothing could exceed the civility and appearance of interest I received from the whole party. I trembled so at the beginning I could hardly speak; but, like all constitutionally timid and morally courageous people, after the first instant I was bold as a lion.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, April, 1804.

I went last night to see M^lle^ Raucourt* in *Semiramis* with the lady I mentioned in my last. No one sees me. I go dressed like a housekeeper, with my prodigious large old brown Orleans bonnet, get into a shut-up *loge*, and bribe the box-keeper to let no one else in. *Semiramis* gave me no pleasure. A woman who has coolly assassinated her husband, merely to reign alone, cannot be made interesting by any subsequent events; and her inflated grandeur, though not in my opinion imposing, throws all the other characters so much into shade that you care little what becomes of them. It was prodigiously applauded, being a piece of great pomp and show, and the heroine having so much of what is now called *caractère*. But what was most curious, was the frantic manner in which the women applauded Lafont. Several of these were like so many Bacchantes. He is good-looking, without *noblesse;* but does not affect me in the least.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, April 18, 1804.

I was at a *largish* party last night at the Baroness's. Through some mistake I did not receive her invitation till the same morning, so conceived it

* Born, 1756; died, 1815. There is a full and carefully-written account of her in the *Biographie Universelle*.—Ed.

was a little English society, and went in my morning dress. I felt a little awkward amongst the long trains, feathers, *bijous*, and laces of about a dozen women who were very *magnifique*, among whom not the least so was Lady Clavering; but I did not *suffer* so much as poor Lady I——, who, though much more dressed than me, was not prepared for strangers, and did nothing but look down on herself, and examine her dress with an air of mortification and humility, which struck me as so great a *ridicule*, that it made me ashamed of being at all disconcerted.

I have just been with Lady ——. She received me as women usually do visitors sent by their husbands—*c'est tout dire*—civil and icy; *she never asked a single question about him*, whether he looked well or ill, whether we saw much of him, in short, not one token of interest. . . . . Remember not to let Lord —— think I was otherwise than very civilly and properly received. I dread your excessive sincerity and impossibility of disguising any feeling; but I love, and above all *respect*, you for it.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, April, 1804.

My child is asleep in his cradle. Kitty is *boudé*-ing in the little street room, and Antoine extremely woful, as he always is now when she *boudés*. Sally is pert, active, and *very happy* because I scolded Kitty last night. Pierre is asleep, and the horses are, I believe, very uncomfortable, if I may judge by

the way in which they crawl, and the miserable look they have, so different from their sleek dowager trot of Orleans. Certainly a woman has no business with horses; and the lady who married because her carriage never was at the door in time, had as good a reason as many very wise people who seem to have taken those who afford no excuse whatever. However, no woman has a right in France to rail against matrimony, for certainly, in the Anglo-Parisian set, every fault seems on the side of the wives. I went to choose Mrs. F——'s veil, for her, and she was as worrying as any one could be about such a trifle. I have a sort of delicacy about those who seem subservient, that extends itself to shopkeepers, though I know that in most places they make one pay for the trouble one gives; and I really felt ashamed of the way she pulled about, and tumbled, and tried on the most valuable laces. The struggle between Sueur's civility and her alarm was very comical.

It would have been a stiff holding back not to have called on Lady —— after what *he* had said. I told you she was *icily civil;* but I am always amused by hearing Mrs. F., to whom she was *icily rude*, say what a charming creature she has been to *her*, how fond they are of one another, and how much better she loves Lady —— than any creature in the world, &c. &c. There certainly is this convenience in rank, that it seems to save the trouble of being civil to nine-tenths of those who have none; and who think if a titled person does not turn them out of the room, they are remarkably kind.

The lady's wearing Lady T——'s clothes cannot surprise me, as I know one here, who told me she

was commissioned to send a supply of millinery to a friend in the country, and that she wore it all a few times; also that she sold her some of her own old things, putting new ribbon, &c., on the wearing points. She told me this, *apropos* of nothing, in a way that showed she was so far from thinking it dishonest, it did not even strike her as shabby, or cunning, but what every one would do in the same case.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, May, 1804.

It is certain the Captain* is *au secret*, it is *said* in irons, but this I doubt. The precautions *pour l'époque du couronnement* are infinite; no persons to have passports from any town but such as are *mandé*, except on the most urgent business, and of them a weekly list to be sent to Paris; the name of every individual to whom a place in a window is let or given, to be sent to the police; the Departments to come at different times, and not to meet till the ceremony, lest they should cabal. It is rather provoking that I refused Mrs. F——'s offer of a place in a window that gives on the Pont Neuf, where I should have seen the cortège *going*, better than from any other spot in Paris; and she has since given it away. Forty-two louis are now paid for a window, eighteen francs for places at a risk of people's lives, on scaffolding; such a crowd to see the crown of the

* This, no doubt, is Captain Wright, whose mysterious death in the Temple has never been cleared up.—Ed.

Empress at Foncier's, that it was a service of danger. I went at a moment when she had sent for it to try on, and did not repeat the attempt.

Some say Mad. de Montmorenci *asked* for her place of *Dame de Palais*, and has *projets de conquérir* the Unconquered. She is about thirty-six—a plain face, fine figure, *beaucoup de tournure*, infinite taste in dress, *médiocrement d'esprit*, but great *enjouement*, mixed with languor and perfect *usage du monde*. Such, at least, is what she appeared to me in my short burst of dissipation in Paris. She was presented in a robe of velvet, *couleur de cérise* (the colour of mine), covered with stars, and richly embroidered all round with gold. Her curtsey on presentation was said to be the most graceful possible, &c. &c. &c.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, May, 1804.

I have just opened a book in which I find a paragraph so suitable to our detention, and the close intimacy and dependence on each other which have followed it, that I cannot help transcribing—'*Quand on est parfaitement heureuse par ses affections, c'est peut-être une faveur de la Providence que certains revers resserrent encore vos liens par la force même des choses.*' This struck me as very just, and what ought to silence all our murmurs on the subject of our detention. It is really gratifying to find we have been happy without any of the usual interests of life, without society, without plan, without fixed occupation, without en-

joying either the beauties of nature or the refined accommodations and luxuries of art, and, on my part, without even health. It seems a hint to us not to confide that happiness of which we are already sure in each other, to any other projects but those which arise from affection, and tend to make our children capable of the same species of enjoyment as ourselves. For my own part, I feel so strongly *qu'il faut respecter le bonheur*, that I never will again form a wish that you should pursue any scheme of ambition or advancement. *A quoi bon?* In living for ourselves position would be useless, and our fortune is already equal to our wishes, and of a nature which, without effort, will, in the common course of things, insensibly and moderately increase, so as to keep pace with the increasing advance around us. When absent from you, I exist only in my reflections, and all those I have made since we parted are of this stamp.

I have been asked for every evening to Mrs. Latten's, and have never gone yet, which I mention to show you how little you need regret my retirement; for I am convinced that if I had opportunities of going out, I should not use them; yet I like the Lattens. She is pretty and civil, and he has the sort of animal spirits which always excite mine, and I think him remarkably clever, till he leaves the room, and then I find I cannot recollect one thing he has said which might not have come from any other person.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, May, 1804.

I have got an *Annual Register* for 1803, through Sir M. C., and am blinding myself over it day and night. I wish it was to be had, and I would send it to you. This is the night of the *fête* for the Emperor at the opera. I have been too miserly to take a box, and have been a little tempted to go to the orchestra, which is the resource of those who have not boxes; but I feel so strongly that it is not my place, that nothing I could see from thence would make up to me for that idea. So between my avarice and my pride I shall lose the only brilliant *fête* open to a stranger; but I have been formerly so used to find my pleasures come unsought, that when I am to purchase and look for them, I feel myself ill-used and inclined to *bouder* at home. I went muffled up last night with Mrs. Sheldon to see M^lle^ Duchesnois in *Esther*. The house very thin, though almost all the good actors appeared in tragedy or comedy. M^lle^ Duchesnois is the sweetest creature in *Esther* I can conceive—so innocent, so harmonious, so *touchante*, so timid, so animated, so *young* in mind as well as appearance. She gives me in that part the idea of a little white dove, and I have an extraordinary respect for talents which can so represent the flames of Phèdre and the purity of Esther.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, May, 1804.

My angel child being comfortable and quiet at five this day, I ventured to dine with the Lattens to meet the Abbé Delille. I found him much changed, as it is many years since I saw him. But he, being now almost blind and always *très galant*, addressed several compliments to the favourable recollection he retained of me, which would have been then within the pale of that exaggeration authorized by the habits of society, but were now ridiculous. This little foolish circumstance took off from the pleasure I should otherwise have felt in being next to him, and in finding he remembered every trifle relative to our former meeting (mem.—he is sixty-four*). He was very entertaining; but as an *old* man, repeating anecdote on anecdote, whereas formerly he *conversed;* and from loss of teeth he no longer recites with that exquisite charm which once gave me so much pleasure. My first thought was, when he began, that now you would never hear him recite as I did formerly. He gave some beautiful lines on Ariosto, sparkling, close, and like a firework. He makes him '*l'enfant du goût et de la folie.*'† Altogether, it was the pleasantest day I have had in Paris. A French gentleman, on finding the Abbé could not recollect some lines I had asked for on Rousseau, drew his chair close to mine, saying,

* Delille was born in 1738. He must have been, therefore, nearly sixty-six at this time.—Ed.

† I have found the passage in his poem, *L'Imagination*, chant 5. Not to be compared with Goethe's portraiture of Ariosto in his *Torquato Tasso*, it yet possesses a merit of its own, such as is ascribed to it here.—Ed.

'*Eh bien, Madame, puisque Monsieur l'Abbé ne veut pas réciter ses vers, je vous en dirai des miens*,' and set out immediately.

TO THE SAME.

Estampes, Oct., 1804.

I think you will be amused with the *Memoirs of St. Simon*,* though written so incorrectly as to be sometimes unintelligible on first reading. They are more inaccurate as to punctuation than any book I ever saw; and you will frequently detect faults in the stopping so marked, that by a trifling change you can find a meaning in what, as now printed, appears absolute nonsense. You will see that those women who excited the envy of others paid very dear for their admission into the brilliant parties so extolled by Mad. de Sévigné. Once in that coach which she compares to Paradise, they must not presume to feel dust, sun, cold, heat, fatigue—always full-dressed, always tight-laced, always in high spirits, and always with great appetites. Pray read the chapter, which is curious. The author shows a strong mind, and paints with shadows as well as lights, which distinguishes him from most of those who have described the hero of that day.

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* At this time only some wretchedly edited fragments of St. Simon's great work had seen the light,—three volumes in 1788, and four somewhat later. It was not till 1829 that these memoirs were published with anything approaching to completeness.—Ed.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Oct., 1804.

I send you a little allegory, the first I ever wrote. It amused my *tristesse* for above an hour, and I see I shall again be a scribbler.

THE BIRTH OF CALUMNY.

Dulness, who was daughter to the roving nymph Idleness, and whose other parent was unknown, found herself so favoured and enriched by the fondness of Wealth, one of her reputed fathers, and the most powerful, perhaps, amongst them, that she was often highly caressed, distinguished, and even invited to usurp the honours due to Learning and to Wit. Indeed, she was in many external circumstances peculiarly fortunate; though fond of tumult, noise, and show, she generally escaped unhurt from the dangers into which this taste seduced her; she seldom found her steps pursued by the prying eyes of Curiosity, and the snakes of Envy were scarcely ever seen to hiss at her as she passed. Her outward appearance, neither formed to excite admiration nor disgust, was that which many philosophers have professed to think we ought to desire for ourselves, and for the objects of our love. Her eyes never sparkled with intelligence, her cheeks never mantled with sensibility; but no irregularity was discoverable in her features, and when crowned with her favourite wreath of poppies, there were not wanting flatterers who attributed dignity to the slowness of her movements and the complacency of her countenance.

Amongst the foremost of these was Malice. He knew that Pride and Apathy, who would both have fain claimed her for their child, had joined to form her a shield of curious texture, which even his keen and poisoned arrows had no power to pierce. He felt a kind of involuntary respect for one who could repel without effort what caused such exquisite pain to Beauty, to Genius, and to Virtue. On the other hand, *she* had a faint glimmering of gratitude to him, because her only enemy, the fiend Ennui, by whom she was constantly followed and often tormented, and who had the power of raising fogs and mists against which her shield was no defence, immediately fled when Malice advanced; for though frequently companions in other societies, they seldom appeared together before her eyes.

These circumstances in time gave Malice opportunities of paying successful court to one whom he saw enriched by the gifts of Wealth, and shielded from almost every species of accident or enmity by the hands of Pride and Apathy. He finally obtained her, and their union was followed by the birth of a daughter, to whom they gave the name of Calumny, and whom, in spite of her piercing and discordant cries, they cherished with equal fondness. Her mother prevailed on Credulity to be her nurse, and her father engaged Envy as her governess. Dulness insisted on forming her understanding, and Malice undertook the management of her heart, while each promised to second the other, even in the department they had resigned.

Such was the parentage and birth of Calumny. It would be superfluous to say more of one whose

empire is so widely spread, and whose attributes are therefore so universally known.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Nov., 1804.

At a private party last night, I saw a Spanish girl dance the *bolero* and the *fandango* with castanets to a Spanish guitar, played by a Spaniard. He sung to the *bolero*. The music, his voice, the instrument, were all very touching. By the bye, the Spanish guitar, with Spanish tunes, sung by a man's tenor, is the most affecting music to me in the world. It was all I could do last night to avoid exposing myself, and it would have been very strange in appearance, while looking on at a gay dance; and I am sure no soul in the room but me listened to the music. The girl was pretty, with eyes so admired by the French, *à fleur de tête*, not 'odious sunk eyes;' and she held herself so much up and back as to have what Mons. Récamier very accurately called '*un air martial.*' She sat by me, and told me all she was to do, in the beginning of the evening, and said she had danced the *bolero* and *fandango* at the Duchess of Somebody's at Madrid, and was supposed to dance it perfectly, '*parceque pour cela il ne faut pas beaucoup de mouvements des pieds, mais infiniment de grâce.*' She also told me she was thirteen, and the lady before her was her sister—two mistakes, I believe, as she looked about eighteen, and Mons. Récamier told me the other lady was her mother, who chooses to pass for her sister. Her costume

was very pretty, and the applause was extreme; but none so loud in their applauses, *admires*, and broad flattery to her, and almost everybody else, as was the F——. Some women, conscious of envy, take this vulgar mode of hiding it. Frenchwomen, to do them justice, never do; you scarcely ever hear them admire another woman. The F. told the Baroness, who had a silver trimming, that 'it was all beauty, modesty, and elegance, like herself,' and many other things to different people *de cette force là*.

The company was totally a different class from what I had seen last year. If I was settled here I would not dress and go out, to mix with the society to which *only* the English can *now* be admitted. One always gains some advantages in the first circle, and one finds some members of the *corps diplomatique* in other places, as one moves about; but once away from Paris, one would never hear of or see again those in the set our *compatriotes* live with at present.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Nov., 1804.

I often wonder the comparison between women and magpies has not been enlarged upon, taking their common love of hoarding into account. It is astonishing to what an extreme we carry this passion. My last female acquaintance, however, exceeds all I have ever met. I thought my aunt ——, Lady Yarmouth, and Mrs. F., were pretty strong instances; but this lady excels them all. She has the most ex-

traordinary hoards of every kind of wearable, every sort of *bijou*, and is avidly inquisitive in search of *more, more*. Really, if women hoarded money, a younger child would sometimes be unexpectedly provided for; but it must be a provoking thing to a very generous husband to see them *buying up* necessaries and trifles, which every hour can present, as if they feared the day would come on which they would not have a guinea to dispose of. It always gives me the idea of a *femme entretenue*, who is 'making hay while the sun shines.' This lady is collecting antiques, collecting precious stones, collecting *lace*—literally *collecting;* for on asking my opinion about giving 260 louis for a trimming, she said, 'I have more in England, to be sure, than I can ever wear, but I can always *dispose of that.*' What *noblesse* Paris gives to the way of thinking!

Paris, Nov., 1804.

I was last night at a *the* of Mrs. P——'s, with one set of French country dances. It was one of those little parties she gives continually to practise and improve her very indifferent talent for dancing, in which she never can excel. I should not make such a *little* remark, if she would allow one to think she danced to amuse herself; but she cannot refrain from telling how much she studies, and how many lessons she has had, and how she hopes to do better; and how she *can* dance 'pretty well for an Englishwoman;' but that something or other interferes at

the present moment, &c. &c. There were no fine dancers amongst the ladies, and only Mons. Lafitte (who looks like a flying hairdresser) among the men. There were, however, more pretty women than I have seen in so small a society, and four or five of the noted Parisian beauties. Mad. Récamier was there, and looked much handsomer than ever I saw her before; indeed, I thought her very handsome, for the first time. She danced very heavily and *genteelly*, in the French country dances; somewhat like an English married woman—no steps, but a very good air.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Dec., 1804.

I was yesterday evening with all the English at Colonel ——'s. I played three rubbers of twenty sous casino with my Baroness and the Copes; never looked to the right hand or the left, and walked off. It is certain that being perfectly happy at home totally takes away one's relish for the amusements one meets abroad. I always used to deny this, and conceived it was a vulgar error, and could argue very prettily upon the delight of mixing a certain degree of dissipation with the highest domestic happiness; but my mind is not expansive enough for both; and I now begin to see the truth of the commonplace observation, that people become less gay, and agreeable to the world, by being married and fond of each other. It is not because one loses one's spirits, but because one makes involuntary comparisons between the *gêne* and

the unsatisfactoriness of common life, and the perfect confidence and fulness of pleasure in the company of those one loves.

The complaint here that the race of good servants is extinct, is not, I believe, ill-founded. The equalizing education of the Revolution, and the idea instilled so industriously into that class that servitude was at an end, and that the relation of master and servant was not that of a bargain, but of usurpation, together with the deep and growing love of *spectacle* and contempt of religion, must all unite to give grounds for this complaint.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Dec., 1804.

I never saw anything so affecting on any stage as the despair of Antiochus when he finds his brother assassinated, and doubts whether his mother or his bride was the murderer. It is the most *déchirante* situation I ever saw; and the whole last act of *Rodogune* is the finest display of theatrical effect and of the art of moving the passions. I now yield Racine up for Corneille. M^lle^ Raucourt, in my little opinion, is as far above M^lle^ Duchesnois as M^lle^ Duchesnois is above M^lle^ George. She bears the stamp of the character impressed on her whole air. She is always Rodogune, never M^lle^ Raucourt. You see her front *rongé de remords*, and wrinkled with artifice. You find her eye speak as much as her lips, nay, more; and she has the uncommon power of giving

dignity to the blackest crimes. I wished much for you.

I saw Mrs. S—— this evening. I was surprised to see how much less well-looking her pretty daughter is at home than *au bal.* I am sure this is in the air of France; for in London a fine girl is prettier at home, at her ease, in her white dress and in her hair, than ever she is abroad; but this young lady had the lounge, the home-stoop, the loose dress, the big shawl, and the neglected hair, of a French beauty *chez elle.*

L—— has grown ten years older since I was last here. I believe, in spite of his apparent *insouciance,* he frets inwardly about the total want of all that domestic comfort which results from affection. Indeed, men or women who *afficher* indifference on that subject often do it to hide strong feelings.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Dec., 1804.

I do not think I shall often go into public with that party, for we were stuffed *eleven* in a box, a thing as disagreeable as it is vulgar. We were ourselves nine—rather more than enough; but the Violent Gentleman introduced two odd women, whom the rest of the party hardly spoke to; one of them was a prettyish girl, whom he says he admires for her 'mental QUAlifications.' [Make the *Qua* very broad, as he pronounces it.] She was certainly very humble to join a party where the women took no notice of her. I was very sorry to be jumbled with such heterogeneous matter; but the house was empty,

else people must have laughed to see seven females in one box, like bees in a glass hive.

Mrs. F. gave me this day her two young ladies to take to the Bois de Boulogne. I found they knew, by name or sight, all the Parisian young men, without being acquainted with any. It is astonishing how some young ladies acquire this knowledge, and can *class* every marriageable man according to his exact species and order, without any help from personal acquaintance.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, July, 1805.

I could not resist blinding myself with Mad. de Sévigné, whom for the first time I really taste and admire. She gives one, in the pleasantest and most easily remembered way, a very clear idea of the difference of manners, hours, value of money, &c. &c., in her time, from what they are at present. This is a very subordinate merit to her feeling, wit, humour, and spirit; but still it is a merit, particularly to me, who can never remember such circumstances except when they are connected with something which interests or amuses. I have always said that love depends on the merit of the person who *feels*, not who *inspires* it. This is universally felt, though not always allowed. These letters which I have just read are a strong proof of it. They are filled from the beginning to the end with the praises of Mad. de Grignan's perfections; yet one shuts the book quite indifferent about her, and really attached to Mad. de Sévigné, of

whose character one knows but little, this all-pervading attachment excepted.

Have you a mind for a new French idiom? On my remonstrating with the hostess at Estampes for charging seven francs for the horses, she answered, '*Madame, vous ne pensez pas que je vous étrange.*' Pray remember the new verb.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, July, 1805.

Thérèse dit que Paris est si beau, 'que les yeux lui en font mal.'

'C'est si beau, que les yeux m'en font mal'—on pourrait philosopher sur cette idée, appliquée aux plaisirs d'une grande ville. Son costume, qui contrastait avec une calèche, a un peu attiré les yeux, dans une ville où tout le monde entend toutes les convenances de l'habillement; ce qui me prive de la commodité de la mener quelquefois dans les boutiques: car je lui ferais du tort si je la faisais quitter son habillement de paysanne. Ou elle le reprendrait à regret, ou ses parents la blâmeraient de l'avoir quitté. Les femmes qu'on voit à pied actuellement dans les rues, sont plus élégantes que je ne me rappelle de les avoir jamais vues. La symmétrie et la légèreté de leurs tailles, les grâces de leur maintien, et le goût de leur parure, sont plus frappants que dans aucun autre moment que je puis me rappeler. Elles portent presque toutes le blanc orné des couleurs à la fois gaies, vives, et délicates, et elles paraissent

toutes entre dix-huit et vingt-cinq ans. Je crois qu'aprés cette époque on les envoie en province.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, July, 1805.

Mrs. —— has just the *no manner* which, without being civil, always puts those at their ease who have not been used to good society; and though good-looking, has what I have heard some of the London women call, something 'ordinary' in her air, which counteracts the effects of a dress the most *magnifique* as to expense so completely, that it cannot *écraser* the plainest. Mad. Demidoff has the same *tournure* (but without any pretensions whatever to beauty). I have just seen a gown of hers (Mad. Demidoff) at 260 louis, composed of one yard-and-half square of Brussels lace. Mad. Sueur brought it to show me, as a sop to Cerberus, for having disobliged me about Mrs. C——'s cloak. She is so civil and obliging (for she did all she could about that commission), that I pay her without regret, while I grudge all the other saucy *marchandes* with whom I have any dealings.

I saw a birutsche to-day, which the Baroness has bought for 150 louis. It seems to my eyes clumsy, and has no resemblance to an English carriage, except in being perfectly plain. It is the 'coloured gown,' but *without* the air of a first-rate mantua-maker. It is *all* green, and looks like a great Muscovite duck. I asked the coachmaker to let me know when he had

a good second-hand one, but in the true spirit of '*Ne voulez-vous pas que je gagne?*' he assured me there was never any such thing. Certainly the Baroness encourages tradespeople to talk such nonsense; for though an extremely sensible, unaffected woman, her manner to them savours of a simplicity I cannot remark in her general character. It may possibly arise from not having always had the disposal of so much money as at present, and therefore thinking it beneath her to make the slightest effort to obtain the value of it.

Erard has, in the simplest manner possible, without saying one phrase, *lent* me a pianoforte, which is to come home to-morrow. This is very German; no people are so silently obliging.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, July, 1805.

Isabey* cannot give me a *séance* for a fortnight. After having had painters begging one to sit without their having any emolument by it, but merely to put one's picture in their *atelier*, it seems odd not to be able to get one for money. I will write a poem called 'The Progress of Woman;' a fine occasion to show one's skill in the degradation of the tints. I look, however, to living my vanities over again in my daughters.

I told you I had met Mr. Don at dinner at F——'s;

* Isabey, born in 1770, a pupil of David's, stands, and I believe deservedly, in the first rank of miniature painters. He lived in familiar intercourse with Napoleon; and some of the best portraits of the Emperor existing are by his hand.—Ed.

but I did not tell you he was *dans un transport de bourgeois* at having accidentally spoken to the Emperor in a retired part of the Bois de Boulogne, at a hunt, and informed him which way the stag went. The Emperor did not perhaps like to find himself *tête-à-tête* there with a tall young Englishman, and was still less pleased, I suppose, at finding the person was one who remained here contrary to his last orders, and had escaped the vigilance of his police and *surveillance* about two months. In short, poor Mr. Don's civility cost him two nights' lodging in prison and a removal to Verdun.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, July, 1805.

The Emperor has adopted an idea which I admire very much, of having a small garden under his windows, into which no creature ever enters, except himself and the Empress. I think the idea of having a little sacred spot, very beautiful; and I wonder it has never been thought of, as it is almost as practicable as it is refined.

I now find the convenience of having been well taught French. It is certain, the advantages of those branches of education rigid moralists consider as only ornamental, such as foreign languages, &c., are much oftener felt in life than it appears possible they could be when the matter is theoretically considered. Mothers who cultivate them as marriage-traps are mistaken; for, generally speaking, men do not marry women for what are called accomplishments; and

upon the whole, except drawing, I think they deter as many as they attract. One man is afraid of a 'learned lady,' another of having his house the *rendezvous* of wits and poets, of actors, or fiddlers, or singers, &c. &c. The stragglers who marry for them are those whose mothers and sisters are remarkably unaccomplished, and who therefore overrate little acquirements.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, July, 1805.

Just home from a very pleasant dinner at Lord ——'s. The party were Hunt, Visconti, another *savant*, and the Italian who invited me to his house in Italy three years ago, but who did not know me again. She thanked me in the prettiest and most expressive manner for our civility, &c., to Lord ——, and said the time he passed with us were the only pleasant moments he had at Orleans. He appears to great advantage in his own house; and with her one is immediately at one's ease: I felt more so in two minutes than I can be with any woman in Orleans after two years, so great is the difficulty of an English-woman's coalescing with a French one. In the evening she showed me a number of fine *broderies*, laces, antiques; and as I love *les belles choses* like a woman, and am as little envious of them as a man, I was very much amused at tumbling them over. She is *magnifique à l'excès*, beyond any woman I have yet seen. She presses me greatly to lodge in their hotel, and took me to see apartments in it. Like a true woman,

she seems to think nothing good enough for herself, nor too bad for any one else; for, I assure you, I can never think without laughing of the miserable *trou* she wanted to stuff me into, and to persuade me was comfortable. She begs I will go there every evening. The flame of friendship crackled and burned, and ten years ago I should have put myself anywhere to be near a person who seemed to express such a fancy for me, and talked so confidentially, telling me how much her family disliked her marrying Lord ——; how differently she would act, were it to do again, &c. &c.; but I have lost my *goût* for sudden female intimacies; with me they have always led to vexation.

'Berthier was at Cobenzl's; so think how ill-natured to prevent me from going. There is a vast difference between asking a favour from a great person, when they are in the midst of business, and have their refusing powers all up in arms, and soliciting when they are in good humour, and surrounded by all that unbends the mind.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, July, 1805.

Twelve at night. Just returned from the F——'s. I went from *faiblesse* and indolence, not knowing how to refuse peremptorily when people beg fiercely.

On reading over my letter, I feel ashamed to have guessed at Mrs. ——'s *little* motives long before *you*, who have so much more penetration in matters of consequence. The reason is probably because a man

is always treated with more kindness and *bienveillance* in proportion as he has any advantages which succeed in society; while a woman, in proportion to these advantages, though they may be the means of her being flattered and distinguished, is always the object of a degree of malice and ingenious spitefulness from her own sex, and from such men as resemble women in their worst qualities, which very soon enlightens her on the subject, and enables her to descry from afar the attacks of envy and littleness. A man never excites these feelings, except he is placed in a *petite ville*, or a country neighbourhood, with such characters as the poor sufferer in question.

In the midst of his civility, our countryman threw in yesterday with great address, that 'none of the English were sent on the late occasion to Verdun, except those who had been teasing the Minister with applications.' *Il me voyoit venir de loin*, and was beforehand with me.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, July, 1805.

General Berthier was very civil; I was not forced to wait in an ante-room, as I expected, with a variety of people in the same situation, but received as a visitor. He seemed unwilling to enter into any detail, and rather put aside all my attempts to give it to him. He asked me where you were, and seemed to know nothing about us. I said at Orleans. He said, were you not sent to Verdun? I told him you

had got leave to stay at Orleans on account of your illness, and that the favour I asked was, leave for you to come to Paris to be treated by your physician here. He answered, '*J'aimerais mieux qu'il reste à Orléans. Pourquoi ne pas rester à Orléans? c'est une belle ville; il y a d'excellens médecins.*' I dwelt on your wish for a particular physician here, &c. &c. He said that this physician might go to you, that the French were all sent out of London, and that no English could come to Paris. I said you were Irish (to which he seemed to allow no weight), and said that I had hoped you would not be an exception to the indulgence he had shown *aux malheurs particuliers.* He said, at this moment no indulgence could be shown. I dwelt upon *illness;* he said, in that case, everybody would be ill, and that if one was allowed to come to Paris, all the others would expect it, and that *nobody* was allowed to come. I had the boldness to contradict him, and quote F., upon which he said, '*Eh bien, nous verrons; qu'il reste à Orléans, et avec le temps je pourrais accorder quelque chose de plus peut-être. Mais il y avait des circonstances particulières dans la position de Monsieur F. Je ferai ce que je pourrais, mais n'en parlez pas, car cela entraine.*' I do not here remember the words, but the idea was that others would plague him. '*Vous restez à Paris?*' '*Non, mon Général, je pars tout de suite pour Orléans.*' '*Je voudrais que vous pourriez rester deux ou trois jours, et revenir içi à la même heure Mardi.*' '*Vous me donnez donc l'espoir d'accorder cette grâce?*' He was then very diplomatic, with '*Nous verrons,*' and speeches that were neither yes nor no; but the result is that I am to go again, Tuesday. I then asked,

how they were to know at Orleans that you were not to be sent to Verdun, and he said he would write on Monday. I had then to persecute him to write to-night, which he promised. What do you think of all this? I assure you he has left me in complete doubt. Certainly his reception and manner, &c., may give hope, if the stories Mrs. F. and Lady C. tell of his difficulty of access are true; but we do not know whether they are or not. The latter says she has been five weeks trying in vain to see him, or get at some one who can; and I wrote to you, I believe, that the former said she went every day for three weeks together in vain. At the same time he was very guarded in not making any promise.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Aug., 1805.

Mrs. F. came yesterday again at three, and I only got rid of her by sending for a carriage, and setting her down where she was to dine, at the other end of the world, and out of the way of any affairs of my own. In the evening she ordered her carriage to wait for her *here*, and came again. She is the most terrible little caricature of the most determined dissipation I ever saw. It consoles one for being *farouche*, and not showing to advantage in society, when one sees how much more disagreeable the opposite extreme of living for the world may become. Other people whom one finds tiresome one loses in a great town, especially when they live three miles off; but

her unfortunate activity multiplies her into twenty little *facettes*, all ready to blind your eyes and scratch your fingers.

Poor Mr. Palmer looks very ill. Indeed, my eyes are grown *difficile*, for it appears to me that people in general, whom I had known of old, look much worse than they are entitled to do by the lapse of time. Mad. Visconti, who has been detected by her Italian friends as having a grand-daughter of fifteen, and being fifty-six, and Vestris *the younger*, who is said to be fifty-four, both of whom I saw last night, are the only persons who persuade me of the truth of Hufeland's doctrine, that those who do not live to two hundred are carried off prematurely, and that sixty is the flower of one's youth.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Aug., 1805.

Isabey is a fine *exact* likeness-taker; but if he had read Winckelmann, he would know that as a painter cannot give the advantage of life and variety, he is bound to advance to the boundaries of the *beau idéal*, as far as he can consistently with resemblance, in order to endeavour to make some compensation. I saw a likeness of Mad. Cabarrus, beautifully done, but with a cruel truth of resemblance in the nose, which to those who do not carry *her idea* in their heads from having seen her, makes it a very disagreeable negro-ish picture. Mine is growing formal and frightful, and just *me* when I am tired of my com-

pany. I showed him your picture. As he has no pretensions to looks, he praised your beauty much; but he praised the painting just as one pretty woman, one actor, one musician, praises another, *c'est-à-dire, d'une manière froide, triste et contrainte.* Any person that applauds *warmly* a person *going*, and still more *following*, in the same road, is deceitful;—I mean if they have ever brought their wares to market, and sought for admiration. Those who have not, can praise with sincerity. I am sure he admired it much, so you may safely tell Bertrand all he would like to hear. He begged leave to keep it to show to his *élèves, pour leur donner de l'émulation.* I am sure he thinks Bertrand *too good* to come to Paris, and Madame desired me to advise him to go to Russia, where he would soon make his fortune.

TO THE SAME.

Fontainebleau, Aug., 1805.

I arrived last night at eleven—much frightened (without reason) at passing the forest so late. To-day I went out before breakfast, not to lose any opportunity; waited from ten till three in the roads, courts, and porter's-lodge—Antoine a millstone, a damper, and an *épouvantail*, frightened at his shadow, and equally endeavouring to frighten me. At three every one said the Emperor would not go out to-day, and I found myself too weak to wait longer, from not having eaten a morsel. The Empress was walking in the garden, and I went to her, requesting she would

appuyer the *placet*, of which I gave her a copy. She received it graciously, and asked if I had presented the *placet* itself. Upon my saying not, she desired me to give it to her, and *she would*. This I did, but consider it unlucky, as he is reputed to attend more to those immediately given to himself, than to those given in any indirect way. To-morrow I shall go again, and try for an opportunity to tell the Emperor I am the person who presented a *placet* through the Empress to him. The Empress seems to me, as I at first thought her on my presentation, exceedingly attractive. The face was entirely covered by a fine lace veil and large rich bonnet; but her figure and *maintien* are highly graceful and beautiful. She recollected my having been presented to her three years ago. A poor woman gave her a petition on her knees immediately after; and her distress and anxiety to make the woman get up was very interesting. Every one more than civil. I penetrated everywhere, in spite of the supposed difficulties.

TO THE SAME.

Fontainebleau, Aug., 1805.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of giving you a second proof of affection, and whether it succeeds or not, nothing can deprive me of the satisfaction I receive from the act. *A travers* all the embarrassments and tumults of a *retour de chasse*, guns firing, horses prancing, *la meute des chiens*, *piqueurs*, gamekeepers, guards, in short, a thousand objects, from

each of which I should have fled on any other occasion, I delivered my *placet* to the Emperor, who received it willingly and graciously. He was just driving off in his *calèche*, after a successful hunt in the Park of Fontainebleau. Now the little agitation and fretfulness of the business is over, I have leisure to look back and be surprised at the kindness and politeness with which I was treated, and the respect I uniformly received in circumstances the least likely to inspire it. With the smallest knowledge of the *local* customs or *entours*, I should not have suffered any fatigue or inconvenience; but being a total stranger, without one common acquaintance here, and Antoine a millstone, as I said yesterday, I had every disadvantage. It was not true, but a mistake, that I could not go into the court I mentioned yesterday. The Empress had ordered women should not remain there; but the wife of the *concièrge*, whose apartment was in it, offered me her *salon*, newspapers, &c., where I was quite retired, and much better lodged than travellers usually are anywhere. I never in the whole business met the slightest incivility, insinuation, freedom, or rebuff. I glided everywhere, whether others were refused or not, and I met with every mark of interest and *bienveillance*. By the bye, the *placet* itself was a most pitiful performance, ten degrees lower than my address beginning '*Etrangère et seule*,' which had something like style and energy. It is singular, too, that one who was First Secretary, &c., *made* me, against my own opinion, make an official mistake in it—*Votre Majesté* and *Vous*, instead of *Elle*. How few people know their own *métier*.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Aug., 1805.

The Baroness, Col. ——, Mrs. F——, and her young ladies, passed the evening here yesterday. Mrs. F. was in great spirits. While I was at Fontainebleau they had all dined with Lady ——, and danced in the evening. They were in such raptures with *his* dancing as I thought only Zephyr or Dupont could excite. I must tell you the —— show us particular respect in being so *happy together* before us; for they have the most disgraceful fights in the presence of others. Not a word of truth in Mrs. ——'s elopement. I regret all the good morality I wasted upon it. As to your insisting on my not telling you all the scandal I hear, I am sorry to say it is a vain command. Until I get a female friend, you *must* listen to it; for I will not be at the trouble, like Midas' wife,* of digging a hole in the earth to tell it to; and '*un secrét est un pesant fardeau.*'

We have really a curious set of Anglo-Parisians, Col. —— puts me in mind of some one in an English farce, when he tells one, *à propos* of nothing, how he and his wife always travel separately, with two equipages each; and how they never go to sea in the same ship, as 'twould be hazarding too much in one bottom; and how he 'likes things in a Great Style, because he has always been accustomed to things in a Great Style.' In short, if you were to be ever so angry, I must be diverted with these people, and must

* His *barber* it should be.—Ed.

tell you what diverts me. My mind reposes on my little Baroness, who, I see, is quietly making the best of a tiresome husband, and, seeming completely meek and gentle, is yet always contriving to rein him in from exposing himself by heat of temper and vanity, which he is ever on the point of doing; educating her son so well, and giving all the credit of it to him; keeping clear of all the *petite ville* squabbles, civil to everybody, and intimate with none except one, to whom she is uniformly and impressively attentive.

Paris, Jan., 1806.

No woman dined at the Baroness's but Mrs. ——, a banker's wife, brimful of all sorts of vanity, but all easily ranged under three general heads—vanity of *wealth*, of *extensive acquaintance*, of *accomplishments*. She asked the Baroness and me to go home with her to a rehearsal of dancing, and I was obliged to go, as the Baroness would not leave me, and was visibly anxious not to lose the party. The rehearsal was dull, as the dancers were mediocre. The dancing-master attended, and it was exactly an academy. Mrs. —— told me she had had but *seven* lessons, and forgot she had told me a few months ago she had had but ten; so they go *diminuendo*. She also told me that she took particular pains when at Hamburg, 'not to be *more elegant* than other people;' and if you saw the little woman you would say she might have spared herself so very unnecessary an exertion.

I hear every one is reading *Alphonsine.* A lady, speaking of the author's introducing *un enfant de l'amour* into all her novels, remarked, '*Il n'y a rien de* naturel *dans les romans de Mad. de Genlis que les enfans.*'

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Jan., 1806.

This morning I went with Mrs. —— to the Gallery. She is the same obliging creature as ever, and always ready *to go* anywhere. We had a sensible white-eyed German Minister, from some little Court, who took care of us, and knew enough to point out the most remarkable amongst the new paintings. *Les Pestiférés* is, I believe, fine in grouping and colouring; at least it looks very *distingué* amongst the figures like waxen images or scenes from the opera, without *ensemble,* expression, or truth, which form the greater part of the new Exhibition of historical painting. We hurried so much, as one always does the first time, that nothing struck me but *Les Pestiférés,* and a very pretty drawing by Isabey, in black and white, of the Emperor and Empress visiting the manufactory de Bazin, and some beautiful little highly-finished paintings that remind one of the Dutch pieces in point of nicety, and of Wright of Derby in the choice of subjects and the effects of perspective. I am not in the least ashamed of talking to you on subjects I know nothing about. I know that if by chance I make a lucky hit, you will give me credit for it; and that if I am guilty of the greatest error, you will

not like me less; so I have a possibility of winning, and cannot lose.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Jan., 1806.

I have been asked yesterday and to-day to the F.'s, but sent an excuse each day. All I regret there now is Col. ——, for he is *so* like a character in an English farce, from his broad comic look, provincial accent, strange phraseology, undisguised vanity, and perpetual surprise and joy at finding himself a rich man, that though he provokes me at the moment, I laugh ten times a day by myself afterwards in recollecting him. I am sure if the playwriters and actors could lay hold of him, they would turn him to good account. He not only diverts me, but I feel a *besoin* of somebody to mimic him.

By the bye, Mr. F. and Col. —— are strong instances of what you have often said, that the Irish can sooner conquer the want of refinement in early life than those of other nations. Both entered late into the world, and both obtained an unexpected rise in circumstances. The one improves every day; the other has his vulgarity burnt in. The one may not please, but never offends; the other shocks some one or other in company every time he speaks.

It was very ill-natured of me not to seize the idea of our taking the little Yarico, and I shall be unhappy and feel remorse if you do not do it. If you find upon *renifflé*-ing that she is sweet (for some of them are insupportable), I will educate her for a little

nursery-maid; if not, we will make of her something which comes less close. Pray let us not neglect this good action which Providence throws in our way.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Jan., 1806.

In the evening we saw M^lle George in *Phèdre*. I have learned how liable one is to error in judging of merit except by comparison. Till I felt the *ennui* of seeing her in that part, and the damp it threw on the play in general, I did not perceive the full excellence of Duchesnois, who *vivifies* the whole piece. I am told I must not judge of her in that *rôle*, as it is of all she plays the least favourable to her looks, which are her only merit. The *abandon*, so necessary in the attitudes of Phèdre, betrays her want of *mollesse* and softness in her motions, and particularly displays those strangely-formed feet, of which the shape and movements are so uncommonly ugly; while her anxiety to hide their defects often gives her a constraint in the moments which ought to be the most devoted to passion. The chief merit of her expression, dignity, is lost in a character always given up to strong emotions; and its chief fault, harshness, is absolutely contrary to all one's ideas of a creature

'dissolved away
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.'

Mad. Demidoff called for her diamonds a day or two

after her ball, to show a new *aigrette* to a lady of her acquaintance. Her maid, on opening the box, and missing this very *bijou*, fell into fits. She was taxed with either dishonesty or carelessness, as she had the care of her mistress's jewels, and in defending herself, said that she suspected Madame (I forget the name), a German Countess, who was the intimate friend of Mad. D.,—did not live in the house, but dined there almost every day. Her grounds for this suspicion were that this lady had asked her to show the diamonds a very few days before, and had examined them narrowly. Mad. D. silenced her, and continued to have some suspicion she was the guilty person. The next time she saw her friend, she mentioned what the maid had said as to having shown them, which this lady positively denied. Upon this denial, the maid was so convinced of her guilt, that she insisted on a police-officer searching the house, which he did next morning, and found the *aigrette* in a cup of *aqua fortis*, where it had been left to dissolve the setting. She was of course immediately taken to prison. This is a *mesquin* mean story to return for your magnificent anecdote, but is now the chief subject of conversation.

Paris, Jan., 1806.

Kitty is, I believe, settled. Her plausible manner of abusing us, and of telling her own story, is such that the hotel-keeper here, and all my trades-

people, think her a very ill-used person; and trifling as is this prejudice against me, I have been accustomed to being so much considered a good kind of person at least, that it frets me. I believe she has gone about to everybody I know, of every rank; for all have said to me with an air of coldness and mystery, '*Quoi, votre femme-de-chambre vous quitte—c'est bien extraordinaire. Elle vous aimait tant. Elle vous a servie si longtemps.*' Antoine was as busy for her at the prefecture as her counsel. I am sorry I am awakened from my *beau rêve* about the good qualities of servants, to two truths—one, that a servant who has lived with you ten years, will prefer to you the partner who has arrived yesterday; the next, that although they may be at the point of the sword together, they will always unite against you. The expression of the ancient, 'humble friends,' was not half so just as that of the modern antique, the old Duke of Queensberry, whom I heard say, 'They are spies upon you, whom you pay yourself.' I am afraid the ancient philosopher had not so many to attend on him as 'old Q.,' and was not so good a judge.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Feb., 1806.

I went yesterday with Mr. S. to Mons. ——, an artist, to see some very fine drawings. They are chiefly copies from Raphael, and one of the 'Last Supper,' of Leonardo da Vinci, which is beautiful. He values them, I believe, too highly, as he asks a

hundred louis for this last, and the others in proportion. He uses no colours but sepia, a *soupçon* of yellow, the same of blue, and some white body colour. From thence I returned to dine at Mrs. F——'s with Mrs. —— and Mr. Crispy. Mrs. ——, with a volubility seldom equalled, gave me all the details possible of her domestic management, tending to prove that she was at once as fine a lady and as good a housekeeper as any in Paris—that she lived magnificently, had a great establishment, and spent a very large fortune with the highest degree of taste and economy united. Amongst other details, she was so minute as to tell me that on the last great dinner she gave to twenty-four persons, *she saw* 134 pounds of beef cut up merely for soup and sauces. I was a little astonished at this aldermanic puff, and everybody else showed symptoms of surprise, the greater in proportion to their knowledge of housekeeping. I forgot to say the little baronet, our former fellow-lodger, also dined there; whiskers and eyebrows were all japanned and blackened like your boots, and a light *couleur de rose* on his cheeks, and his figure set up as if he had got a pair of Coutant's new corsets; and after we left the room, he showed love-letters to the gentlemen. It is a great comfort to the poor husbands whose wives expect constancy and all their affections, that gallantry seems to have got into such hands as it has of late. I declare it seems to me as if that vice had seen its best days, and was fallen into complete disrepute. I hope it will not rise again till Fred's character is formed; for though some escape with undiminished sensibility and refinement, I think the dispositions of nine men

out of ten are miserably injured by it for all the rest of their lives.

I laughed out loud at your description of the *Pétillant;* and I must say I have a generosity of soul about a good story, which makes me uneasy at having no one to tell it to. I feel about it like a hospitable epicure about a delicacy, quite uneasy, if I must feast on it alone.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Feb., 1806.

I had rather a pleasantish day at the Baroness's. Mad. de Richelieu is a very pleasing old dame *de l'ancienne cour.* There were some others of her society, and they all showed me that sort of politeness which, when thoroughly ground into the manners, bears the semblance of interest and preference. I met also a gentleman who lodges in the house, and whose servant ran up to him on the day of my arrival, to announce it, telling him I was *la veuve d'un Général tué à la bataille d'Austerlitz.* So because I was not *sémillante*, but dressed *en couleurs tendres*, I must be described as a Melpomene.

Think of my having *given a breakfast* to-day. My company were the F——'s, who expressed a wish to hear Tarchi, and who, according to the custom of the world, attended more to their veal cutlets and their chat, than to *us*, to Tarchi's evident displeasure. *She* had thought of learning from him, and as she is a tolerable musician, with a harsh voice, he might have made something of her; but the twelve francs she

could not submit to, and takes Blanquini at six, who will teach her nothing. So much for economy. You may see I have nothing to say on the grand point, by beginning with these *frivolités*. I called again on the *bella Italiana*, who did not return my former visit, but I swallow *couleuvres* now. I send you a note, a volunteer from my Irishman. You see by his writing *apropos* of nothing, he seems to take a certain interest in our business. Fred is *gros et gras* and florid; and admired, as whatsoever deserves to be so always is in a great town, where pretensions do not come so close as elsewhere. The unaffected admiration the F—s show of him gives me continual pleasure. Both the ladies nurse him, literally nurse him, for half an hour together. He thinks Mrs. F.'s violent manner and clamorous talk is to amuse him, and when she is engaged in general conversation, he *coos* at her with evident acknowledgment.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Feb., 1806.

The Emperor was last night at the *Théâtre François*, where the applause was very moderate. It is said he goes to the opera to-morrow, notwithstanding which scarce a third of the boxes are taken. The ladies of Paris are a little mortified that the few balls and *fêtes* of this winter are interrupted by his arrival, instead of receiving fresh vigour, as was expected. He has announced his desire that all the great ones intended for him should be put off till May; and the small ones, no one knows why, have felt a sort of

contre-coup. Mad. Duboyne's, however, took place last night; but it made so much sensation as proved that a ball was a scarce thing. How different from London, where half a dozen East Indians might give one the same night, and out of their own circle no one know a word about it. I do not wonder the class of women who place their happiness in show and entertainments, and whose rank and fortune do not allow them to *briller* in that way in London, are very anxious to settle here. I think it fortunate for England that it is not known how easy it is; and that the respect for the *elegance* and *manners* of *Paris* awes a London citizen's wife, or we should have a rebellion amongst them against their husbands, who would be brought over here to perish of *ennui*, like poor Cope.

Poor Fred is here, 'wasting his beauty on the desert air;' for I know no one who receives morning visits. I proposed bringing him to show to one lady; but she seems to think a woman, who had been *established* once before, having taken a husband *since her* daughter came out, is the most odious of all monopolies, forestalling and regrating; and, though unaccountably civil in other things, she threw cold water on the offer, and always turns any conversation which could lead to the idea.

I have just seen McMahon. I must tell you a pretty trait of Lord Elgin. He obtained, somehow or other, a statement of Mad. Thiebault's case; assembled all the first physicians at Paris, had a consultation, and sent the opinion resulting from it to the General. I think it was a trait of genius in good-nature.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Feb., 1806.

Lady Clavering's party was very good indeed —rooms well furnished, well lighted, well disposed— agreeable music, by professors, a good supper (which I saw, though I did not wait till people sat down), and everything going off, not like a *first* or *second* party (which it was), but as if they were given habitually. The company were of the *ancien régime*, or English. The F—— was so dirty last night I was ashamed of her; as the French, who deny us *goût*, allow us *une propreté exquise;* and she had a muslin of such extraordinary beauty and costliness, it could not escape observation; and 'I assure you, ma'am, it looked as if it had cleaned the floor.' I heard Garat for the first time, the Orpheus of France. They swear by him. I confess I liked his singing a simple romance, of which the words and music are Rousseau's, most exceedingly. I find it is possible for French music, *rendue* by a French singer, to delight me. By the bye, the last phrase is a strong proof that, whatever people assume steadily and boldly, one yields to them at last; for here am I, giving Jean Jaques to the French, and merely because *ils l'ont crié, je le répète après eux.* Unluckily, I went too late to hear Garat sing Italian. The Baroness, who is a good judge, and has, I hear, been a good singer in her day, disliked it much, and so does Tarchi; but from his manner of singing the romance, I am afraid I should have approved.

Mad. de Mouravieff, my old Russian friend, has

been here, and passed most of the evening: her news is, that the German Countess who stole Demidoff's diadem is to be tried to-day, and 'tis thought she will have her head shaved by the *bourreau*, and be imprisoned two years. Divoff's gaming-table, where she played high, is supposed to be the source of her crime. Mad. Mouravieff has brought her seven children here; and she told me that when my old Baron heard she had that number, he said, '*Ah, fi, c'est bien bourgeois.*' Think of the Divoffs ruining themselves solely by her *toilette*, for neither had any other expense that their fortune could not easily support. You may see, by the style of my *news*, that I have passed the evening in a female *tête-à-tête*.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

Paris, Feb. 23, 1806.

You will wonder at seeing me date again from Paris, which can have no attraction for me at present; an English person being, equally from choice and necessity, separated from all French society, and there not being any straggling English left with whom I have the least acquaintance. Lady ——'s house was a great resource to me when I was last here, as she was always at home, and to a very pleasant society; but she obtained a passport for England about five months ago. I hear, however, she soon intends returning. At present our hopes are very sanguine for peace. I am just at this instant returned from seeing the image of war, or at least a prepara-

tion for it, in the Emperor's parade, which is now a finer sight than when you saw it, as the houses then in the Carrousel, opposite to the Tuileries, have been pulled down, and the *emplacement* made regular and greatly increased. This gives for the parade a most beautiful *locale;* and you know what effect scenery has upon every similar exhibition.

My business at Paris has been the old work of trying to get a passport on *parole* for Mr. Trench's going to Ireland; or else permission for him to live here in the capital, instead of being confined to a miserable country town. I have little hope of success; but, like the spider, as soon as one of my webs is destroyed, I set about spinning another with undiminished activity.

I wish I could send you some of the many useful and pleasant objects of literature, taste, and *agrément* with which Paris abounds; but I can find no one who will take the smallest parcel to England. Indeed, at present I know no person going. I am therefore reduced to sending you a dry and vulgar hundred pounds, with which I beg you will buy something pretty, and fancy it is your mother's choice.

I am delighted to find you have acquired such facility in writing, as I perceive in your letters, and that you take such pains to form your style. I believe there is no trouble more fully and frequently repaid, no expense of time which brings such immense interest in worldly profit and pleasure.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Paris, Feb. 24, 1806.

Antoine procured us the best places possible to see the parade: a window, *au premier*, in apparently a private house, opposite the Tuileries, where there were none but what seemed very good company, and where Fred was extremely admired. He interests every creature who sees him. There are people who in youth have that gift, which I look at as separate and independent of every other merit, charm, or advantage; and it certainly contributes highly to happiness, and facilitates everything. I fancy it was that which Venus breathed over Æneas, or Ascanius—I forget which of them—in the *Æneid;* for I can never bring myself to think it was mere personal grace, which one supposes the descendants of the goddess must have possessed naturally, and which is too material a thing for the refined Virgil to have had only in his thoughts. I stayed with him there from before twelve till past four, *dévorée d'ennui*, except as I received pleasure from his: and, by the bye, it is a species of complaisance I never had for any other human being; for though I *think* I am complaisant (perhaps I am very much mistaken, like many others whom I have known entertain the same opinion of themselves, to which opinion they never made a convert), it is certainly not in that way, nor ever was; in spite of the lectures both of Baron Bretueil, and of another, whose judgment I more respected; who each of them used to tell me that in order to be a *distingué* person in any line, one must

learn to bear *ennui*, and so conceal it under smiles. For the first time I saw, in the same room with him, a pair of eyes which rivalled his, belonging to a little nice interesting girl about eight years old. Hers were much darker, of the Indian, Portuguese, and Jew black, with jet eyebrows much pencilled and immense eyelashes. After due deliberation I gave his the preference, as more susceptible of variety of expression, and equally capable of mirth as of melancholy, whereas the jet kind can only mark the soft and serious passions.

I possess no continuous journal of my Mother's during her constrained residence in France, though I believe she kept one. I have not found more than a few entries, made in a volume by themselves, and all referring to the death of the eldest child of her second marriage, mentioned more than once in the foregoing letters—then, indeed, its only child; for a daughter, subsequently born, had only lived a few days. The impression which this loss made, as will be seen by the many subsequent allusions to it, was profound and lasting.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

Orleans, June 12, 1806.

You will not wonder that I cannot write more fully at present, when you hear that Heaven has been pleased to take from me, not many days ago, my lovely and doted on child. I will not *attrister* you with any account of the circumstances, *all* of which were calculated to deepen my anguish. I will only tell you the blow was the more unexpected, as

till his last illness his health and strength were equal to his beauty; while his grace, sprightliness, and intelligence, made him appear as if expressly sent from Heaven to be the solace of our captivity. The loss of my infant daughter, which seemed heavy at the time, shrinks into nothing when compared with this. She was merely a little bud; he was a lovely blossom which had safely passed all the earliest dangers, and gave clearest promise of delicious fruit. God bless you; I hope you will be more fortunate than your poor mother, and never know from experience the pain she has now three times endured.

June 24, 1806.—My Frederick's sufferings are over with respect to himself, but they still exist in my bosom. *I* still feel and lament them. I consider that my sins have been visited upon him, and that I was the author of them all. Oh, my child, my child! your fever, your cough, your difficulty of breathing, the nauseous draughts that were forced upon you, your restlessness, your blindness, your blisters, your torments—how has my hard heart survived them all? When those beautiful eyes from whence a stream of light and pleasure ever flowed into my bosom grew dim and closed—when those lovely hands *felt* for the little refreshments you could be prevailed on to take, and which you could no longer *see*—when that voice once so strong and sweet, grew too feeble to make its wants and wishes known—and when, finally, the last breath forsook those lips from whence had flowed

music and perfume—when I saw you cold and motionless before me, how came it my heart did not break at once? You are now forgot, or nearly so, by all but me. Your beauty so vaunted, your intelligence so admired, your goodness of heart, your generosity, your strong affection, all are as if they had never existed. Yet, perhaps, you do not sleep; perhaps your spirit, though yet disunited from your body, awaits its union with consciousness and enjoyment, every stain of original sin effaced by the merits of our Redeemer; perhaps you are permitted to protect and watch over me, to detach me from this vain world, and guide me to that which you inhabit—'*Là-haut, là-haut, là-haut.*'

June 26.—'Il devroit y avoir dans le cœur des sources inépuisables de douleurs pour de certaines pertes. Ce n'est guère par vertu ou par force d'esprit qu'on sort d'une grande affliction. L'on pleure amèrement, et l'on est sensiblement touché; mais l'on est ensuite si foible ou si léger, qu'on se console.'—*La Bruyère.*

I believe this applies to every loss but that of a lovely and beloved child, who is not only the flower of one's present path, but the object of one's future hopes, and in whom one sees an ever-widening perspective of happiness. But Bruyère was not a mother. He who *formed* the human heart speaks on such an occasion, of 'lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and *would not be comforted, because they are not.*' No *man*, no father, however affectionate, can conceive a mother's grief; this I always believed, and am now convinced of.

Aug. 12.—I now view the whole creation expanding into the full bloom and ripeness I had promised to show him, and had anticipated his seeing and enjoying. The fruits hang on those trees, whose blossoms I exultingly compared with his complexion, whose perfume I traced in his sweeter breath. All nature is bright, vivid, animated; he pale, cold, and silent, 'in his narrow cell for ever laid,' and with him, his mother's highest joy and fairest hopes. The gay perspective of that happiness he was born to receive and to impart, has melted 'into air, into thin air.' A fine prospect now reminds me that he who took such early delight in the beauties of nature is no longer here to give me a reflected pleasure, stronger than what I have ever felt from immediate gratification. His quick sensibility gave me every hope that my inventive fondness would make the happy days of infancy still happier; and all the visions I had formed on that exhaustless subject, now recur to increase my regrets by the unceasing comparison of the future I had painted with the dark and sad reality.

Let none think themselves truly miserable till they have seen the last moments of the object they have best loved on earth; and if that object were not their child, let them still own themselves far, far from a mother's anguish; and if that child were not lovely, promising, full of sensibility, affection, and intelligence—if it has not boasted such a flow of health and spirits as set all apprehension at defiance—if they do not accuse themselves of errors and deficiencies in that care which might have preserved it—if they have not seen it suffer under torments inflicted by the hand of man—if they have not been an agent in

its sufferings, through vain and dubious hopes of cure, then is theirs a bed of roses when compared to mine.

Sept. 1.—I received this day my passport for England, and my husband his, giving him permission to accompany me as far as Brussels. Four months ago this would have made me happy. Now it is too late. But why such poignant regrets for anything which *can* occur in this passing world? L'éternité ne tardera point à mettre fin à la scène de la vie, qui lui sert d'introduction. Elle s'avance vers nous comme les flots d'un vaste océan, prêts à engloutir tout ce qui appartient à l'humanité, et à ne laisser subsister que le souvenir de nos vertus, et le repentir de nos fautes.

Sept. 2.—Je ne sais plus comment marche le temps; il me semble que tout ce qui s'est passé dans mon âme depuis le septième jour de Juin n'a pu avoir lieu dans une espace aussi courte; cependant il est bien vrai, c'est ce jour là que j'ai reçu le dernier soupir de mon enfant. Pourquoi le son de l'airain a-t-il pris quelque chose de si lugubre? Chaque fois qu'il retentit, j'éprouve un frémissement involontaire. Pauvre Frédéric! chaque coup t'éloigne de moi; chaque instant que s'écoule repousse vers le passe l'instant où je te voyais encore; le temps l'éloigne, le dévore; ce n'est plus qu'une ombre fugitive que je ne puis saisir, et ces heures de félicité que je passais près de toi sont déjà englouties par le néant! Les jours vont se succéder, l'ordre général ne sera plus interrompu; et pourtant tu seras loin d'ici. Le printemps reparaîtra

sans toi, et mes tristes yeux ouverts sur l'univers n'y verront plus la beauté ravissante de mon enfant. Quel désert! Je me perds dans une immensité sans rivage; je suis accablée de l'éternité de la vie; c'est en vain que je me débats pour échapper à moi-même, je succombe sous le poids d'une heure, et pour aiguiser mon mal la pensée, comme un vautour déchirant, vient m'entourer de toutes celles qui me sont encore réservées. Lorsque je veux fixer ma pensée sur l'idée que *jamais* je ne le reverrai, un instinct confus la repousse; il me semble quand la nuit m'environne, et que le sommeil pèse sur l'univers, que peut-être sa perte aussi n'est qu'un songe. Mais je ne puis m'abuser longtemps; il est trop vrai—Frédéric n'est plus; sa main glacée est restée sans mouvement dans la mienne; son beau corps est devenu pâle, froid, immobile; et un silence profond, éternel, a succédé à cette respiration entrecoupée et difficile, que j'avais seule écoutée dans le monde pendant son effroyable maladie. La mort et mon Frédéric! non, il m'est impossible d'unir ces deux idées! N'était-il pas la vivacité, la force, la jeunesse en sa fleur, la beauté même? N'avait-il pas une surabondance de ce principe vivifiant que nous appelons la vie? Ne semblait-il pas, qu'être près de lui, c'était être en sûreté? et l'embrasser, n'était-ce pas embrasser la perfection elle-même. Quand j'ai visité pour la première fois la chambre qui a été sa dernière demeure, quelle vide! quel silence! Je l'ai quittée; j'y suis revenue; je l'ai quittée encore; j'ai erré dans la maison pour me sauver de moi-même. Often in that room, I involuntarily turn towards the glass which reflected his last looks,

and expect to find some outline, some trace, some shade of him.

> 'But he is gone, and my idolatrous fancy
> Must consecrate his relics.'

What relics? one poor, solitary lock of shining hair; the little, simple clothes that he embellished; not a picture, not an image of that loveliness unparalleled!

The following lines belong evidently to this time:—

ON BEING PRESSED TO GO TO A MASQUED BALL NOT MANY MONTHS AFTER THE DEATH OF MY CHILD.

Oh, lead me not in Pleasure's train,
With faltering step and faded brow;
She such a votary would disdain,
And such a homage disavow.

But art thou sure the goddess leads
Yon motley group that onward press?
Some gaudy phantom-shape precedes,
Arrayed in Pleasure's borrowed dress.

When last I saw *her* smile serene,
And spread her soft enchantments wide,
My lovely child adorned the scene,
And sported by the flowing tide.

The fairest shells for me to seek,
Intent the little wanderer strayed;
The rose that blossomed on his cheek
Still deepening as the breezes played.

Exulting in his form and face,
Through the bright veil that beauty wove
How did my heart delight to trace
A soul—all harmony and love!

Fair as the dreams by fancy given,
A model of unearthly grace;
Whene'er he raised his eyes to heaven,
He seemed to seek his native place.

More lovely than the morning ray,
His brilliant form of life and light
Through strange gradations of decay
In sad succession shocked my sight.

And since that agonizing hour,
That sowed the seed of mourning years,
Beauty has lost its cheering power,
I see it through a mother's tears.

Soon was my dream of bliss o'ercast,
And all the dear illusion o'er;
A few dark days of terror past,
And Joy and Frederick bloom no more.

CHAPTER IV.

1807—1812.

IN the spring of 1807 the long-sought-for permission to return to England was at last obtained. As I have no intention of writing a Memoir, but record only the events of my Mother's life so far as is necessary for making these *Remains* intelligible, I shall at once proceed with my selection of these. They will for the most part, if I mistake not, with only here and there a brief elucidation, sufficiently explain themselves.

June 7, 1807.—There seems to be as physical as well as a moral effect in the return of the season, the month, the day, the hour on which a beloved object has been torn away from us. We know that many disorders of the body are periodical. Why may not the violent pains of the mind bear some analogy to them—those tempests of sorrow which tear up every pleasure by the root, and sweep away the very soil whence new ones might have sprung, leaving nothing but the bare cold rock behind?

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Dublin, Dec., 1807.

I send your map, though late, and *Corinne*. Do not you think d'Erfeuil drawn with uncommon skill, and in point of *character*, the best of the book?

It is a slight sketch, but, as far as it goes, perfect. Oswald and Corinne are 'beauteous monsters' like Darwin's rose-nightingale; and are made to exhibit qualities, to commit actions, not merely opposite and unnatural, but contradictory. No man could unite such weakness and such energy; and, with such superabundance of the former, he would never attach any woman whatever. No woman could be pedantic, disserting, ambitious of the public applause of the mob, and emulating the tricks of a mountebank, with the character and feelings she is represented to possess, wherever her affections are engaged. Besides, I am provoked all through with the absolute necessity of changing their dress, and giving him the petticoat and her the Scotch plaid.

Among my Mother's papers I have found the notes which she took of more than one of Kirwan's sermons; but immense, and, I believe, deserved, as was his reputation as a preacher,—I do not say as a divine, for his statements of Christian doctrine are *most* inadequate and defective—these, like everything of his which has seen the light of day since his death, are quite insufficient to explain to the reader the marvellous effects which his eloquence produced on those who actually heard it. More interesting than these is the following sketch of his character as a sacred orator. It leaves on me the impression of having been prepared for publication; but I am ignorant whether it has been published or not. It may be needful to observe that the posthumous volume of Kirwan's sermons was not published till many years later, in 1814. I do not know when this sketch was written; but as Kirwan had died during the writer's absence in France, in 1805, I think very probably soon after her return to Ireland, and I place it here.

Kirwan, in the language of Grattan, 'disturbed the repose of the pulpit, and discovered a mine of charity in the breasts of his countrymen with which the owners were unacquainted.' He taught the passions to move at the command of Virtue; his eloquence could with equal facility melt and subdue, or animate and inflame, terrify the libertine in his mid career, or relax the purse-strings of the usurer. Time seemed concentrated to a point while his lightnings flashed or his thunders rolled; and when he ended, a sensation of regret and privation preceded the vivid and animating glow of high and just applause. In his charitable discourses (most difficult branch of pulpit oratory), he never failed to discover some untrodden path; and the tears and gifts of his hearers bore equal testimony to his power. Year after year has he pleaded the cause of the same institutions with increasing effect, and still surprised his audience with new motives for their liberality. He had the art of discovering analogies new but not fantastical, unexpected but not overstrained, between the passing events of the times and the necessary subjects of his discourse; and from these events he often deduced arguments the most forcible, or imaged scenes the most pathetic. When his thoughts were condensed, their brevity was never affected, and, when most expanded, lost none of their force; for, if he repeated the same idea in hope to impress it more firmly on a popular audience, he dressed it in such vivid colours and such breadth of light and shade, that his repetition had all the charm of novelty. His hearers were often reminded of Burke, often of Grattan; for, though he disdained all imitation, apparent similarity to great models must

arise from variety of excellence. His eloquence appeared like inspiration, yet his sermons were not, in fact, extemporaneous. It is said that he wrote them, like Pope, on scraps of paper, committed them to memory, and then—for Genius is ever careless of her Sibyl leaves—condemned them to the flames. Perhaps he feared their being less admired when read in the closet than from the pulpit. Was this an excess of modesty, or of vanity? Whatever may have been the cause, deeply is the effect regretted by all his hearers, and great the loss to the morals and literature of his country.

I have seldom seen him in mixed society. He was serious, silent, and reserved; and, when he did speak, his remarks were occasionally tinctured with somewhat of sharpness and severity. The affection of his amiable wife, and his habit, when absent, of writing to her daily, give a most favourable impression of his domestic character.

Sir Francis Hutchinson, of whose virtues the following lines contain a slight record, was an uncle of my father's by marriage. He died full of years and full of good works, at the close of the year 1807. The death of his wife, to which there will be found references a little further on, was only divided from his by about three months.

Dec. 1807.—Lines on the Death of Sir Francis Hutchinson:—

Thy useful labours, Hutchinson, are o'er,
And heaven has gained one kindred spirit more.
Wise, cheerful, pious, active, and humane,
Acknowledged lord of learning's wide domain,

Thy path was graced with all that blesses life.
Cheered and illumined by a tender wife;
Honour was thine, health, virtue, length of days,
And thine the soul whose undiminished rays,
Bright to the last, with living lustre burned,
Then to the Fountain of all light returned.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Hounslow, March 6, 1808.

After you left me, I passed Hounslow Heath in a state of moderate fear and alert disquietude. I will tell you, because it will give ease to your mind, that I am at this moment less alarmed and distressed at your absence than I was before it really began. I would not say this perhaps, if you were not what you are, as I might apprehend that it would make you less sensitive to my fears and sorrows on another occasion; but such apprehensions on my part would be as mean as ungrateful.

On Hounslow Heath I made an address *improvviso* to a gander. You say I have the power *d'improvvisare*, and I thought I could not make my first essay to a less formidable object, but one whom I had *in fact* mistaken for a highway robber. I imitated the style of some modern sonneteers, with what success you will tell me.

TO A GANDER ON HOUNSLOW HEATH.

Poor Gander, on this wide and lonely waste,
Patient of ill, and hopeless of all good,
Thou seek'st with toilsome industry thy food,
Hardly obtained, and bitter to the taste.

Yet here, thou careworn fowl, thy lot is cast,
By selfish pride and callous wealth debarred
From all the comforts of the farmer's yard,
Vile yard, by gates and bolts and bars disgraced!
While distant yet, thy mild and drooping form
Like some bold robber to these eyes appeared;
My purse prepared, I watched the coming storm,
And much I trembled, Gander, much I feared:
From fools exalted in a chaise and pair
Such insults virtuous poverty must bear.

I own that a ludicrous imitation of the style I have chosen, seems *now* like giving a blow to a man who is down; or, *they* might say, my blow is the Ass's kick to the expiring Lion; for the whining pity for things not pitiable, the contempt and hatred of all who are comfortable as to this world's goods, and of all institutions calculated to keep them so, as well as addresses to frogs, fleas, donkeys, and spiders, are equally out of fashion.

I have been reading *Cymbeline*, and find five pages of admiring criticism on the song, 'Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings.' Pray read it, and then tell me whether you do not agree with me in thinking Shakespeare wrote it to ridicule some compositions of the time, now forgotten; as he often has done in other pieces, particularly as it is introduced with praise by his fool, Cloten. The language is so forced and unnatural, the imagery so far-fetched and over-strained, the grammar so bad, and the sacrifice of sense to rhyme so evident, that I cannot view it in any other light, and am surprised it has not been so considered. You see how I am obliged to keep thought at bay by every help I can pick up.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

London, March 10, 1808.

Your kind letter found me safely deposited in London with my babes. A heavy cold, in consequence of travelling through roads dug out of snow, combined with other circumstances to delay my answer. We set out in the softest, finest weather possible; and the same day our journey began, the snow began also, and locked us up in a small and solitary inn in the wildest part of Wales during four days, which, however, I passed very pleasantly. I *need* not explain this to you, and to many I *could* not explain it; for I assure you the excess of pity which has been lavished on my husband and me, for having been four days wholly dependant on each other's society for amusement, has raised in me many an inward smile, as being (while intended for politeness) the very essence of rudeness. 'Dear me, so you were four days in that terrible way. How you must have suffered from *ennui*, &c. &c.' In vain I tell people that I am not subject to *ennui*, &c. &c.; they will continue to pity, till I am more tired *of them* than they could be of retirement.

Your idea of the motive for writing *The Butterfly's Ball* is so ingenious, one inclines to suppose it just. My dread of some insects was long troublesome to myself and others. Your favourites, the bees, formerly excited in me a degree of terror and disgust never entirely removed till I was once or twice stung. Many would say this was a strange method of cure,

but *you* know enough of imagination to feel the advantage of correcting her caricatures by comparison with reality. My children, on the contrary, are pleased with everything that has life and motion; and I find some exertion necessary, when they insist on my admiring the beauties of a huge beetle or the labours of an enormous spider.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, March 15, 1808.

I am just returned from performing the most solemn act of our religion, which, as you know, I had much too long deferred. As I feared, those thoughts I wished to silence *would* arise, and those tears which ought to have proceeded from devotion, sprung, in fact, from recollections of my lost darling. I never saw a stronger proof that London is a religious town, than in the numbers and the respectful awe of those who remained to-day to receive. This, you know, was a common Sunday, no festival, no charity sermon, no good singing, no popular preacher, and the weather was intolerably cold; yet I dare say more than a hundred stayed in this private chapel; and these persons, of whom a great part were young *men* and women, and whose dress announced at the least opulence. *More* solemnity and attention, both in administering and receiving, I have never seen. What a contrast to the manners we have left, where no one ever thought of giving more to Heaven than *les restes du diable.*

I was so low last night, yet so unwilling and unfit for company, that I persuaded Mrs. Arabin to go to Walker's Orrery and lecture. It is very interesting, but I must go again before I find it very improving. However, something remains; and at all events, it is equal (from the feelings it inspires) to the finest sermon of Blair or Porteus. I was much better all night from having given my mind this magnificent subject for awe, wonder, and self-abasement. The fulness of the pit and gallery gave a strong proof of the knowledge disseminated in the middle classes. Women who, from their appearance, you would think never turned their thoughts beyond their kitchen or laundry, were there, numerous and attentive listeners. I think if I had a female to educate of a scientific turn, I should lead her to astronomy in preference to the more fashionable studies of botany, chemistry, &c. It elevates the mind much more, and it is less easy, I should imagine, in that science to dazzle the multitude with a little knowledge than in most others; and it seems more like a commencement of those floods of knowledge we shall gain in another existence, than anything relating to the material world, which can be learned here.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 17, 1808.

I have just seen Lady ——, who is, as usual, entertaining. She exercised some of her powers on me. First, 'London is too dear for anybody to live in,' leaving me to draw my own conclusions how I

could exist, if she found it so. Next, a little quizzing of the old-womanish style of my dress, *through* Mrs. ——'s, which she described as exactly what I wore, and then said she was always dressed like a person of a hundred. Next, a discovery that —— (though *en gros*, she says they are both beautiful) is very like the print of my grandfather in Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*. This, to be sure, I should be glad of. She pressed me much to go there continually to dinner, while you were away; and said, with tears in her eyes, that 'her heart was once *all* my own.' But the knowledge of what she has said of me appeared too plainly, I fear, in the total insensibility with which I received this declaration; I promised, however, to go sometimes in the evening. People think I have lost my memory, because I do not appear to remember what I do not think they desire I should. You must not allow me, even if hereafter I am so inclined, to renew my intimacy with Lady ——, for her conversation is of the kind which always leaves little stings; and she chooses, I know not why, always to try and lower all those I esteem and love, or whom she thinks I esteem and love; while my happiness depends almost entirely on raising them. Those constant complaints of her poverty, intended to prove to others by the Rule of Three that they are *paupers*, may perhaps help to keep one at a distance. I do not allow that this flows from any false shame one would have of being *poor*, if it was really the case. But it is a rule in polished society not to remind one of being ugly, or old, or poor, or low born; and though one would not blush at any of these circumstances, one thinks oneself not treated with sufficient respect,

when they are constantly hinted at as having fallen to one's lot.

Mrs. —— dined with me on Wednesday. She *likes* me for being attentive to her; but she *respects* Lady —— for being what she calls 'too much engrossed with the great world to take any notice of such an old woman, &c. &c.' If one had no higher motive than standing well in the opinion of the old and retired, one would treat them with *hauteur* and neglect; for except a Lady Hutchinson and one or two more, they all respect you for it.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 18, 1808.

I have this instant heard of Lady Hutchinson's illness. I did not think I could have fretted so much about anyone out of my own circle of *possessed* treasures. Her conversation, her letters, above all, the silent lesson of her life, are inestimable, and can ill be spared. She is the only person I have associated with for many years from whose society I always feel better and wiser. Many others are so superior to myself that they *might* have that effect, but it is only with her I am *sensible* of it. Perhaps she is already happy, has seen my Frederick, knows everything I am now saying, and smiles at the vanity and short-sightedness of a mortal, whose faults may now be all laid open to her, stript of that veil with which we naturally seek to conceal them from those we respect and love. I think *that* a painful reflection on losing

a friend. She will, however, see that I loved her much. My eyes fill so fast that I can hardly see what I am writing; but at the same time, without any painful emotion that is not more than counterbalanced by the consoling and elevating thoughts with which the close of such a life is contemplated. I begin to think that she left us on the night before last. This is superstition, because I had a splendid vision on that night; but why may she not have been allowed for a moment to undraw the curtains of some of our future habitations? My dream was merely that I saw a prospect before me of such exquisite beauty as this earth owns not, in which was united the softness of moonlight with the splendour of sunshine, and *shaded*, if I may so express it, with different degrees of golden brightness.

TO THE SAME.

March 19, 1808.

Your conversation or your letters alone animate my existence enough to prevent me from fixing my eyes steadily on the misfortune from which I date my second life, as different, certainly, from the former, as two separate modes of being. Why cannot I interest myself in what interests so many wiser and better people? I know not, and I feel I cannot walk in their path. *Là-haut, là-haut*—if I can but follow the bright track which may conduct me thither, little does it signify how devious or how absurd my steps appear in the eyes of mortals. I awakened this morning with an impression of *him* as powerful as

any I felt in the beginnings of that melancholy tranquillity which followed my first distress, and it has accompanied me all day. I shall, however, struggle to divert my mind from it, and will send for some musical person in a day or two, not, like Saul, to drive away the evil spirit, but to detach my thoughts from the angelic spirit that hovers about them.

I have been very attentive to Mrs. ——. Poor woman! her old age is but melancholy. Too unsteady to fix in a place where she had friends, or indeed in any place—not *deeply* attached to any one, finding no pleasure in books, in intellectual conversation, nor in acts of charity, she can think of nothing but self, and at eighty, what a melancholy prospect; indeed, at what age is it not so? I have been obliged *to rest from her* (as poor Breteuil called it) to-day. Talking much, without going deeper than the mere dust of the earth, but just scratching the surface, fatigues me more than labour or application. I think people are not sufficiently pitied, who, with a taste for intellectual pleasures, are married to mere *materialists*, if you will allow me to use the word in a new sense. Everyone pities those who marry a person extremely disagreeable in externals, and surely the other misfortune is far greater, as minds come into contact at every moment of existence; and yet the world always think and talk of it as a kind of jest, when people are greatly mismatched as to understanding. I reproach myself for having done so a thousand times.

TO LADY HUTCHINSON.

London, March 19, 1808.

I shall not attempt to tell you, my dear Lady Hutchinson, with what pleasure I heard to-day that you were in progress of recovery. Your illness was only made known to me yesterday, and indeed my feelings were more proportioned to my quick sense of your perfections, and of your kindness to me and mine, than to the date of our intimacy. For our sakes, and for the sake of the many to whom you are dear, and who benefit by your example, your influence, and your protection, apply, I beseech you, a little of your prudence to the case of yourself—the only point in which I think it fails.

I think Mrs. ——'s bearing with so much temper the disappointment of not going to a birth-night ball, when ready dressed, as you mention, shows she is superior to at least half the petty subjects of fretting which diminish female happiness. Really I have seen more peevishness wasted on the disappointments about public places, during the short time that mine was a dissipated life, than was excited by any other cause, and you know Hayley has chosen a similar mishap as one of the most severe trials of his heroine. However, I am sorry she had the opportunity of this 'Triumph of Temper,' and think her husband deserved a curtain lecture, if he did not exert himself to the utmost to prevent it.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, March 26, 1808.

As this was a day of low spirits and indisposition, I indulged myself with a novel, and one fell into my hands which I beg you will read, if in any country town you are compelled to such an amusement. It is called *The Hungarian Brothers*, and is written by Miss Porter. Nothing, perhaps, shows the superiority of English literature more than our novels. This is really almost equal to any of Mad. Cottin's, which make such a noise in France, yet is lost here in the crowd of others, *as* excellent in principle, taste, and feeling. It describes what few novelists have touched on, the closing scene of a valuable and beloved *old woman*. Alas! why have you men made this almost a term of reproach? It is *very* ungrateful. Mrs. Arabin sent it to me when I asked ~~on hazard~~ *for a book*. You know how I plague people sometimes in that way. This, however, quieted me a whole morning.

But how foolish these weak, faint flashes of ambition and cupidity in my mind. After *what I have seen*, I am surprised such thoughts can ever rise in a mind so constantly aware of the fragility of every earthly good. Certainly I do not limit the power Heaven has over our hearts; but I think when I forget the angel whose loss first made me sensible of this plain and evident truth, or cease to lament him, it will prove, not that I am consoled, but that

some decay has taken place in my feelings and faculties. Till then—

> 'Each lovely scene must him restore,
> For him the tears be duly shed,
> *Beloved,* till life can charm no more,
> And *mourned,* till Pity's self be dead.'

You know I have no weak, vain pride in being inconsolable; on the contrary, no sooner did anything divert my thoughts, than I adopted and cherished it. Neither do I profess at all moments to feel the wound, although I always feel its general effects on my mind. I need not apologize for the last page, you well know I cannot love you as I do without speaking to you of what lies nearest my heart, my master passion.

What you say of Lady Hutchinson not feeling that confidence which is so often remarked in those far her inferiors in piety and virtue, does not surprise me. We do not expect that *any one* temporal reward should be uniformly extended to the good, and certainly that of a happy exit appears to be the greatest of all. But I am sure, 'he that goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall *doubtless* come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.' We know that the Author and Finisher of our faith was not exempt from mortal pains, as appears by His pathetic exclamation; and, therefore, I am astonished that so many divines dwell on the certainty that the righteous will be distinguished by the serenity of their closing scene.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 4, 1808.

I sat yesterday at Mrs. Dawson's between Baron Montalembert and a young man about two and twenty, who, hearing me speak French fluently to my neighbour who knew not English, and seeing I was applied to on Continental matters, was suddenly seized with such a desire to dazzle and enchant me from the idea that I was a foreigner or professed traveller, as was very amusing to everybody. He began immediately to talk French, to say he would go to Paris the hour there was a peace, to sigh over the charms of archduchesses and the fascinating manners of Poles, to call foreign princes by their names—the Radziwills, the Mecklenburgs—to say what pleasant houses they kept, and to repeat such French *bon-mots* as are in every collection of anecdotes, at the same time trying to talk over such parts of Germany as I only had seen, and this not in a whisper, but so as to preclude the conversation of others. Mrs. D. says it was a *Continental fit*, assumed entirely for poor me.

By the bye, I saw a curious instance of the sameness of French character in a *marchande de toilette* whom Miss A. employs. She came from a provincial town, has been fifteen years out of France, and yet is precisely a second-hand inferior Mad. Canot. After Miss A. had given her three guineas for two little quizzical things, bought at one of the worst shops in the Palais Royal for a *petit écu*, she packed up, saying, '*Pour moi je serai toujours pauvre, car je déteste les gains excessifs. Je ne puis pas souffrir les grands profits.*'

Now I am wound up for letter-writing, I am going to *compose* one to Mrs. ——. You know, some letters *we write;* some *write themselves* (as ours to each other); and others *we compose.* Thank heaven, there are none which *we invent,* though I fear this last branch is in several hands.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 6, 1808.

I have read Mrs. Grant's *Letters,** and am charmed with them, but they were very unfit for me, as we were both wounded in the same vital part. I am now certain that my wound will never close, though it only throbs and pains at intervals. But every agitation revives in me the sense of my loss; even those of a pleasurable kind. I am like a man who bears in his breast the weapon which has wounded him, and who, when quite still, does not always feel it, but the least movement makes it a torment. I think if I could have seen my angel's vivid smile today it would have calmed all my anxiety. He was certainly sent to give me an idea of celestial happiness. There is a source of bitterness in my love for you; for one of us must survive the other; but I used to think with a certain satisfaction of *his* closing my eyes and living *happily* afterwards, which I can scarcely hope for you. Then 'Hope waits upon the flowery prime,' and *that* which we think we shall see improving for years acquires almost a kind of immortality in our eyes. I give up all idea of being

* These must be, no doubt, Mrs. Grant of Laggan's *Letters from the Mountains.*—Ed.

more consoled than I am, though I will not oppose the designs of Providence; but as my feelings interfere with no duty, and assist in giving me that indifference we ought to have for the pomps, and vanities, and follies of the world, I rather think it would be wrong to try and repress what I know has made me less faulty than I am by nature. When our Saviour said 'Weep not' (which is the text I most often recollect) to the widow who had lost her son, He intended to restore him to her once more in this life, as He afterwards did. Besides, I cannot possibly in any way hope you will never be absent from me; and I expected to have enjoyed his constant company and constant happiness for ten long years, of which only four and a half would have now expired. Adieu! I know I grieve you a little; but I trust it does your mind no injury to recall it now and then to what it is useful sometimes to think on; and I prefer your feeling a momentary pang, to the least chance of your forgetting him, which I should think a faint shadow of losing him again.

ON RECEIVING LADY HUTCHINSON'S WATCH, AFTER HER DECEASE.

April, 1808.

This watch, uncouth to modern eyes,
My care shall rescue from neglect;
Its sculpture rude, its antique size,
Diminish nought my fond respect.

It marked her well-divided hours,
The faithful friend, the matchless wife;
Whose gifted mind, of various powers,
In virtue found the charm of life.

Oft has it seen her summer day,
When nature blushed with brightest glow,
In calm attendance pass away
On heirs of sickness, want, and woe.

Oft has it seen her winter eve
Glide on, absorbed in tender cares,
How best their sorrows to relieve,
Their garments while her hand prepares.

Oft has it pointed to the time
For grateful praise and humble prayer,
Reclaiming vice, preventing crime,
And softening tearless pale despair.

Undazzled, she beheld the blaze
Of earthly pleasure, earthly pride;
'Twas thus she numbered well her days,
To wisdom thus her heart applied.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bognor, Aug. 25, 1808.

I continue my early rising, and have overcome my reluctance to visit *sick* poor, which I felt to a great degree of weakness; and as the command is positive, 'Visit the sick,' no Christian should indulge it.

As to society, the two B——s do not afford me much resource. The maiden lady is very good, and sees clearly all that is *very* near her; but her circumference is so small, that conversation dies for want of aliment. The married one is too much studied to bear a close inspection, stage effect being her principal object; therefore intimacy destroys her charm, and every step one makes behind the scenes, lessens one's admiration. She, too, is *good* in all main points.

Do not think I am *sniffing* at your franks. On the contrary, I am learning properly to value 1*s.* 3*d.*, by seeing at once how hardly-earned, and how useful, money is in the country. In towns it appears contemptible, because one has always in view the baubles for which it is exchanged—the useless and fatiguing ball or assembly, the cadence of the public singer, the bill for frippery at the milliner's, the trinket which it is more troublesome to keep than gratifying to show; but in the country, where one sees how much hard labour is necessary to realize a shilling, one is more ready to part with it for the relief of indigence, and less willing to throw it away on vanity and self-indulgence.

TO THE SAME.

Bognor, Sept. 15, 1808.

To amuse Miss Agar, I went yesterday to see Goodwood. Fine undulating lawns, and a luxuriant growth of trees, give it that degree of beauty which few large places in England are without; and the pheasantry is a little spot of great charms. This is a little *dip*, nearly oval, almost on the top of a high hill, and thickly fenced all round with trees and shrubs. The ground rises from it abruptly, opposite the entrance, and more gradually on either side. In the bottom lies the neat cottage of the protector and guide of the most beautiful race of gold and silver pheasants, which wander about *apparently* free from restraint, but alas! a few unseen feathers have been

clipped, which completely rob them of the liberty of quitting the little circuit allotted to them. There is a total want of water, for which your being able by an effort to see the sea, and your discovering the Isle of Wight with difficulty, when you have mounted to a particular spot, can by no means compensate. The house is unfinished, and the windows seem too small for a building of such extent and magnificence as it is intended to be. You may be sure we did not go to see the dog-kennel, which is the grand curiosity of the place, and of such magnificence as makes one blush; but we were persuaded to pick our way through an ugly, gloomy, damp collection of little rocks and moss and tombstones, to which you descend by a short flight of steps; and this, forsooth, is the dogs' burial-ground!

TO THE SAME.

Jan., 1809.

I have been reading Petrarch lately, not his sonnets *before*, but *after*, the loss of Laura. He is not a true mourner. His genius enabled him to guess at the workings of grief, and to clothe them in beautiful and appropriate expressions; but oh! how different from the deep sorrows of the truth. Yet many passages brought my own loss home to my mind, particularly his delight in her loveliness of form, of manners, and of voice; and his sense of his own privation from these being no more.

Probably the fair unknown is amiable, since her person is so attractive. I have ever found more

talents, sense, and, above all, *gentleness*, amongst handsome young women than plain ones. Indeed, the highest kind of beauty, expression, is essentially indicative of softness, or intelligence, or sensibility; as the lower kinds give proof of that perfect health and organization which is always favourable to good-humour and vivacity. If handsome women do not shine so often in mature life as artists or authoresses, it is from having generally had a wider choice in marriage, and therefore becoming wives and mothers; while the others, remaining single, have had leisure for improvement.

TO THE SAME.

London, March, 1809.

I brought to my box last night Mr. and Mrs. Langham. No party is so comfortable to me as a happy married pair. They are usually satisfied and amused with the spectacle: the lady is neither looking askant at the door, nor regretting that my box conceals her from the public eye, nor hinting at the number of men that are in other boxes, nor wanting to go into The Room; while the gentleman takes care of me, out, without expecting to be repaid by my chatting and being on the *qui vive*, in return for the favour. I was particularly pleased at taking *them*. She is the favourite niece of Lady Jones, and he the son of Lady Langham, two excellent women, who loaded me with attentions, invitations, and tickets for concerts, &c., on the delightful first winter I passed in London, when (deprived of my birthright

by a concurrence of circumstances one would think could hardly have occurred to one whose infancy and girlhood was so hedged round by precautions, and by all the foresight of provident affection) I appeared in this great town literally as a *desolate orphan*, without one appendage of affluence, ignorant, when the fifty pounds in my last draft were gone, where to get another; in short, exactly like the birds, with nothing to recommend me among strangers but my plumage and my song (insignificant as they were), and, like them also, 'content and careless of to-morrow's fare.' Excuse this egotism; you encourage it when it tends to cheerful reflections; and I cannot look back on that winter, the kindness shown me, and the protecting hand of Providence in throwing me not merely among affectionate, but *moral* and *good* people, without infinite gratitude to that Power which brought me happily through a situation so dangerous in every point of view. What might have become of me in the world's eye, if at that age I had fallen into the intimacies which it was unfortunate to make at any time; but which were of so much less consequence when youth, bloom, and novelty no longer made me conspicuous; when poverty no longer threatened to be my companion; and when I was quietly *domiciliée?* However, Providence has brought me now to the haven where I would be, as far as this life goes: and I wish and pray for nothing but a continuance of my present blessings. *For nothing!* a strange-sounding phrase, when I possess *everything* I can desire.

April, 1809.—On reading Lord Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:—

Here wit and humour willing smiles excite,
Yet who can read the volume with delight?
Or, pleased, behold a youthful censor rise,
Disdain and anger flashing from his eyes;
Who tears the silken rose to show the thorn,
Bids Genius quaff the bitter draught of scorn,
Spurns the soft charities of social life,
And rends the veil that hid domestic strife?
Prompt with misguided hand, and zeal misplaced,
The keen, bright shafts of ridicule to waste.

Pope, brilliant star of our Augustan age,
For dulness and for guilt reserved his rage.
The mighty master of the Northern lyre,
Dowered with a painter's eye, a poet's fire,
Scott, spirit-stirring bard to Fancy dear,
Had ne'er endured from him the cutting sneer.
Well had *he* marked the beauties that belong
To the wild melody of Southey's song,
(Though strangely destitute of taste and rule);
Nor given this cordial to each rhyming fool,
That if he fall, the same unsparing blow
Had purposed to lay Scott and Southey low.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, April 29, 1809.

I dined at the Grattans with Catalani and her husband. They spoiled the party, as professors always do, when made of the company; and Valabrègue got a convenient *colique;* and they went off as soon as he came up from dinner, without her singing. She did not choose to open her mouth for fine speeches, and a good dinner, as was expected; and to prove

that Mrs. Grattan might subscribe and come to the concerts of Catalani, they said at dinner that *vingt estropiés s'y faisoient porter* both in London and Bath, also in Dublin. It was a curious day. She is coarse in person and manner in private; nay, even in voice, which is extraordinary. He is presumption and impudence double-distilled.

Lady —— is really a firebrand. I hear the two younger brothers of her husband are not very cordial, which I can easily conceive with such a person in the family. Her husband does not attempt to make the slightest reply to any insult she offers him, either in his own person or that of his relations. Is this love, philosophy, Christianity, or what? Love, I think, though it bears much violence and passion from its object, is easily roused to anger by *insult*, especially before a third person. Philosophy would probably teach a line of conduct that might reclaim by dignified firmness. And Christianity, which says, 'Wives, *submit* yourselves to your husbands,' should, I think, instruct a man to keep his place. 'Honouring her as the *weaker* vessel,' is not allowing her vessel to shove his out of its place, and scatter it in fragments in the dust.

TO THE SAME.

July 7, 1809.

As I always fall on something melancholy when my guardian is absent, I this morning have happened to read a wife's adieu in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and a beautiful passage on the loss of a child in More-

head's *Sermons*, which were both particularly calculated to affect me. All Gertrude says of the topics of consolation left to her husband, with the exception of the stanza complaining of her not leaving a child, I beg you to apply to yourself, if ever you happen to want them. The words are few, but so true to nature, that they will suit ours as well as any fancied situation.

Mrs. —— seems an excellent woman, and wholly without background. I have seen few more estimable as a wife and mother, or more easy and safe as an acquaintance. As to *friendships*, no married woman can really *form* one. The most she can do is to *continue* one or two made when single. The intimacies made afterwards may be 'confederacies in pleasure,' but nothing more.

July 9, 1809.—There is a strong resemblance between St. Pierre's *Paul et Virginie* and *Gertrude of Wyoming*. Perhaps the one may have elicited the other. I am far from detracting from the merit of one of the most beautiful poems in the English language by this remark. It is not the resemblance of plagiarism, but a species of likeness independent of imitation, which the admirers of both will find pleasure in tracing; and it is not uninteresting to observe what a different character may be stamped on events and situations nearly similar. In each we are presented with exquisite pictures of the lonely smiles of nature in a remote clime, where we suppose an almighty hand to have scattered with 'boon profusion' those beauties we endeavour to obtain by the slow

progress of art and industry. In each the mind reposes on the idea of primeval innocence, and of lovers whose pure affections are guarded by their situation from any ills that may spring from intercourse with the world: who not only derive from each other their chief felicity, but to whom inconstancy, and even jealousy, are happily impossible. In each the hero is bowed to earth by the premature and sudden death of the woman he loves, who meets her fate with courage and sensibility before his eyes. In each a friend of mature age and high endowments endeavours to 'minister to a mind diseased,' and to soften that grief 'which knows not consolation's name.' These beautiful tales have also this in common, that we conclude them with regret, wish we had been *so* pained a little longer, feel our hearts raised and ameliorated, our sense of domestic happiness more lively, our interest in the fate of our fellow wanderers in the path of human life more strong and tender, than before. Such ought to be the effect of every work of imagination that bears the stamp of genius, and such effects alone give immortality to its productions.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Sept., 1809.

I was greatly disappointed in *Madoc*, which I have just read, though, I believe, it is not very new. What a strange delight Southey takes in wounds and tortures! I would almost as soon visit the Inquisition, or witness a boxing-match, as read it again.

I have seen an interesting letter from Hannah More on the subject of *Cœlebs*, and was greatly pleased with the candour and simplicity of her sentiments and style. She says it has gone through ten large editions, and has been the means of sending many readers to 'the best of books;' but she apologizes for the marks it bears of having been written when her health and spirits were somewhat impaired; and she owns *that* lady may have been right who said 'it was a bad novel and a bad sermon.'

Your admiration of *Gertrude of Wyoming* is not greater than my own. There is an exquisite sensibility in some passages, and a pomp of poetical diction, united with apparent truth of descriptive painting, in others, which cover all the faults of its meagre, disjointed, improbable narrative, and its occasional obscurity of expression. Its condensed beauties are numerous, and particularly to be admired at present, when the art of saying much in few words seems almost forgotten.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, April, 1810.

I find myself lonely and low and alarmed and anxious and uncomfortable to an uncommon degree. The strangeness of this house and of all the faces round me, makes me very nervous. Cornwall, you know, wanders round me like something between an old Irish mourner, a troubled spirit, and an undertaker's assistant. In short, I am miserable, and every forgotten spectre of past sorrow gathers round me.

I cannot express to you what I feel at finding myself here to-night with only this melancholy woman. What a witch is Imagination, and how she can darken, as well as brighten, the same groundwork, so as to make it appear perfectly a different picture!

I met an old acquaintance to-day. She told me she would not have known me had she met me anywhere; but added, as a consolation, that I was grown very 'stout and jolly.' 'Stout and jolly;' charming epithets! But, indeed, I am very indifferent about this. Nobody has gone so far in speaking of my change as the looking-glass; so I am still much in debt to the politeness of my friends.

I was amused by ——'s apprehension of meeting with 'a careful wife.' I never found any of the fears my friends entertained relative to their fate in marriage realized. Though the hydra-headed monster of matrimony may have produced to them 'Gorgons and Chimæras dire,' these have never been precisely of the kind they apprehended. A notable wife was often troublesome in the last age, when the feudal hospitality and profusion of some families were contrasted in others with a species of narrow bustling husbandry that has long bustled its last, and subsided into the temperate and well-regulated economy of our time; which requires not the sacrifice of more than the daily half-hour, and will amply repay it in a consciousness of utility and of fulfilling the claims made on us by children, friends, servants, the community, and the poor, all of whom must be injured, more or less, by every species of waste.

TO THE SAME.

Dec. 17, 1810.

There is no party at present here except Mr. —— and his wife, who is just the person formed to distress me, by always talking to me of *my*self and *her*self—two topics on which a fair easy dialogue is impossible, as I cannot possibly say exactly what I think of either of us. Her compliments to me are very strong, but *now* such compliments give me pain. Though in the exuberance of youth and spirits I could once bear a powerful light, I am now scorched by what used only to warm me. She is quite miserable at her husband being 'so stupid a thing' as a clergyman. I thought this opinion was extinct, and was quite surprised to hear of its revival. I own it appears to me a particularly happy fate, if one likes one's husband, to have married a clergyman. He is safe not merely from the dangers of a profession, but of a duel, and his wife has *un gage de plus* for his moral conduct and his leading a domestic stationary life. Add to this an eternal comparison with poor me—my garnets, my shawl, my house in Hampshire, all wished for; and finally, she assured me, when we were alone, she would be very glad we could exchange husbands, that she heard you were very much to be liked, and I should have ——, and welcome. Now, you think I exaggerate, and upon my word I soften the picture. I have written a whole page of gossip. I hope we shall continue to associate but little with those who give materials for it.

TO THE SAME.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec., 1810.

None of us have been out of the house since Monday, and there was a fresh fall of snow to-day. How I thank my *young* self for having cultivated such a taste for occupation that my *old* self never knows *ennui*. That I prefer society to loneliness, is quite another thing; and I am glad to see clearly that I do so, and no longer to be cheated by the false ideas a warm imagination picks up on the subject from books, or an impatient spirit from the momentary disgust inspired by unpleasant company.

I think to be excellent as a husband a man must be excellent in many other points; and if women were more convinced of this than they are in general, there would be fewer marriages, and perhaps more happiness; or else, in hope of pleasing us, men would improve themselves. The greatest fault our sex can be accused of, is being too easily pleased by yours; who seem to take an unfair advantage of it in being as much *over*, as we often are *under*, nice; since the smallest fault of temper, manners, or even person, is thought a sufficient apology for your breaking loose; while *poor we*——; but this is too copious a subject, and my poor baby is crying. I hope Bonaparte may have a sick child, as I think the cry of an infant, whose pain one cannot know or assuage, would make him feel his want of power, though nothing else has done it.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Jan. 2, 1811.

I have never seen Miss Edgeworth, which I do not very much regret, having invariably been disappointed whenever I have greatly admired a book, on being introduced to its author. This may partly be my own fault, but I believe it is so common a feeling that those to whom admiration gives pleasure, ought rather to wish to retain their idea of a favourite writer than to exchange it for reality. You might say this was 'sour grapes,' if I did not also acknowledge that, if an opportunity offered of making acquaintance with a person so distinguished, and of such eminent talents, as Miss Edgeworth, I should certainly embrace it; so my little theory will never deprive me of any positive pleasure, and only serve to save me from unavailing wishes.

(*Bursledon Lodge, Feb.* 26.)—You will be pleased at knowing we are all well; and that I, who for many, many years, have never seen the country, but when visiting at other peoples' houses, and of course under some constraint, feel a childish delight at watching the first crocuses, snowdrops, and the gradual unfolding of the honeysuckles and other creepers. My children are equally entertained, and find a great difference between the liberty and variety of a garden, and the formal pacing up and down town flags, ever either damp or dusty. Indeed, as to education, being in the country lops off half the difficulties which attend it in town.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 1, 1811.

The letter on the *strenuous idleness* of those who devote their whole leisure to needlework, I imagine to be Mr. Lefanu's. Am I right? My grandfather was more averse from this employment than even the writer of that letter, and could never bear to see a needle in my hands. Your friend does not go so far, and argues not against the *use* of the needle, but the *abuse* of it. I think he is right. But in general I own myself a friend to what we females call *work*. It fills up the *interstices* of time, if I may use the expression. It accords with most of the indoor employments of men, who, if they care for us at all, do not much like to see us engaged in anything which abstracts us too much from *them*. It lessens the *ennui* of hearing children read the same story five hundred times. It can be brought into the sick room without diminishing our attention to an invalid, while it seems to release the sufferer from any obligation of conversing with *us*. It is a sort of composer, a *calmant* peculiarly useful, I believe, to the delicate and irritable spirits of women. Those who can use the pen so well as the friend whom I have the pleasure of addressing, are, I think, entitled to lay aside the 'shining store,' but they are so few as to be considered merely as exceptions.

I am glad you like Mrs. Carter's *Letters*. I know they are heavy, yet I *do* like them, and read them with great pleasure, and am angry when I hear them called dull, which has happened to me very often. I

love the turn of her mind; and though she may be a little tedious, it is to me like the tediousness of a friend. If you have a mind for brilliancy and flippancy, and some sense and wit, mixed up with a certain hardness and insensibility and vanity very unpleasing in a youthful female, turn to Mrs. Montagu's *Letters*. They are vastly more entertaining for *once* reading, but you do not love the writer half so well, nor am I sure you would be so apt to *return* to the volume. Besides, there are a few great truths which Mrs. Carter places in so many lights, and impresses so strongly, that I think her *Letters* are highly useful in a moral view, and an excellent book for the library of a young girl.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, May, 1811.

I have *guttered* about through the rain, shut up in a long shawl and thick veil, and have seen West's picture. Beautiful it certainly is, though we are perhaps a little too national if we prefer it to the 'Descent from the Cross,' and the 'Transfiguration.' Our Saviour's face disappointed me extremely; it is not nature, and it does not strike me as sufficiently noble for Divinity. But we cannot too much admire his figure, drapery, and hands. As a composition, it seems to be admirable; and its *clearness* and *distinctness*, those great charms to an unlearned eye, do not seem to injure its effect as a whole. The expression of sensibility in the principal female faces is beautiful,

and does not disturb the harmony of their countenances; but they are all three too much alike.

The —— always leave me in doubt by their manner, whether I have not done something to offend them, and really have an expression between distracted and *distrait*, that one knows not how to comprehend. In general, it is a great misfortune to be rich without being well educated. People expect from fortune they know not what, and are angry if it does not command *all* the different kinds of respect and attention, which are due to such a variety of circumstances. In a small circle it will have its weight; but when people step into general society, the effect of mere money is immediately neutralized, and 'Nabob' or 'Nay, Bob' comes to much the same thing.

I am glad Mrs. C. is so cross, as I like you should now and then see that the innocents who never have seen the world, nor heard a civil thing, are worse than us poor decayed toasts, against whom you wise ones so often declaim as unfit for domestic life. A race-horse draws as well in the family coach as if he had never been on the turf.

TO THE SAME.

London, May, 1811.

I heard excellent music last night, and the last public notes of the sweetest singer I have ever heard, or probably shall ever hear—I mean combined with so much power; for I have heard many moderately strong voices *still* sweeter, according to the usual

equalization of Heaven's gifts. Mrs. Billington professedly sang for the last time; but as I saw Mara's resurrection about six different times in ten years, I am not without hope of hearing her again. Her last Italian air was that which Tarchi taught me, *Sarah's Lamentation;* it was marked MS., and everyone is wishing for it. Harrison, Catalani, a delightful ballad singer, Mrs. Ashe, and almost everything else that was good, sang there. Harrison's singing was like a lover's whisper by moonlight.

Mr. A—— has inflicted on me the task of reading his *Journey through France*—on lazy *me*, who would not read the admired poem of *Psyche*, because it was in manuscript. I catch a word now and then about a 'church and altarpiece,' a 'capital picture,' 'charges *moderate* in the *extreme*' (is not that a bull?), 'the lively chit-chat of a beautiful *petite* brunette,' &c. &c., and so I hope to persuade myself I have read it. Mr. Hastings, in a note which accompanied the book, gets out of the scrape of giving an opinion with admirable dexterity; for he says it 'is *as* interesting from the authority from which it proceeds, *as* from its own intrinsic merit.' There are not so many *froms* in his phrase, but this is the idea. * * * I have finished Mr. A——'s book. He talks of the mildness of the present French Government, and is enchanted with everything Parisian; makes Mad. Frémont a fourth Grace; the *Hôtel du Cercle* the Palace of Armida; and, finally, he makes me sick.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, July 30, 1811.

Pray indulge me with the characters of the youthful part of your family. I once heard Lady Yarmouth say, to justify herself for liking a disagreeable young man better than a sensible old one—'I have a decided taste for youth.' Now, though this is not my case, in her sense of the phrase, yet I certainly have particular pleasure in contemplating the characters and actions of those who are fresh from the hand of nature, and alive to all the enjoyments she so liberally bestows: 'Hope waits upon the flowery prime.'

Your *Good Nature* appears to me a beautiful poem, and I strongly recommend its publication. It will be a valuable addition to the small number of those one may put into the hands of youth, without feeling any secret wish to expunge even a line. Thanks for your eulogium on Clarkson. He is not enough praised by the world. The *first* promoter of every good work is always less valued than he ought. Like the foundation stone, like the precious seed, his fame too often lies buried.

The opening of your book on old age, reminds me of an anecdote of the late Duke of Queensberry, which I had from an earwitness. Leaning over the balcony of his beautiful villa near Richmond, where every pleasure was collected which wealth could purchase or luxury devise, he followed with his eyes the majestic

Thames, winding through groves and buildings of various loveliness, and exclaimed, 'Oh, that wearisome river, will it never cease running, running, and I so tired of it!' To me this anecdote conveys a strong moral lesson, connected with the well-known character of the speaker, a professed voluptuary, who passed his youth in pursuit of selfish pleasures, and his age in vain attempts to elude the relentless grasp of *ennui*.

I gather from the following, evidently the sketch of a preface, that it was my Mother's intention to edit a selection from the correspondence of the two honoured friends of her youth, one a connexion by her first marriage, whose names are mentioned at its close. It has a further value to me, as expressive of her sentiments in respect of the posthumous publication of letters.

Sept. 1811.—Many letters and fragments never intended for publication, have lately been drawn from the shade, and exhibited in the glare of day, without any prominent merit to entitle them to notice; yet all have been widely read; and the fastidious critic, who exclaims against the vanity of editors, and the folly of obtruding private letters on the public, is not always the last to peruse the decried volume. Is it not unfair that works which contribute so largely to general entertainment, should meet with general censure? Where nothing is published that the dead would have wished to conceal, or that can hurt the feelings of the living, it is a blameless gratification to diffuse and prolong the remembrance of those we have loved, to place all that remains of them on earth beyond the reach of those accidents to which MSS. are liable,

and to enlarge through their means the stock of innocent amusement. It may even be added, that the curiosity excited by anecdote and private letters turns to general good, by substituting sketches from nature for the monstrous fictions and insipid ravings of modern novels.

Will the editor be excused for adding another volume to the class in question? The characters of those who wrote the following letters were of no common order. Many will recollect having been exhilarated by the wit and humour of Edward Tighe; some, too, will read with interest the ardent expressions of the eccentric but highly gifted Mansergh St. George, whose talents, sensibility, quick sense of honour, and high courage, commanded admiration; though by some strange fatality they never reached the end for which they seemed designed by Providence, and were buried in an untimely grave.

Of the latter of those named above, I find another and fuller portrait; see also in the later part of this volume, a letter of date Nov. 9, 1826.

Few men were more highly endowed by nature than Mansergh St. George—rich in the elementary qualities most essential to the formation of the poet, the painter, or the hero; warm affections, a lively imagination, powers of conception equally quick and strong, deep sensibility, undaunted courage, unaffected indifference to the common objects of ambition, and exquisite skill in the transmitting his impressions, either by the pen or pencil. Shakespeare has said that 'spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues;'

and he is surely right, if we take a future existence into calculation. Did we look to this world alone, we should say the talents of Mansergh St. George were splendid and useless gifts;—'their memorial is perished with them.' In fulfilling the duties of his profession as a soldier, he received in the American war a frightful wound, which carried away a portion of the skull; and, though it clouded not the brightness of his intellect, it deprived him of health and vigour, except in those moments of enthusiasm when his body seemed to borrow strength from his mind, moments ever followed by increased debility and depression. He was eccentric, but his singularities were not such as derogated from the respect and affection claimed by his sensibility and genius. He was conscious of them, and sometimes attributed them to a defective system of education, but they were certainly increased by the sedentary and retired life to which ill-health condemned him, and by the attention to his own sensations it enforced.

I find only two or three letters of him who is thus praised among my Mother's papers; though, doubtless, she must have possessed many more, when meditating this publication. In one, of date Aug. 1792, written soon after the loss of his wife at Clifton, there is a passage which I am well pleased to preserve. 'I would shake hands with Sir —— ——, but grief communicates with grief like madness, and we are both too apt to dress our sorrows in idle weeds and fumitory. Affliction is a curious thing. Her threatening aspect becomes mild on a near approach. Her snakes become lambent, and lick our wounds. She has an *agreeable* ugliness. But perhaps I am partial; for we have long been playfellows. * * * I have suffered the *worst;* in due time,

my present agony will be mellowed into those sweet regrets, that delicious *desiderium*, the balm which the mind naturally produces for its own cure.'

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Oct. 12, 1811.

I am sorry I cannot answer your query about the Duchess of York. I know she has several dogs, but I suspect the number of 170 to be an exaggeration. I remember ten years since hearing Col. ——, a man nicely attentive to his own convenience, lament that eight or ten of them usurped every good place near the fire, and made the drawing-room extremely offensive. She passes for being what is called 'a good sort of woman;' a person of whom nothing can be cited remarkable enough to merit praise or blame. I was presented to her at her first drawing-room, when her manner was uncommonly gentle, and her appearance pleasing.

How often I have thought of the affecting circumstances of Miss Keatinge's bequest. It is a most beneficent dispensation of Providence that sickness and sorrow so often prove the seeds of charity and sympathy. In consequence of *one* pang felt, how often are a thousand relieved or prevented. And as to the sufferers, I believe there is none of us who cannot say, 'It is good for me that I was in trouble.' If we perceive *that* now, how much more clearly shall we see it when in another state of existence, if we are then endowed with a faculty of looking back on those springs of action which gave an impulse to our earthly life.

TO THE SAME.

Nov., 1811.

I have been much interested by your *Tobit;* and, as you desired, have not yet read the original, which I have nearly forgot. This, however, is not a work which would have much chance of pleasing the public; as a Scripture story is a millstone which, I believe, would now sink any poem. Strange it is, and unaccountable. Mr. Sotheby has struggled nobly against this prejudice in his *Saul;* but scarcely anyone has read this charming poem. In the whole circle of my acquaintance I never met one who had; nor could I ever prevail on any person, even among Mr. Sotheby's friends and relations, to do so, except my second self; yet it had the advantage of being introduced, in an extract of considerable length, in the *Annual Register* ten or a dozen years since. I think Johnson did some injury in declaring religious subjects unfit for poetry.

You will have great pleasure in conversing with Lancaster, who is communicative and fluent. He has given a great stimulus to the public mind, and awakened those to a sense of duty who were too long dormant on the great subject of education. That he appears not to have been able to resist that temptation 'by which angels fell,' and that he has been so far intoxicated by praise as to claim the *entire* merit of an invention, which certainly he adopted and published and fostered with more energy and success than the real parent, is to me a matter of regret rather than surprise—perfection and human nature being

incompatible. The *bitterness* of the controversy is indeed to be deplored; it is clear that the controversy itself has already been of use.

The following was written as a contribution to a miscellaneous volume projected by a literary friend. I am ignorant whether the volume was ever published; or, if so, under what name.

THE ENVIOUS MAN:

In Imitation of the Pictures in 'The Microcosm.'

The next picture is distinguished by the peculiar expression of the countenance. Mark that painful smile. It inflicts on the spectator a slight tincture of the uneasiness it bespeaks. This is an Envious Man —sworn foe to Excellence, Eminence, Enjoyment. United, these form a triple cord, in which he would willingly hang himself; and separate, any one of the three suffices to wring his heart.

The man who rejoices in the success of those who tread the same path to distinction with himself, has conquered some of the strongest foes to happiness and virtue. He who feels a slight difficulty in doing justice to a competitor is touched by human infirmity. But what shall we say of this man, who is Envious *in the abstract;* to whom all happiness is baneful, all

* The only book of this name which I know is *The Microcosm*, by Gregory Griffin, Windsor, 1788, a collection of slight essays, very pale imitations of *The Spectator*.—Ed.

beauty deformity, all music discord, all virtue hypocrisy or weakness? In vain you think yourself safe, because you can never be his competitor; your ages are dissimilar, your pursuits opposite, your situations remote. Mistaken man! In your life 'if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,' there will he cross you, like a basilisk, in your path. Even though you possess no splendid gifts, no social charm, nor riches, nor honours, nor domestic joys,—still, if content be yours, there you sin against his creed, and incur his anathema.

A youth speaks of a lovely woman with admiration. The Original of this portrait points out, as a counterpoise to all her graces, that slight blemish in person or manners, which is but the stamp of humanity. Tell him a witticism, he has heard it before: a splendid act of beneficence, 'tis ostentation: an instance of family affection, 'Dear Sir, this may be so, but who can peep behind the curtain?' When the length of a young lady's raven tresses was pointed out to him as remarkable, he whispered, 'False, depend on it; I know where they are sold.' 'Sir,' said a friend of the young lady's, 'the hair must have grown on some human head, why not where we see it?' 'No, no,' says the sceptic; 'be assured, hair of such a length never grew from any head whatever. False, false, depend on it.'

This is the only man whose wishes are ever crowned with final success. Vigour declines, beauty decays, wit is extinguished, the tenderest ties at last are broken, the noblest monument crumbles to dust. So far, time alone insures the accomplishment of his desires. Folly, vice, and natural evils, accelerate the

work. All the ministers of darkness are his allies. 'Shadow him with laurel,' ye spirits at enmity with man. He is already one of your fraternity; he has enlisted in the service of your master, *without a bribe.*

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bath, Feb., 1812.

Your gleanings are very entertaining. Why is it that one appears to hear more odd and comical sayings in the first twenty-four hours after an Irish arrival, than in many following days? I suppose the novelty of the accent excites attention in the beginning.

I was last night at Lady Newcomen's. I cannot tell you how kind people are. I meet more *bienveillance* than when I was younger; and to *me* this more than compensates for that mixture of flattery, nonsense, and spite, of which what is foolishly called admiration is compounded. No one affronted me by saying I looked as well as ever, or even simply well.

Your friend seems quite uneasy under the present fashion of not flirting, and looks as if he was saying 'Othello's occupation 's gone.' For my part, I think the present 'sabbath' much pleasanter than the former 'laborious idleness.' If everyone told the truth, they would own that fishing for *agreeable* chat often tired them as much as more strenuous employment; and to some the double duty of talking well, and looking well, in all humours and under all circumstances, was really fatiguing.

This is my day of moving. The servants are very angry at my leaving this house, and the domestic machinery creaks in every wheel.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Feb. 20, 1812.

I am just returned from seeing Betty, and greatly disappointed. His figure and face are ignoble, his voice not pleasing, his gesticulations vulgar, and his manner in general high rant. Yet in the last act of *The Earl of Essex* he showed feeling and a just conception of his part. I know not how he pleased others; as to me, he made no impression, and I never desire to see him again. *The pair* by my side were as much in a state of performance as he was. There is no love on either part. She wishes to marry him as a *bon parti;* and he wishes, whether he intends to marry her or not, to make her violently in love with him. In this he fancies he has in part succeeded, and so did I till this evening; but he is much mistaken. I could almost fancy she will carry her point; one is generally safe in deciding for the woman. As we were a *quartetto*, I thought it right, on quitting the box half an hour before the play was over, to offer to take her home, as it appeared to me unfeminine to leave her shut up in a little cage with him; but she refused me under a very ingenious pretence, and much will depend on the use she makes of that time. She was in a state of high romance and affected suffering; and it was painful to hear on each side

the language of high-wrought affection used for selfish or worldly purposes and in a theatrical tone; and also to see love played at like a game of chess, each party advancing and retreating according to a premeditated scheme. She has a thoroughly foreign manner, and admirable French accent, having past much of her life in France; shows great *sharpness* both of intellect and temper; but patches it over now and then with a sentiment of softness and self-devotion, borrowed from Claire d'Albe, or Malvina, or Corinne. Heaven help him and his daughter, if he marries her!

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Feb. 22, 1812.

No letter from you yet, and it is now a week since I have heard; but I will continue to write, and heap coals of fire on your head. All Bath is much more interested at present in Mrs. Williams', late Mrs. Bristow's, dancing than in the change of Ministry. She announced her intention of making up a French country-dance last Thursday, and it attracted several hundreds—partly from the reputation of her beauty and dancing, partly from the singularity of seeing a woman past fifty, and a grandmother, still so handsome, and able to perform in a *cotillon*. She danced, I hear, not in the theatrical indelicate manner of the present day, but with the flowing gracefulness of the preceding, and is to perform again next Thursday, when a much greater crowd is expected, as those who came to ridicule her

stayed to admire, except a few inflexible Bath Cats. I fear I must not venture that evening, as, without going very early, no art or good luck could secure a place where I could see her. Her husband danced in the same dance as her *vis-à-vis* (which, you know, is not her partner), and performed also remarkably well; but he is a youngish man.

I have wanted you to protect me from a person who has taken possession of me—not a man. She began by humility and falling in love with me and mine—not by admiration, which I know how to resist, but by affection, which I shall never resist; and she ends by *exigeance* and assumption, and, without being distinguished in any way, by an extraordinary display of vanity, which is always interrupting the common course of things.

I am giving —— —— something very like regular lessons in singing; and I have the vanity to think I have improved her. She has powers, and has had an immensity of instruction; but I think her instructors have made a job of her, and have hid from her, or at least not shown her, some of the simplest principles in singing.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Feb. 26, 1812.

I heard so often that Betty acted ill the first night from *mauvaise honte*, that I was seduced to see him again to-night, and fell upon *Alexander the Great*, fancying I was going to see *Tancred and Sigismunda*. He certainly pleased me much better; and I shall

not be surprised if the strength of his genius and intelligence conquers the impression made by his physical defects. At the same time, I shall regret it, for the 'stock of harmless pleasure' is much diminished when external grace is not united on the stage to superior talent: and if he is borne to the head of his profession, *manœuvring* will keep down all his competitors as long as my life lasts; and I shall be compelled to see as Hamlet, Romeo, and Coriolanus, a clumsy, short-necked, large-stomached hero, with a red dumpling as a face, an obstructed articulation, and an audible manner of recovering breath, like what one hears on board the packets. I foresee this is likely to be our fate, for he has great energy, pathos, and a complete conception of his part. In short, he *has* every mental, and *wants* every physical requisite. Lady —— is his great patroness, and I hope I never shall forget her manner of applauding, for it makes me laugh whenever it rises to my mind. It was not with her eyes, it was not with her hands; it was an undulating motion of her whole person, and all its appendages. In a pathetic part, the only time when a tear was forced from me, it was instantly dried as I turned my eye on her (it was 'Said a tear to a smile'). I have tried to do it, but I want her activity.

At Lady Cosby's affectionate request I sang at her house last Monday, and her thanks and praises were far above what my performance could deserve. I heard a lady behind me to-night say I sang quite in the style of Braham. It is of all others the style of which I should like to catch the least shadow. When I hear a lady sings like Catalani, I am always alarmed,

for I dread anything approaching to her *powers* being let loose upon me without an equal proportion of her science and skill; and if it is a young untaught lady, who is 'quite a natural genius,' I am very anxious to run out of the room.

I hope you remember me affectionately to the kind friends you are surrounded with. You know how much I love many amongst them, and how completely the *second* circle in my heart (for the first contains but six souls) is filled by the friends and relations you have given me;—I will not say *relatives;* 'relations' was good enough for Milton and Thomson, and shall be good enough for me, spite of modern refinement. It is a word *set* in the gold of two of their best passages, and therefore I will not change it.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, March 1, 1812.

I passed Monday evening with an old friend, Mrs. Morgan, who has known me from the time I was six years old. She has a mind most pregnant and original, and a superior flow of conversation, but is not generally liked. She is so indifferent to common forms, visits only those she prefers and approves, never goes to assemblies, and is perhaps *a little* more candid than is necessary. Her lamentations over me at my having lost what, as Clarissa always says, 'she was pleased to call' 'the prettiest and lightest figure she ever saw,' were really entertaining, from their contrast to the fibs one is in the habit of hearing;

adding, 'Ah, my dear' (for she has some Irish phraseology), 'what a beautiful creature I remember you, and now, even your face is grown fat and broad. Well, you will always be delightful *to listen to.*' I am very much obliged to her for remembering what she once thought me, but I had the weakness to feel a little involuntary melancholy. In spite of *broad*, Mrs. Morgan is a delightful woman, so delightful, that, though dressed to go to Mrs. Lemon's, I sent an excuse, and spent the whole evening *tête-à-tête* with her. She illuminated the past for me, and gave me an infinity of anecdotes from the fountain-head, relative to Mrs. Bowdler (her intimate friend), that prodigy, Miss Smith, the Edgeworths, who live near her daughter, and other equally interesting people. Mr. Edgeworth's present wife goes with all her children to the parish church, has introduced the Bible, and has added to the whole family the charm of religious feelings and principles.

Mrs. Williams will put some hundreds into King's pocket, such crowds attend the rooms to see her dance. I have not ventured to go since she has performed; for you cannot get a place near enough to see her without going at eight o'clock. She has taught her husband to dance; he is always her *vis-à-vis;* and he said to an old maid whom he heard abusing her for *exhibiting*, as *they* call everything they cannot do themselves, 'Ma'am, *if you had a husband* that liked you should dance as well as I do that Mrs. Williams should dance, I dare say you would do it too. She is my wife, and I hope she will dance as long as she is able.' The consternation of the old maid was great. Certainly it is a foolish thing to be so anxious

to see a woman perform, because she is a grandmother, whom nobody came particularly to see when she was sixteen years younger and a good many more pounds lighter; for she is very large; but the folly is in the spectators, not in her.

August, 1812.—The paucity of French works fit for young women is remarkable. From Mad. de Genlis they learn to overrate worldly pursuits, externals, accomplishments, and all the frippery of life; for though there are charming passages and delightful stories, and she disavows this doctrine, yet such is *the general impression* her writings leave. Besides, they have a tendency to foster duplicity, and a species of address which requires to be discouraged in females, as experience proves that most of us have too much of it without any superadded cultivation. A mother, as in *Adèle et Théodore*, is to form her daughter's heart by a series of little *plots* and *falsehoods*, which she calls *scenes;* and all these are to be acknowledged to the daughter on her day of marriage, in order to increase the respect for truth necessary for the happiness of that connexion. From *Télémaque* girls may learn abstract principles of politics and the art of governing kingdoms; or rather, as they cannot understand these topics, they learn to be unable ever to read with pleasure a very fine work, from the recollection of the *ennui* it inspired as an exercise. From *Gil Blas*, which was once at least a school book (perhaps it may be so no longer), they will learn what

are the habits and manners of gamesters, pickpockets, kept mistresses, robbers, &c., and they *only lose* the attic salt and exquisite humour that form the whole merit of the book; as, to relish these, some knowledge of the world is absolutely necessary. Mad. de Sévigné is delightful to a cultivated mind, well read in the anecdotes and history of her period, and versed in the conversation-idiom of the French language; but she is so full of allusions, so like a speaker, and so sure her daughter has read the same books and knows the same people as herself, that a poor girl is quite in the dark, who has no store of information about Louis XIV. and his Court, who has never heard of Racine or Descartes, who knows nothing of the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion, &c. Besides, as Mad. de Sévigné writes to a married daughter, whom she endeavours to amuse by all the anecdotes of Versailles without selection, her *Letters* are more suitable to female maturity than to early youth. When a very young girl has professed to me great pleasure in this work, I have usually found she talked from *hearsay*.

TO MAD. DE LA GARDIE, STOCKHOLM.

By favour of Admiral Bertie.*

Bursledon Lodge, Sept., 1812.

L'intéressante, l'aimable Comtesse de la Gardie, a-t-elle oublié une amie dont le séjour à

* This letter was returned to the writer, with the seal unbroken. Mad. de la Gardie died before it reached her.—Ed.

Vienne a été embelli par des preuves continuelles de son amitié,—Melesina, qui a changé son nom de *St. George* pour celui de *Trench*, par un mariage des plus heureux, n'oubliera jamais les heures qui ont coulées dans la société d'une famille où tout se réunissoit pour plaire à l'esprit et le cœur. Je ne puis pas exprimer les sensations avec lesquelles j'ai trouvé hier dans le portefeuille de l'Amiral Bertie, une gravure qui avoit sur l'enveloppe deux lignes qui prouvoient que cela venoit de votre main. Il me donne de vos nouvelles avec tout l'empressement de son caractère, animé par le plaisir qu'il trouvoit à rendre justice aux qualités de ses amis. Il parle avec beaucoup de reconnaissance de vos bontés, et de celles de Monsieur le Comte de la Gardie, et il m'a dépeint le château hospitalier où vous m'avez invité avec tant de grâce; et dont j'ai tant desiré de voir les beautés pittoresques. C'est avec un plaisir très-vif que j'ai su par lui que votre santé, et celle de ceux qui vous sont chers, est telle que vous pourriez la désirer, et que l'enfant que vous attendiez quand je suis partie de Vienne est actuellement à cette époque, où une mère commence à trouver dans son fils, un ami aussi sûr que tendre.

Je possède à present *cinq* amis de cette espéce. Mon fils ainé fait ses études à Cambridge; les autres animent la retraite charmante où nous nous consacrons à leur education pour la plus grande partie de l'année; et je possède aussi une fille de quatre mois, qui promet de jouir d'une santé et d'une vivacité pareille à celles de ses frères.

Puis-je me flatter que votre réponse m'assurera que vous me continuez vos bontés, et me parlera en détail

d'une amie qui me sera toujours chère. Veuillez bien assurer Monsieur le Comte des sentiments d'amitié et d'estime qu'il m'a inspirés.

TO A FRIEND.

Cheltenham, Sept. 20, 1812.

Before you can read this letter, I earnestly hope the stream of your domestic happiness will have returned to its own clear and unruffled course. That any circumstance has disturbed it, I much lament; but I am sure it is not necessary to remind you how often an event which has approached us under an unpleasing form, has become afterwards one of the primary sources of our happiness; and it is only to the *form*, to the *dress*, if I may so express myself, of what has occurred, that your maternal heart can object. Virtuous love, that great blessing of human existence—I should say *greatest*, if I were not a mother—always appears in my eyes still more virtuous when it is founded on an intimacy and knowledge of each other commenced in childhood or early youth. One is sure in this case that intellectual and moral qualities have had the principal share in producing it; for such an intercourse precludes all illusion, all deception from the imagination; and none but the truly amiable and excellent are likely in this situation to feel a mutual passion. Allow me, then, my dear friend, to offer you my congratulations. I am not surprised that —— should feel herself pained, because every point in the manner of ——'s marriage is not

exactly what you could desire. At that age one expects all the occurrences of life to accord *perfectly* with one's wishes, and the lightest deviation from these discomposes the youthful mind; but when experience has shown that there is no light without shade, that the brightest summer has its passing clouds, one scarcely bestows a thought on slight and transient mortifications, which only remind one that earth is not heaven.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Cheltenham, Sept. 22, 1812.

I pay nine guineas a week, which I see is three too much; but I must submit to the law of necessity, and the inconvenience attendant on having been taught, for more than the first half of my life, that it was a disgrace to know how to make a bargain—as silly an idea as can be grafted on the mind of youth, and one I will take care my children shall not be encumbered with. Indeed, they will see that one of the most liberal and dignified of men is perfectly well qualified to do himself the same justice he would do to another, which is all that is necessary. It is not generosity that ever prevented any sensible person from making a bargain, but timidity, want of *aplomb*, false shame, and a desire to please by facility and yielding.

There are much the same set of people here as last year—Mrs. Fitzherbert among them, who was *judi-*

ciously invited to a *fête* by Col. —— in honour of the Princess Charlotte's birthday. He first treated Mrs. F. as Regentess, by leading her into the supper-room before all the women of rank, and then gave toasts and made orations upon the merits of the Prince and Princess, *and the lovely fruit of their union.* Was ever such folly, inconsistency, and want of feeling? On the whole, the society here is bad, but the walks, air, and water are delightful. I long to see my own coronet of jewels once more on its emerald ground; above all, to assure myself that the last little pearl is as round and perfect as when I left her.

TO THE SAME.

Cheltenham, Sept. 24, 1812.

I passed yesterday evening at Col. ——'s. Under the *régime* of *Madame*, he is far less ridiculous than when allowed to go alone. A map or survey of his Jamaica estate was ostentatiously displayed on a flower-stand. After having so lately read John Woolman,* I felt a little awkward in sharing a *recherché* supper, and seeing so plainly the source whence it flowed. 'Negroes-land,' 'Sugar canes,' were marked in different parts of this melancholy map. John Woolman, you know, was '*not free* to share in even the necessaries of life,' when obtained by the labour

* John Woolman was a Quaker, who wrote *Serious Considerations on Various Subjects of Importance*, London, 1773, with other works. He did good service in his time in helping to awake the sleeping conscience of England to the iniquity of the slave trade and of slavery.—Ed.

of slaves. How would his mild spirit have been afflicted by seeing this ostentatious display of our shame! Yet I supped upon turkey *piqué au lard*, as if I never had read John Woolman.

ON A REPORT OF THE DEATH OF BONAPARTE.

Nov., 1812.

Quenched is thy light
In endless night,
Thou flaming minister of wrath;
Struck from thy lofty and eccentric path;
Where, like a comet, through the troubled air,
Impelled by some unknown mysterious law,
Shining with lurid wild disastrous glare,
Thou didst impress intolerable awe:
And though thy light, as the volcanic fire,
Brought death, brought terror,—who but must admire
(E'en while they fear, condemn, or hate,)
Thy steadfast mind, as fixed as fate,
Thy keen and penetrating soul,
Tempered to conquer and control,
Thy powerful glance, that measured earth
As thine inheritance by birth.
Thy scornful smile,—thy searching eyes,—
We might detest, but not despise.

Thou prodigal of human life!
Nor only in the battle's strife:—
Behold a captive Turkish band;
Indignant, pale, and mute they stand.
Inclosed by living walls, they view
The features of thy dreadful crew,
And see the mark of Cain imprest—
Clouds and darkness shroud the rest.

Appalling scene—but not the worst!
Another rises more accurst;
For thine, in every danger tried,
(Thou most ungrateful homicide!)
Feeble and wounded as they lie,
But taste thy venomed cup—and die!

Why glare these torches in the rifted earth,
Deepening the midnight gloom of upper air?
Does Nature teem with some disastrous birth,
Or fiends abhorred their secret rites prepare?
No! 'tis thy death-winged thunder flies,
Speeds its detested course, and D'Enghien dies!

Successive phantoms fill the mind,
Dark, terrific, undefined;
Torture in a dungeon's gloom—
A noble captive!—secret doom!
And, starting, vengeful, from her sleep,
The offended Genius of the deep;
Who vows to thee relentless hate,
Deploring Wright's mysterious fate.
But dimly seen, these visions fade,
Like flitting shadows of a shade.

Thy stubborn will, when once impelled,
Its onward impulse keenly held.
Like the Eastern idol's car it rushed,
Heedless what victims may be crushed:
Or, writhing underneath the wheel,
What tortures may those victims feel.
Ages of penitence in vain
Would struggle to efface that stain.—
Yet shall thy story loudly preach
An awful lesson to mankind:
Through future ages it shall teach
The great supremacy of mind.

'Twas not, as modern sages tell
A compact with the powers of Hell:

Nor yet a soldier's happy chance,
Due to the faulchion or the lance;
Nor chain of circumstance alone,
That placed thee on the imperial throne.
No! it was courage, promptness, skill,
The soul resolved, the steadfast will,
Nor sensual bliss, nor trivial aim,
Could e'er seduce, could e'er inflame:
Ardour that glowed in polar snows,
And energy that feared repose.
Had these not mingled with thy crimes,
The tragic theme of future times,
Nor diadem had bound thy brows,
Nor Austria's daughter heard thy vows,
Nor had thy hand that sceptre swayed,
Which half the astonished world obeyed.

A MOTHER TO HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

Silent pleader! living flower!
Shining proof of beauty's power!
Little gem of brightest ray!
My Child, how poorly words essay
The mixed emotions to define
That spring from loveliness like thine.
Mysterious are the charms we trace
In a beauteous infant's face;
Celestial secrets seem to lie
Within thy dark and dazzling eye;
The flame of pure affection glows
In thy refreshing cheek of rose;
And on that polished lip of thine
Love, and hope, and pleasure shine;
There, in fragrant coral cell,
Enamoured silence loves to dwell;
No articulated sound
Has ever passed that ruby bound:

But in thy sweet and Sibyl face
Each rising thought I clearly trace;
Language may blush, when looks so well
Can every shade of feeling tell.
In the clear mirror of thine eye
To read thy fate I sometimes try;
And musing o'er thy future years,
Dim the fantastic scene with tears.

Thou wilt be Woman! that alone
Echoes to Compassion's throne;
Man may his destiny create,
Woman is the slave of fate.
Thou mayst be lovely!—in that word
Ten thousand sorrows are inferred;
Adored when young, neglected old,
By passion bought, by parents sold!
Seduction masked in friendship's guise,
Envy with sharp malignant eyes,
Satire with poisoned poignant dart,
Shall all conspire to pierce thine heart;
And, in thy short and brilliant reign,
These fiends may give thee bitter pain:
Yet when the sober evening grey
Of life steals on, and charms decay,
When Time detaches, one by one,
The blossoms of thy floral crown,
Oft shalt thou sigh for youth again
With all its peril, all its pain.

But hark! a long-lost voice* I hear,
Like distant music, soft and clear;
It bears the tone of mild rebuke,
Yet such as pride itself might brook:
'Cease, wayward mourner, to complain,
And learn a wiser, purer strain;
Weave not the web of fancied woes,
But bless the gift high Heaven bestows:

* Alluding to the sentiments of the wise and venerable Lady Hutchinson.

Thy Cherub, in a woman's form,
Shall sheltered rest from many a storm,
By which the bark of man is tost,
Till virtue, peace, and heaven are lost.
Act rightly thou the mother's part,
From vanity preserve her heart—
Small creeping weed, yet strong in power
To check the fruit and blast the flower.
Then will she see her charms decay,
As calmly as she views the ray
Of summer's suns whose soft decline
Inspires tranquillity divine.'

CHAPTER V.

1813—1816.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Feb. 7, 1813.

I AM very happy to find you once more exerting your powers for our instruction and amusement. The second part of the *Cottage Dialogues* appears to me worthy of its predecessor; less humorous, perhaps, and less marked by a certain undescribable *naïveté*, but often pathetic, and always inculcating the purest morality. I could have wished the dialogue on Seduction, and the subsequent death of Thady's victim, omitted, as it makes the volume less fit for children, to whom it might in so many respects be useful. Perhaps I am mistaken, but it appears to me that it is safest to keep all such events, with whatever purity they may be described, out of the view and the thoughts of children and very young people: and on this principle perhaps *Pamela* and *Clarissa* may be considered as highly dangerous works. How the former could ever have been mistaken for a novel of a *moral* tendency (though I fully believe the author intended it as such), is very surprising. As to *Clarissa*, a judicious selection from it, with slight alterations, would be a valuable present to the rising

generation; one that should wholly conceal the blackest part of Lovelace's conduct, and make her death proceed from remorse for her elopement, and grief for the implacability of her father, the sorrows of her mother, and the hastiness of her choice,—as she might be supposed to have discovered Lovelace to be unworthy of her in a variety of ways. In this *Clarissa for Young Women*, as it might be called, all the objectionable details should be omitted; and those parts of her character preserved, which are so well calculated to excite an enthusiastic sense of duty to parents, of charity, of religion, and *particularly* of the value of time. But all this is idle prate; and perhaps it is best the 'Young Women' should never open the book.

I could not but smile at the graceful *naïveté* and enthusiasm of friendship which sent one of my letters to Mr. Wilkinson, in order to be placed amongst those of 'eminent persons.' I feel obliged to make poor Mr. Wilkinson some amends for your thus imposing on him, however unintentionally on your part. I therefore asked Mrs. Barnard, who happened to be present when your letter arrived, to procure me one of *the* Mr. Windham's; and I send you for him an Italian sonnet, in the fairy penmanship of Miss Ponsonby, of Llangollen. I believe the sonnet is unpublished.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bath, March 12, 1813.

I have not passed four evenings from home since we parted. The false animation of acquaintances pretending to be friends, the slight gaiety of an assembly, and the satisfaction of hearing I look wonderfully well *for my time*, have done their duty, and divert me no more. My sweet children are my only real pleasures. —— has a depth of feeling very extraordinary. He began to question me upon *one* whom you and I speak of no more; and was very anxious to know why no other since that time had made me *quite* so happy. At last he said, as if he was satisfied at having found out the cause, and conceived it not to disparage my present love for him—'I believe it is because he *did* die;' with a certain solemnity of accent which I cannot describe. How much he must have felt and observed to arrive at this conclusion.

—— thought Miss K. handsome on the report of *two* or *three* people, but *four* or *five* have found her coarse, slouchy, red-armed, and somewhat like a housemaid; you know how much 'love's arrows go by hearsay.' Moreover, she *splashed* through a *bolero* at an assembly where no one else danced but her and her partner; and with her large figure and strong countenance looked as if she was going *to box*. *That* is an improvement on the general expression of the dance, which always seems to say, 'My name is

Temptation; Touch me not.' This ingenious dance is, you know, contrived to show how great a degree of assurance and *airs de dragon* can be united to pretty music and measured steps. Its gaiety and boldness will always recommend it to the majority; but there cannot be worse taste than making *young ladies* the performers.

M—— has written a kind letter to inform me of his intended marriage. I am delighted that people who love should marry; but when I know not the other party, and that it is *my friend* that has the worst of the worldly part of the contract, it is mere affectation and deceit to pretend to be quite satisfied, until one arrives at being a saint.

June 14, 1813.—The variations of the English climate may assist to increase the sensibility of the English character. Yesterday the sun shone resplendent on a country covered with the softest, deepest verdure, blushing with roses, and perfumed with honeysuckle; while a few fleecy clouds added pomp and richness and variety to the bright blue sky. The mind, enlivened by the scenery, expatiated on scenes of love and life and joy. To-day the whole horizon is enveloped in a thick fog; a chilling air distracts our thoughts by a slight sense of suffering from the objects around us, which, shrouded in mist, have lost half their beauty. The heart which but yesterday was filled with ideas of pleasure, is turned to-day to thoughts of privation, of fading glory, of decaying

nature. In what variety of lights do these sudden changes present the same object, and what food do they furnish for meditation!

June 24.—The collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures now offered to the public eye, is perhaps *unique* in its kind, as composed of more fine works by a single artist than have ever yet been seen together. They derive peculiar interest from this circumstance. The collection seems to be animated by one soul—the emanation of one powerful mind. Ugolino is probably the most pathetic picture extant, as exhibiting the highest degree of moral and physical suffering inflicted on those whose countenances bespeak exquisite sensibility, and accompanied with the utter extinction of hope—each individual agonizing at once by his own pains, and by the sufferings of those who are dearest to him. It is like a tragedy of Shakespeare on canvas.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, June 27, 1813.

I got a Director's ticket for Sir Joshua Reynolds' on Friday evening. They were in great request, being no more in number than the three rooms would conveniently hold, and were bespoke for weeks before. The evening exhibitions, which were only once a week, closed that evening, and only the Directors had tickets. It is the order of the day to call these meetings 'the best assembly in town.' They

began at nine, and ended nominally at eleven, but the Duchess of York did not come in till past eleven. What a ridiculous freak of fashion to be anxious to see pictures by candlelight, merely because money will not admit one, when people can admire them so much better by daylight on any morning they please to go; or was it set on foot by the superannuated beauties, who do themselves justice, and know they are not fit to be seen by daylight?

Ugolino is the most pathetic picture I ever saw (N.B. I went in the morning also)—unutterable, hopeless anguish, moral and physical, suffered in one's own person, and in the persons of the dearest objects of one's love—a suffering to which all human beings are exposed, and which none can ridicule as romantic, or despise as ignoble. If it was as old as the Laocoon, it would be as much, perhaps more, admired. It is delightful to see at once, transferred into so many works, the whole soul and genius of an artist so elevated as Sir Joshua.

Tell me about the babes; I long for their sweet musical clamour, and to see them circling me like the spheres, all in harmonious, beautiful, and perpetual motion.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

London, July 31, 1813.

The great object of curiosity now in London, is Mad. de Staël. The envy she excites in her own sex is painfully disclosed by their continual remarks on her total want of grace and beauty, in short, on

her being a large, coarse, and homely woman. One is tempted to say—'*Who* ever inquires what is the plumage of the nightingale?' Mrs. Jones, a lively friend of mine, put an end to a discussion of the kind in three words, 'In short, she is most *consolingly* ugly,' thus by one happy phrase criticizing the critics with a light yet sharp touch. These critics would inveigh with more justice against the tiresome uses she often makes of her powers. One hates to see a drawing-room turned into a fencing school. I always wish somebody would say with Richard III.,

'but, gentle lady,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits.'

She has been received with all the honours due to her genius, sought for in every society; and the Prince Regent, with more appearance of taste than he *now* often displays, went to Lady Heathcote's one evening purposely that she might be presented to him previously to her appearance at his *fête*, where she could not have gone without being introduced before it.

I suppose you know that Tommy Moore has lost all his prospects of advancement by publishing *The Twopenny Post Bag*;—Lord Moira refusing on this account to take him to India, where he had intended to provide for him. He has gained in fame what he has lost in profit; as, although his former works had many admirers, some disliked, and some despised them, how justly I will not pretend to say; but all acknowledge the wit and humour of this last production. It is not free from blemishes, but perhaps as much so as any work we know, entirely and professedly satirical.

Aug. 4, 1813.—Met Lord Lauderdale at dinner at Lady Lansdowne's. — "I once saw Sheridan and Mad. de Staël together. She praised his morality, while he extolled her beauty. I sold a book at the highest price ever paid in England, Fox's work.* Two booksellers offered me £4000; I told them it was impossible to decide between them. One refused to add to his first offer, the other offered £500 more. He lost by it. Robertson's *Charles the Fifth* sold for £5000. The size of the book considered, it was not so much. No other has ever sold at so great a price. Mad. de Staël has received here £1500 for her work on Germany, suppressed at Paris. She publishes it with notes, marking the passages she supposes to have been obnoxious to the French Government." He should have said to 'Bonaparte,' for despotism is an unit, and 'Government' to English ears implies plurality.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

August 14, 1813.

Mr. Marsh dined here yesterday, supposed to be the author of the admired letters that appeared this year in the *Times* under the name of *Vetus*.† He did not talk so much or so well as usual, for we had a *petrifying* coxcomb of the party. He mentioned that Mad. de Staël, who was always clumsy, and had a peculiarly large foot, once exhibiting herself on a pedestal as an

* *History of the Reign of James II.*, by the Right Hon^ble^ C. J. Fox. London. 1808.—Ed.

† A mistake; these letters were by the late Edward Sterling, Esq.—Ed.

antique figure, one of the spectators whispered, '*Voilà un vilain pied de Staël*,' a *bon mot*, though an ill-natured one. We had music in the evening. Miss M—— is a fine thundering player of the new Beethoven school; and Lady A——'s sweet little robin redbreast finger made a pretty contrast, pleasing to me who can admire merit in various styles. Indeed, I believe the less exclusive is one's taste, and the more one can extend its limits, so as to like what is good in every direction, the more one will naturally enjoy, and perhaps animate, social life. Adieu. Honour me not with needless envelopes. '*Ce petit garçon oublie que je suis dévote*,' said a *ci-devant* mistress of Louis XIV., when a servant offered her a glass of liqueur; so you sometimes forget that I have arrived at thinking all waste is blameable.

Oct., 1813.—*The Giaour* is a trial of skill how far picturesque, animated, and eloquent description will please, without dignity or delicacy of character, novelty of scene or manners, interesting narrative, or elevated sentiments. Events similar to those recorded in this tale have not only been thrice told, but three hundred times; and, in point of manners, every one who has read a book of *Travels in Turkey*, knows too well all of which he is here reminded, not to feel a certain disappointment at being carried so far and shown nothing new. When St. Pierre in *Paul and Virginia* leads us to the Isle of France, another world is opened to our view; a refreshing, invigorating clime enchants our senses, where we see the pure and simple sources of human happiness, the sparkling, living

fountains of innocence, and love, and joy. It is an earthly paradise, worthy to succeed that where Milton has placed our first parents; and assimilated to our tenderest feelings by ties more numerous, if singly less powerful. The East also may have its 'fresh fields and pasture new,' but Lord Byron has not introduced us to them.

The story of *The Giaour* could hardly be comprehended by human ingenuity, if it did not turn on circumstances the most commonplace, as we are only presented with unconnected fragments from the lips of two nameless narrators, who ask a variety of questions, and whom we should be glad to question a little in our turn. Fragments of this uninteresting story are tricked out in gaudy colouring, and amidst a greater proportion of indifferent lines than are fairly admissible in so short a production, we meet occasional proofs of originality and genius. Still *The Giaour* ranks far below any former production of the same author. It contributes, as far as its mite goes, to injure the taste of the age, by reducing poetry merely to an amusement for a vacant hour, instead of employing it to elevate our minds, soften our hearts, and refine our pleasures. Whether these effects are produced by sentiments, by characters, by imagery, is immaterial. When they are not produced, when poetry addresses herself chiefly through the ear to the eye, she must be on the decline; and this decline works like *The Giaour* at once accelerate and proclaim.

Nov. 22.—How rapid is the fall of this 'Lucifer, son of the morning,' whose portentous splendour so long dazzled and misguided the nations of

the earth. England, that citadel of the world, that guardian of civilization, the asylum of fallen royalty, of persecuted genius, and of proscribed virtue, now begins to reap the harvest of her generous toils.

Nov. 23.—Overcome to-day with joy at the intoxicating rapidity of our successes. I felt a throb of exultation and gratitude only to be tranquillized by raising one's heart and one's tearful eyes to Heaven. I am glad I left my retirement and am amongst a multitude on this occasion. The joy that is shared with numbers seems purified and exalted. I found Bath to-day in an effervescence of joy;—the waggoners and chimney-sweeps decorated with laurel in honour of Lord Wellington's victories, and the hope that Holland will break her chains. It is pleasing to see the pulse of public feeling beat in the very extremities. I met Mrs. Bonnefée, the Dowager Lady Ely's mother, also wearing her sprig of laurel—at eighty-four.

Nov. 24.—Je lis Mad. de Staël sur l'Allemagne. Il me paroit qu'un peintre d'un génie supérieur me montre les desseins qu'il a faits sur des lieux qui m'intéressoient vivement, et que je ne reverrai plus. Elle donne une idée précise de cette philosophie de Kant que mon amie, la Comtesse Münster, m'a tant pressée d'étudier.* C'est la morale du Christianisme dépourvue de l'amour, et de l'espoir, et mélée d'une espèce de stoicisme moins imposant que celui des anciens. Il est beau de voir que les recherches

* See p. 103.

métaphysiques les plus sévères nous conduisent au même but moral que le Christianisme, quoique ce soit par un chemin aride, loin des sources d'eau vivante—ou, dans les paroles de David, 'dans un désert sec et stérile où l'eau ne coule pas.'

Dec. 3.—Saw the Indian Jugglers. They act on a small slightly elevated stage, surrounded by a blaze of lamps. Two are men between twenty and thirty, the other a youth of sixteen. Dressed in white, with turbans, the ease of their attitudes, and serenity of their countenances, where light and evanescent shades of melancholy and gaiety alone break the predominant expression of repose, strike a European eye as novel and pleasing. Deep thought has never contracted those brows; strong feeling has never quivered on those lips; that face is a waveless lake, sometimes gently swelling, sometimes sparkling in the sun, but never agitated with tempests, or chafing against its bounds.

In the tricks of jugglers I have small delight. I see without interest the ball under the cup, though I may have had reason to suppose it in the juggler's hand; or the beads strung with his tongue, or the entire thread so adroitly substituted for that which has been reduced to fragments that my senses are completely deceived. I view with pain those exhibitions where skill is ever on the verge of danger; and I have a sensation of mingled disgust and horror when I see a man actually sheath in his throat a bar of steel twenty-two inches long, a quarter of an inch thick, and one broad. The prettiest part of the exhibition was a sportive manner of throwing about in

all directions, with ease, grace, and skill, four bright brazen balls. It seemed like the coruscations of a firework, or as if a fallen spirit amused himself by flinging stars and meteors in the air.

All was accompanied by songs from the youngest performer, somewhat monotonous, but not unpleasing, and expressive of a sort of melancholy gaiety, if the expression may be tolerated.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec. 15, 1813.

Both your letters reached me this evening on our return from a journey to Bath and London, which absorbed about a fortnight. I feel for the mother's grief in losing her little blossom. 'Tis a more serious calamity than any one, except a mother, can imagine—I should have said, a *parent*, for I do believe with you, that a father often suffers quite as much. Do you remember Mrs. Grant's stanza on the loss of her husband? What you say recalled it to my memory:—

> 'I have sighed o'er the bud, I have wept o'er the blossom,
> And beauty full grown 'twas my lot to deplore;
> But the voice which was wont to speak peace to my bosom
> Shall whisper compassion's soft accents no more.'

There is something to me inexpressibly affecting in these lines. Pray tell me soon that your daughter continues to recover. Unless under very peculiar circumstances, the loss of an infant is much less injurious to a youthful mother than the sight of its

sufferings. I cannot bear, however, to hear any one too decisive on what *may* or *may not* deeply wound the bosom of another. Mad. de Staël justly says, '*Nul a le droit de contester à un autre sa douleur.*' There is much implied in this short sentence.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec. 20, 1813.

What meanness of mind it shows to fasten upon the plain person of a woman of genius, the imprudence of a wit, or the dulness of a beauty. I am very much displeased with the constant remarks on Mad. de Staël's exterior. However, it consoles many for the thought that she will be admired when we are all forgotten. As to Canning's conversation giving her more emotion than pleasure, it is easiest to be understood by supposing her to like him in some *nuancè* of loverly feeling. In this light there is great honesty in the confession. All eloquence creates emotion, but that emotion is pleasure; while the emotion created by the conversation of a lover may be of every shade from Stygian darkness to the most dazzling brilliancy. I am surprised that Mad. de Staël, herself the wife of a diplomat, and having lived in good company at Paris, should have *questioned* the Regent. As you say, it is a breach of royal prerogative. But I think royalty itself readily forgives failures in etiquette, though its satellites are most indignant on the occasion. When poor Mel walked out before all the princesses of the German Empire, it almost threw some of the *vieux routiers* into con-

vulsions; but the persons concerned looked on it as it was, a pardonable forgetfulness, and distinguished her just as kindly after as before.

I passed a pleasant day at Mrs. ——'s. We were nearly a female party; and the only blot on the conversation was the little, mean, detracting gossip against Lady —— (who has taken Mr. Baring's for the honeymoon) and Mrs. ——, a *ci-devant* London *belle* come to settle for a time at Southampton. They do not forgive the former for having a ducal coronet in prospect, nor the latter her fading advantages of person and manner, and her grown-up daughters, fine girls whom she has brought to the overstocked balls at Southampton. Lady R—— is '*very sorry for Miss* B——,' and says so as if she could Roast her. She cannot yet bring herself to call her Lady ——. It appears they were intimates at Bath.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec. 23, 1813.

I am a little angry with the lady who might have introduced me to your friends at Bath; but do you know I am *the less surprised* in proportion to the years I have passed in the world; for generally speaking, people have a strange dislike to introducing their friends to each other. This is very common, and, according to Hannah More, 'much too common to be right.' I suspect it proceeds from the consciousness of endeavouring to be, not in the best sense of the words, 'all things to all men,' of acting somewhat a

part, and of appearing to different friends rather what the actor thinks will please, than what he really is. . . . All this is pitiful: how different is my dear Mrs. Leadbeater, who is uneasy till all her friends know and like each other. What a gem is simplicity of character, and how careful in educating ought we to be to weed out all *finesse* and management. I know children *so* educated will often fail in politeness, till their knowledge of what gives pain or pleasure becomes extensive; but their sincerity is often amusing, even when at the expense of civility. '——, my dear, pray read *to yourself*.' 'Yes, mamma, and I wish you would *sing to yourself*.' There are many whom I hear, to whom I should make use of this phrase, if I were not restrained by feelings *he* cannot understand.

The following poems certainly do not belong to the later period of the writer's life, and I therefore insert them here.

How quickly life forgets the dead!
To soothe the fleeting shade
A few fond tears at first are shed,
A few slight honours paid:

The fading leaf in dim decay
Awhile we thus deplore;
But whirled by autumn's breath away,
We think of it no more.

The parting bark thus leaves a line,
Where friends are sailing on,
A moment sees it rippling shine,
A moment sees it gone.

That heartless lesson—to forget—
Then all around us preach;
Whate'er the tie—whate'er the debt—
Oblivion they would teach.

Ye who this chilling draught infuse,
From me the cup remove;
Nor let me be condemned to lose
The memory of Love.

Not one who bears the name he graced,
Not one endeared by early ties,
A brother soldier here has placed
A stone to mark where Frederick lies.

Oh light of heart, of spirit free,
Consummate courage, mild, resigned,
A form and face were given to thee,
Well suited to so bright a mind.

Obedient to thy country's call,
'Twas thine for her to yield thy breath,
Though not in battle didst thou fall,
But thine a soldier's lingering death.

There is a grief that knows no end,
A sorrow time can never quell,
Barbed arrow which remorse can send
For ever in the heart to dwell:

And each offence to those we love,
How slight soe'er in others' eye,
The never-dying worm will prove
When in the silent tomb they lie.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
THE HAGUE.

Bursledon Lodge, Jan. 3, 1814.

I am now reading Mad. de Staël's *Allemagne:* I find it amusing to skim, but not to read attentively. The eternal comparison between France and Germany becomes tiresome, when pursued through three large octavos; and she is often unintelligible to me. Her being so, the Edinburgh Reviewers state to proceed from her superiority to her readers, alone. Dangerous doctrine for the guardians of literature to promulgate! I retain a strong prejudice in favour of those who write to be understood, as well as to be admired; and all who have stood the test of time unite clearness with eloquence. Fine writing may possess deep and refined beauties, only to be felt by superior minds, but in the same passages there is ever a plain meaning obvious to all who are fully acquainted with the language. In this it somewhat resembles true religion and the style of the sacred Volume.

Mad. de Staël's well-bred determination never to see any but the beauties of the German authors whose works she describes, who are mostly cotemporaries, is graceful, conciliatory, and prudent; but lessens the value and interest of her discussions. The merits of an author are best understood and felt when contrasted with his defects. When his beauties alone are displayed, we have a Chinese picture, painted without shade, gaudy and obtrusive, without the softness of nature, or the mellowness of the best style of art.

TO THE SAME.

Bursledon Lodge, Jan. 16, 1814.

Zadig entertained me when I read it; but I know not any author who less improves or animates than Voltaire. And I have never known any man rise above mediocrity who habitually sought amusement from that voluminous but monotonous writer; for monotonous he is, except in his tragedies. He presents only the same trite and discouraging ideas in a variety of dress. The sauce is *piquante*, but the meat detestable. '*Il a plus que tout le monde l'esprit que tout le monde a*,' describes his style very exactly; nothing original, but the general pleasantry and wit of Parisian society and *Belles Lettres* and *Esprits Forts*, concentrated and made up into packets of all sizes—compact little doses of poison in vendible and attractive forms.

I am reading Miss Seward's *Letters*. Walter Scott, in reducing to six octavos the *twelve folio volumes* of her own *Letters*, which she left for publication,* has cruelly lopped her eloquent panegyric of your mother, who is dismissed with the laconic phrase of 'lovely and accomplished.' So there are no further hopes of immortality from that quarter.

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* The statement above is not perfectly accurate. Miss Seward bequeathed her *Poems* to Sir Walter Scott, who published them, with only a few of her earlier letters, in 1810. The twelve volumes of her *Letters* she left to Constable, and it was *he* who reduced these to six, which he published in 1811.—Ed.

TO THE SAME.

Bursledon Lodge, Jan. 29, 1814.

We are still snow-bound; and if we had been a quarrelsome pair, we have had a fine opportunity, as the bad weather found us *tête-à-tête*, and after its commencement all hopes of relief were at an end. We have nothing to do but wait patiently for its close, which, after near a month, seems rapidly approaching. *Feb.* 2.—The above was written a few days since. The snow is now nearly thawed, and I was delighted to see this beautiful country throw off its glaring white mask, and give us once more its own charming, varied, and expressive features.

As all the external changes of my life consist now in the books I read, I must talk to you of them. We have been amused by Colton's *Hypocrisy*. It is a witty, entertaining production—a country cousin to *The Pursuits of Literature*—less courtly, less eloquent, less conversant with capitals and fine people, but still showing a strong family likeness.

Je relis actuellement Mad. de Sévigné, et La Fontaine. Je veux dire ses *Fables;* car on dit que ses *Contes* ne sont pas faits pour les yeux d'une femme. Pour Mad. de Sévigné, le reproche qu'on lui fait de montrer plus d'amour pour sa fille qu'elle n'en ressentait, ou que le cœur humain n'en pouvait ressentir, me paroit très ridicule, quand j'examine mes sentiments pour vous. Ecrivez-moi promptement, je vous prie; parlez-moi, premièrement, de *vous*, en second, et en troisième lieu, de *vous*, et de *vous*. Ainsi vous êtes

sûr de me faire plaisir. Avez-vous dansé, chanté, dessiné? Enfin, comment vont les beaux arts? Avez-vous fait des vers? Patinez-vous? Avez-vous fait une course en traineau? et comment trouvez-vous cet amusement? Je n'ai été en traineau qu'une fois, à Brunswick. Il m'a paru fort agréable; mais dans tout ce qui se lie avec mes souvenirs de l'Allemagne, je me soupçonne d'un peu de prévention. Il est sûr que la langue n'est pas douce, et, malgré cela, quand je l'entends par hazard et subitement, elle me fait toujours l'effet d'une musique touchante et inattendue. Je suis fâchée de vous dire, malgré cela, que, faute d'étude, je l'ai presque oubliée. J'en ai eu la preuve l'autre jour, en cherchant à retrouver dans *Werther* une idée exprimée par Mad. de Staël.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

London, June 13, 1814.

Business has brought us to London; and the difficulty of procuring good apartments while the Great People were there, detained us till after their departure. My curiosity is not lively, and I made no effort to see them, except going one morning to Portsmouth to witness the *entrée* of Alexander; which enabled me to say I had seen the *outside* of a shabby coach containing an Emperor within. This is the 'head and front' of my knowledge of this last truly brilliant and heroic *spectacle*. I should have been pleased to see the King of Prussia, from my gratitude for the peculiar kindness with which I was

distinguished by his charming Queen. She was the means of my taking a near view of so much Court parade as has entirely satiated my curiosity or interest on that subject.

June, 1814.—Lord Nelson's *Letters to Lady Hamilton*, though disgraceful to his principles of morality on one subject, do not appear to me, as they do to most others, degrading to his understanding. They are pretty much what every man, deeply entangled, will express, when he supposes but one pair of fine eyes will read his letters: and his sentiments on subjects unconnected with his fatal attachment are elevated—looking to his hearth and his home for future happiness; liberal, charitable, candid, affectionate, indifferent to the common objects of pursuit, and clearsighted in his general view of politics and life.

July 3.—Saw the Duke of Wellington received at the opera with rapturous applause. Every eye beamed on him with delight, and cold must have been the heart which did not throb with an accelerated movement. The unanimous expression of that noble sentiment, admiration of great actions, is extremely affecting; and those indefinite sounds of exultation and applause used by men to express feelings for which words are inadequate, form part of that universal language more impressive than the speech of any individual nation.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
THE HAGUE.

Bursledon Lodge, July 12, 1814.

I have just passed a pleasant fortnight in London, and went to say my prayers at St. Paul's on the day of the Thanksgiving, where certainly the assemblage of nearly all that was dignified by rank or station in England, collected for a solemn purpose in a magnificent building, formed a fine and imposing spectacle. I met an old friend, Sir John Doyle, on the steps of the cathedral, and was surprised to see him grown old, with grey hair, red face, and a large stomach. He must have seen greater changes in me; but I always think I am to find people where I left them. However, for what *he* has lost in the gifts of nature, there was some little compensation in those of fortune, for he was splendidly decorated with stars, ribbons, &c., and attended by smiling aide-de-camps and fierce grenadiers. He was really very glad to see me. I also met on the same spot Lady Frances Beresford, whom I had not seen since she was nearly as young as the daughter who then hung on her arm; and her I did not recollect, nor she me, till I spoke; and then we began to stare and wonder at each other. How few have honesty to say that such meetings are at first unpleasant.

Had you received my former letters, you would have known that your adding German to the list of your acquirements gives me great pleasure. En apprenant les langues on exerce et on fortifie son esprit. On élargit le cercle de ses idées, et on les rend

plus nettes et plus précises. Rien n'est plus faux que l'opinion banale qu'en étudiant les langues on ne s'occupe que des mots. C'est une des phrases, inventées par l'envie, et mises en crédit par la paresse. D'ailleurs il y a des trésors dans la littérature allemande; et le peu que nous en connaissons en Angleterre, n'est precisément que ce qu'il faut pour nous en donner une idée très injuste.

Enfin vous avez vu l'Empereur. Rien dans les personnages impériaux et royaux qui nous ont visités, n'était si extraordinaire, que le curiosité qu'a temoignée toute l'Angleterre de les voir, de leur parler, de les *toucher*. Comme Shakespeare dans *The Tempest* a bien remarqué ce trait national! Cherchez le passage. L'Empereur a été, ou a paru, charmé de tout le monde, et tout le monde charmé de lui. Il s'est plu particulièrement dans la société de quelques membres de l'Opposition, et il a dit, 'Ils sont les meilleurs hommes du monde, et *je veux avoir une Opposition* aussi, quand je serai de retour en Russie.' J'aime bien cette phrase d'un Autocrat. C'est vraiment comique. Au reste, il s'est bien laissé voir, entendre, et toucher. Il a embrassé une trentaine de dames à Portsmouth, qui se promenaient la nuit pour voir les illuminations; j'ai vu le mari d'une de ces personnes favorisées, que était aussi le frère de deux autres également distinguées, et il a dit:—'Indeed, it was very condescending of the Emperor and the Regent. I am sure it was a thing we never could have expected.' Au reste, le Régent est charmé de leur départ.

TO THE SAME.

Bursledon Lodge, July 28, 1814.

Votre dernière lettre m'a fait rire et pleurer. Il y a peu de personnes dans le monde qui possèdent le don d'exciter *ou* les ris *ou* les pleurs; encore moins qui ont le double talent que vous avez montré. Votre dessein d'étudier le Français dans toutes ses nuances me fait plaisir, et comme nous oublions rarement les fautes que nous avons commises nous-mêmes contre le génie d'une langue, si quelqu'un les relève, je vais chercher votre dernière lettre (qui est déjà serrée parmi les *bijoux* les plus précieux de Cornélie) pour voir si je puis en découvrir.

* * * To perfect yourself in French, I would advise you to read Bruyère and Mad. de Sévigné with great attention; because their style has something of life and vivacity; which fastens itself on the mind, and forces one in some measure to become intimate with the idioms of the language. It does more good to meditate a page of a good close writer than to run over a volume of an indifferent one. The common opinion is against me. Many think the more *words* they read in a given time, the more they will advance in a language; but I believe in this as in every other study, it is not the quantity, but the quality of what we read, and that meditation by which we make it our own, that improves. I am now skimming Mason's *Life of Gray;* for you know late rising, the children, natural indolence, and the inclination for family chat,

leave me no leisure for aught but skimming. I was pleased with Gray's opinion of Rousseau's *Emile*. It confirms my own, and gives me in one condensed paragraph the result of the opinions I had long formed on the subject of this singular book.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Aug. 3, 1814.

We are again alone, living like those 'in the world before the flood'—gardening, admiring the flowers and the clouds, conversing, singing, playing with our children, hiding from the visits of our neighbours, and devising excuses to avoid their hot, ceremonious, long, and fine dinners, surrounded by people dressed out as for an assembly;—'for, my dear ma'am, this is *a delightful* neighbourhood; we never dine at home except with company;'—something equivalent to this eulogium I have often heard pronounced here.

I am very far from despising either the fine arts or their effects in awakening the dormant seeds of genius; and I believe *The Society of Friends* profit in their manners and enjoyments by the insensible and general atmosphere of those arts they contemn. But I am sure, as individuals, your self-denial in this matter causes your expenses to flow in streams more conducive to the comfort and advantage of yourselves and others than ours do. In comparison with the greater number, *we* are peculiarly reason-

able on this subject (am I not like the Pharisee?), yet I am often surprised to see how much we sacrifice at the shrine of frivolity, fancied pleasures, and *beaux arts*.

I saw not Mad. de Staël, who has left an unpleasing impression in London,—except on a few, worth all the rest. People expected her to be well dressed, well-looking, soft-mannered, refined; making no allowance for the effects of study, composition, energy, anxiety, and all the disturbances which must affect a woman whose life has been employed in the pursuit of literary fame.

TO CHARLES M. ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
THE HAGUE.

Bursledon Lodge, Aug., 1814.

I believe my Baron Breteuil's maxim is just for common minds, '*il faut savoir s'ennuyer.*' This is necessary to them, because if they do not *ennuyer* themselves, they will often do worse. But it is, like most of his maxims, quite unfit for the uses of a superior character. Such ought not to *ennuyer* themselves. If they really find their resources fail, they should be satisfied something is wrong in them or the life they have adopted, and should struggle to release themselves from a state so foreign to their well-being. You possess a love of study, and the four golden keys which will introduce you to the most brilliant assembly of the dead—Greek, Latin, English, French. The first introduces you to those

who have instructed, the next, to those who have conquered, mankind; the third, to her who has been the depository of true religion, pure morality, refined taste; and the fourth, to one who, among many striking advantages, may consider it as her proudest boast, that she is entitled in some things to be the rival of England herself.

I knew Lord Wellington in my youth; that is to say, he has often dined with me in Henrietta-street and at the Park, but I was so reserved at that time that we never exchanged six words, as he was also reserved, except to those who made the first advances. However, as he has passed some time as my guest in the country besides these casual meetings, I should not feel the least reluctance at any time in writing a letter of introduction for you to him.

I go on Tuesday next to Cheltenham. How much I shall miss you, and I shall often think of our lost friend, Mrs. ——, whom I could not but like, spite of the pains many people took to prove to me my liking was not built on a good foundation. How foolish, by the bye, are all such pains! There are two ways of considering everything and everybody (if we lay aside the grand questions of religion and morality). Even your friend, whom you have lately described as *faisant les délices de la société* by his musical talents and other accomplishments, I have just heard described as a most ridiculous, frivolous, tiresome coxcomb; *ainsi va le monde.* The mania for going to France is spreading rapidly. You know you have infected me by a touch of the pen. Has the last novel of Lady Morgan (*née* Miss Owenson) reached the Hague? Mr. Lefanu saw a letter from

Miss Edgeworth to her ladyship, in which she says it is *glorious* for Ireland to have produced such a work. Strong language when applied to a novel. I should have thought it too forcible if addressed even to Fielding or Richardson.

I am very grateful to the Duchess of Brunswick for her recollection, and can never forget the kindness with which she honoured me at Brunswick. Tell her so, if a proper opportunity should offer. Her character and abilities rendered her kindness a real distinction. The more you see of her, the more you will value her *esprit*, and her natural, easy, and pleasing manners.

We are reading Miss Edgeworth's diffuse and wire-drawn novel, called *Patronage*, which is much below her ability and literary place, but has been hurried off from a good family motive—that of assisting to provide for the fatherless infants of her late brother—such, at least, is the report.

The letter which follows is the first in date of a very few copies which I possess of letters, or parts of latters, addressed by my Mother to Miss Agar, sister of the late Lord Clifden, one of her oldest, and, beyond the circle of her own family, by far her dearest friend. Their correspondence, which was constant, had begun some twenty years earlier. The half of the correspondence which is of no service to me I possess; but the other half, I fear, has long since perished.

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS AGAR.

Cheltenham, Sept. 1, 1814.

We are packed into Pine Cottage. It abuses the cottage privilege of being small and simple. One says at first, 'Dear, what a charming little spot,' and enjoys one's own good sense in being easily pleased. One remarks with how little space the real wants of man are contented, and one is tempted to criticize palaces. But in a few hours the philosophical fit subsides, and one wants more space and more convenience.

I think with you it was a cruel *persiflage* in Lord Byron to produce *Jacky* as an attendant foot-page on his lofty and vigorous production. The reviewers once placed him and Rogers on a level. This must have been his motive. 'It was the smile that withered to a sneer.' You have probably observed that one of the leading features in this tale seems suggested by Falkland's revenge on one who had insulted him, and whom he suffered not to live to tell the tale. Lara's merciless desire to wreak his *cruelty* (for he has not even the poor excuse of *revenge*) on a fallen enemy, ranks him in the worst class of bad men. It is extraordinary that Lord Byron should so often waste his admirable powers in celebrating the unnatural, and, thank Heaven, the unfrequent, union of guilt and genius; and should forget that the province of poetry is to elevate, soothe, or amend the heart.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Cheltenham, Sept. 8, 1814.

Your account of the resigned and ancient pair, who have borne affliction with so good a grace, is one of those tonics which strengthen the mind, and assist in repelling the contagious air of general society, where one of the great objects aimed at is the exclusion of all that can remind us of 'the changes and chances of this mortal life.'

You are kind in wishing us in Ireland. A superior education for our children, the power of enjoying all the innocent pleasures of life without injuring *their* future prospects by expense, and my own health, all conspire to detain us here. We leave no gap, and interrupt no course of duty. No deserted mansion claims us within its ruined walls; no ancient followers look in vain for our protection. Had my husband been an elder brother, our case would have been different. As it is, we have acted from serious, and I hope conscientious, motives. Setting our own case aside, nothing has been more mistaken by the friends of Ireland than the effects of the occasional residence of some of her children in the sister country. Who are most anxious for her prosperity? With some brilliant exceptions, we must say, Those who have mixed with English society, who have visited England, witnessed the humanity of her landlords, the prosperity of her peasantry, the smiling neatness of her cottages. To improve a country by forbidding her inhabitants to know by experience what is done in those foremost

in the race of virtue and civilization, is a solecism. Already has much been done by the infusion of English society. All seem aware of the benefits arising from the interchange of the militia. Is it amongst the lower ranks alone that acquaintance with a superior tone of morals, manners, and knowledge is to prove beneficial? Allowing that absentees are truants, will *lecturing* bring them home? All prudent wives know the inefficacy of the prescription. This does not apply to your kind wishes. You never lectured any one, yet I believe you have made many converts.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
THE HAGUE.

Cheltenham, Sept. 8, 1814.

This place is as full as possible—crowds of independent men, who seem to keep aloof from the women—of old ladies who, after a life of gallantry, come here to lose themselves in a crowd; and of young ones, many of whom seem eager in the pursuit of matrimony. You do not tell me whether you sing, draw, or write verses. I am idleness itself, in spite of my early rising, as to everything but books; and though I do not *study*, I contrive to *read* some hours every day. I have just read *A World without Souls*. The idea is well conceived, but the work is but indifferently executed; and contains an attack on the principles of the useful and venerable Paley, which I could wish spared. I have also read Montgomery's *World before the Flood*, in which are some beautiful

passages; but the dead weight of a dull and heavy story will, I fear, sink the whole into oblivion, in spite of the charms of the poetry. Lord Byron's *Lara*, an interesting *vaurien*, and Mr. Rogers's *Jaqueline*, an insipid shepherdess, who is bound up and introduced to the public with this discordant mate, have also formed part of my studies, relieved by the agreeable flippancy of Lady Morgan's *O'Donnell*. Byron certainly persuaded Rogers to allow their poems to see the light together, in order to prove the immense distance between a pair whom the reviewers had lately bracketed together.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Sept. 29, 1814.

Your kind letter found me reposing at home after a pleasant visit of three weeks to Cheltenham—that delightful spot which unites all an invalid can desire, in pure air, beautiful scenery, fine climate, easy habits; and is ornamented by the most pleasing style of villa architecture, cheerful, light, and airy, something between the cottage and the *maisonnette*, sprinkled in all directions through one continued garden.

In our way home we passed a day at Gloucester, and heard a morning concert of sacred music, given for a charitable purpose, in the beautiful cathedral. These music meetings are the most thoroughly national amusement we have. Polished, pure, and

dignified, they owe nothing to the glare of tapers, the false spirits of the evening hour, the splendour of ornaments, or any theatric illusion. Handel's *Dead March in Saul* was singularly affecting. The soft sounds of wind instruments floating through the lofty roof with the most plaintive sweetness, interrupted at intervals by the double-drum, echoing, reverberating, and dying away along the aisles, like cannon among distant hills, were at once awful and pathetic. Braham's performance of *Jephtha's Lamentation* is one of the finest pieces of tragic singing in our time, and combines every excellency music can possess.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
BRUSSELS.

Bursledon Lodge, Oct., 1814.

If I did not speedily reply to a letter so full of anxiety for my good spirits, I should be a most *undutiful* mother. Some may contest the propriety of the epithet, but I maintain it. There is nothing for which I feel more obliged than a desire that I should enjoy that prime blessing, cheerfulness, so interwoven with my original character, that, when deprived of it, I appear in the eyes of those who love me to be not myself. Many friends are desirous we should enjoy the physical goods of life. It is only real affection and superior intelligence that look to one's feelings; or, indeed, are fully aware of the *spirit* of Mrs. Sullen's reply, when her husband reproaches her for being discontented amidst all the goods of fortune—

'What,' sir, do you take me for a charity child, to sit down contented with meat, drink, and clothes? There are certain pretty things called pleasures.' Mrs. Sullen not being a very correct person, we must reject her idea of pleasure, and adopt one more refined.

Do not you underrate *The Corsair* in not admiring the description it gives of strong and tender feelings? Except in *Paradise Lost* and *Gertrude of Wyoming*, I know not where conjugal affection is more beautifully described than in the character of the Corsair; and his sufferings in the dungeon are a most spirited Salvator Rosa sketch.

Pray have you ever read *Nugæ Antiquæ*, some preserved, others written, by Sir John Harrington, a godson and favourite of Queen Elizabeth's? Much amusement may be culled from the second and third volumes. With your views and intentions you should read original papers, as well relative to the private characters as the remarkable actions of those who make a prominent appearance in history. The details respecting Queen Elizabeth are particularly amusing; and Harrington's wit and humour throw considerable *agrément* on every subject. When you meet Mrs. More's *Hints for the Education of a Princess*, read the *Historical Reflections*. Those respecting princes who have obtained the title of Great, are admirable. Voltaire throws so much glare on the character of Louis the Fourteenth, that it refreshes one's sight to look at him through the spectacles of sober morality.

Jekyll is amusing as ever in point of wit and humour, though not of imagination. He has turned his mind so much to playing on words that he attends

little to thoughts—a common error in professed wits, and one which accounts for their giving less pleasure in society than those who only hear their *bon mots* quoted are led to expect. We read in the papers of a brewer drowned in his own beer. 'Yes,' says Jekyll, 'Unwept he floats upon his watery *beer*.' Conversation at Paulton's hardly consists in reciprocal communication. Jekyll talks; others applaud, excite, and listen.

TO THE SAME.

Bursledon Lodge, Oct. 14, 1814.

I send *Lâra*. Here are all Lord Byron's accustomed powers of language and description, his energetic seizure of our attention, his forceful manner of stamping images, so that we cannot erase them if we would, of identifying them with our thoughts, so that they pursue when we attempt to fly them; his verses have fangs. Here is also his accustomed celebration of the unnatural and unfrequent union between genius and crime. That it is an union not unfrequent, knaves endeavour to teach, and fools willingly believe. But experience denies the fact, and it suits not the higher walk of poetry, which, without giving direct lessons, should always elevate, soothe, or mend the heart.

* * * The sooner you tell us the day we may hope for you, the more on every account you will oblige your best friend, and perhaps the *only* one who considers *you* solely in all the opinions she gives.

Vanity, prejudice, envy, self-interest, enter into almost all advice except from a parent. Therefore, consider what has been said as coming from a second self, but one who views your situation from the eminence of years and experience.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Nov., 1814.

I do indeed congratulate you on your having regained a title so dreaded by the vain and frivolous, so desired by the affectionate. You must know in the circle which calls itself the world, the *word* is nearly exploded, and grandchildren are taught to distinguish their parents in the first and second line as *Mamma* This and *Mamma* That, without using the terrific *trisyllable.*

My daughter, whose name has excited so much interest in your valuable circle, is Elizabeth Melesina. Her father affectionately wished she should bear my name, but I seduced him to suffer Elizabeth to be joined, which unites my mother's name, that of the excellent Lady Hutchinson, and of her kind god-mother. I had some objection to my own name, combined in *my* mind with many faults and many sorrows; and I also know by experience that an appellation which is more suited to the pages of fiction than to real life ministers to vanity and romance; besides its tempting coxcombs to 'soften stanzas with her tuneful name,' as is well expressed in some stanzas addressed to poor me; who can now and then

be wise for others, not having expended much wisdom at home. So my daughter is now Bessy, under which domestic and social name I hope to see her good and contented, and to present her in time to my dear Mrs. Leadbeater.

TO WILLIAM LEFANU, ESQ.*

Bursledon Lodge, Nov. 13, 1814.

You did me the honour to ask what I thought of Kean. I saw him but once, and imperfectly, being shut up, like a mouse in a telescope, in one of the wretched private boxes, which savour more of self-denial, penance, and privation, than any views of pride or pleasure. The diminutive oval aperture at the end of our long and doleful den gave me no opportunity of seeing him well, as we were a large party, and I was too distant to judge of his countenance. Yet he delighted me in *Richard the Third.* He carries one's views forwards and backwards as to the character, instead of confining them, like other actors, within the limits of the present hour; and he gives a breadth of colouring to his part that strongly excites the imagination. He showed me that Richard possessed a mine of humour and pleasantry, with all the grace of high breeding grafted on strong and brilliant intellect. He gave probability to the drama by throwing this favourable light on the character, particularly in the scene with Lady Anne; and he

* Mr. Lefanu was for many years the editor of *The Farmer's Journal,* and in various ways actively engaged in promoting the moral and material prosperity of Ireland.—Ed.

made it more consistent with the varied lot of 'poor humanity.' He reminded me constantly of Bonaparte—that restless quickness, that Catiline inquietude, that fearful somewhat resembling the impatience of a lion in his cage. Though I am not a lover of the drama (will you despise me for the avowal?), I could willingly have heard him repeat his part that same evening.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec. 23, 1814.

Yesterday we dined at Miss Short's. Mr. —— talked to me when he was a *little* drunk, just as Mr. —— did twenty years ago, and resembled him exactly. I barricaded myself in a seat on the sofa, putting M. on one side, Miss M. on the other, and a desk screen before me. But he talked away through all impediments; and you know my good nature never allows me to use the defensive armour Providence has given me against forwardness, unless I am more provoked than I can be by a mere determination to converse with and try to please me. He talked to me of his *capital* house in Portland-place, his having dined with Lord Spencer, his wife being cousin to Lady —— ——, of his being a book-fancier, and having offered £200 for *Boccaccio;* in short, he collected into one focus all that was to dazzle me, and offered to lend me the most curious French romance extant, &c..&c., which you may be sure I refused.

Miss O'Neill is said to be more natural than Mrs. Siddons was, but to gain no more by it than wax-work does by being a closer representation of nature

than the Apollo Belvedere. Very few discriminate sufficiently in the arts between the merit of an *exact* representation and an *ennobled* one; and people are not fair enough in general to allow that something must be sacrificed of fidelity in order to reach that elevated imitation which alone gives strong and repeated pleasure.

TO THE COUNT DE LA GARDIE.

Bursledon Lodge, 1814.

J'ai appris avec plaisir, Monsieur le Comte, que le choix de votre Excellence pour être ambassadeur de sa M. le Roi de Suède auprès de la Cour de Naples vous a conduit dans ce pays. Le souvenir des heures, à la fois, animées, douces, et tranquilles, que j'ai passées dans votre hôtel à Vienne, et qui m'ont rendu cette ville si agréable, ne s'effacera jamais. J'ai vivement regretté que mon séjour forçé en France après mon mariage, mon mari ayant été fait prisonnier de guerre, quoiqu'il n'avoit jamais embrassé l'état militaire, a interrompu la correspondance dont j'ai joui pendant quelque temps. J'ai tâché de la renouer par l'entremise du Chevalier l'Amiral Bertie. Je ne vous exprimerai pas ce que j'ai senti quand il m'a rapporté, sans être décachetée, ma lettre, destinée pour la plus douce, la plus cherie des mortelles, mais écrite à un ange du ciel. Je ne me permets de suivre les idées que cet evenement m'inspire. Agréez, M. le Comte, l'expression du désir que je ressens de vous remercier ——*

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* The two or three concluding words of this letter are lost.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
VIENNA.

Bath, April, 1815.

Have you seen the late Maréchal Lacy's country house? I thought the grounds extremely beautiful. He was one of the many who were kind to me, that have been removed to another existence since I left Vienna. Fifteen years' absence from any place gives one a terrible lesson on the instability of life, when one seeks for the friends or even acquaintances one has left. Those I have lost there exceed in number those I have preserved, and were among my chief intimates, for I now know none there so well as I knew Mad. de Thun, Lady Guilford, Maréchal Lacy, and Mad. Colloredo. Are the great dinners still at two o'clock? We were very much interested by Lord Clancarty's last despatch, describing the reception of Bonaparte's propositions, which is certainly an admirable State paper, and written with a strength and terseness too often neglected in diplomatic composition. Its openness and manly directness are also to be admired; there is a stamp of truth and firmness about it, and no opening appears to be left for wavering or indecision.

Adieu. It is a rare thing for me not to fill a sheet, but I am not full of ideas, and am so conversant with trees and shrubs that, like one of Ovid's heroines, I think my feet will soon take root, and my fingers germinate, only, however, with leaves and buds. Have you heard that both Mad. de Staël and her daughter have married since they left England? I

suppose this country gave them a taste for domestic life, as it is certainly the spot on the globe where it is best understood.

The ——s are in London. He is exerting all his energies—to get into *The Alfred.* Pitiable that with so good abilities he should be reduced at sixty to anxiety for an object so frivolous. How wise are they who take advantage of the opening given by English laws and customs to rise above the every-day detail of mere society, and take their share in politics, literature, or great works of benevolence, which, if we add to them the learned professions, take in all the objects really worth attention.

Have you happened to see Alison's *Sermons?* If not, bulky as they are, I must try to send them. One upon the fiftieth anniversary of our King's reign is exquisite in feeling, taste, and style.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bath, April 16, 1815.

You have no notion how much I enjoy my escape from the jaws of the hill—opening, just as if they designed to close on us again. I must never put myself *dans la gorge des montagnes.* With a thousand reasons for being in worse, I am in better spirits, and enjoy my loftiness and my airiness. In short, I hate to *look up*, except to people, and that is a pleasure I am used to, and have been *particularly* so during the last twelve years.

I was at Mrs. Lemon's last night, and was mistaken and talked to for Mrs. J. Hayes, which, as she is but four-and-twenty, I accepted for a great compliment. I personated her as long as I could, not to distress the speaker; but when, after inquiring for all Mrs. Hayes' near friends and relations, she came to solicitude for *our friend Mrs. Wiggins*, I could not hold out or do the honours of four-and-twenty any longer. I returned Mrs. ——'s visit at her cottage on Saturday. It is one of those cottages described in a novel, where one finds a pair of runaway lovers or a fair unknown. The flame of friendship on her part burned and crackled immediately. It would have done so equally on mine (for I am not ungrateful, and her manners are charming), if my friendship did not flow with my love in so broad and deep a channel that I do not find it easy to divert it into any smaller streams. Formerly my heart could sincerely feed innumerable little streamlets of female friendships, platonic friendships, literary partnerships, serviceable warm good wills, and cheerful self-sacrificing intimacies; and though I have been sometimes blamed for this apparent diffusion, I had affection enough in my composition to answer all these demands; but 'the seven heads of the Nile' have now each their appropriate destination; even the little pleasure I had last year in the variety of mixed society is now quite absorbed in my superior happiness at home.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

May 4, 1815.

So I said in February last that I had not leisure for many works of fiction. Alas, poor human nature! since that time I have read *Waverley*, *The Queen's Wake*, *The Curse of Kehama*, *The Lord of the Isles*, and skimmed over *Guy Mannering*, *Discipline*, and *Charlemagne*. *The Lord of the Isles* is a charming poem, as a full-length portrait of Bruce, whose dignity and sweetness are admirably portrayed; but the misses and masters of this work are *too* uninteresting. *The Curse of Kehama* is full of exquisite beauties, and I know nothing in the whole range of imaginative descriptive poetry that impresses me so much as the City under water. I was also charmed to meet my dear nursery friends, the Glumms and Gawries, who had so delighted me in *Peter Wilkins*.

May 11.—I wish I could tell you anything of the Queen of Prussia; but there are characters which defy description, and, if one attempts to give them *colour*, one falls into invention. She was beautiful; and well conducted in those points peculiarly exacted from women; in nothing distinguished. Dress and dancing she was fonder of than even the majority of her sex, and devoted to them to a later period. She was so uncommonly obliging to me that I feel as if I was ungrateful in mentioning these trifles; but I cannot resist your inquiry. Her beauty was not of a distinguished kind as to face, but her figure was fine and commanding.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
VIENNA.

May, 1815.

I am not surprised you admire the Prater. It is, I believe, the most beautiful public place in the world; and its first burst of spring, so prompt, so rapid, so rich, though not so delightful to a resident as a more gradual approach, is more splendid and striking. One would not wish it so always; but for once it is a beautiful *coup de théâtre*. And the great enjoyments of the labourer and artizan in their holiday summer evenings on this spot give a spectacle probably unique. The populace at Vienna seem the best and happiest I have seen. They are incomparably the best fed; and this forms no small praise of their superiors. Have you been presented to the Emperor? You ought; and there is no place where it is so little troublesome. It is a *duperie* not to be introduced to the most remarkable people, and particularly to those whose actions influence the destiny of thousands both existing and unborn. Never 'lay the flattering unction to your soul' of being *presented*, &c. &c., when you come back; for one hardly ever retraces one's own path. Friends often say, 'It is not worth the trouble—I am sure you would not like it;' but one must cut this short, or may lose half what one travels for.

June 14, 1815.—One should be very cautious to prevent habitual politeness from degenerating into involuntary, or at least unintentional, dissimulation. The daughter of the landlady of the inn where I slept last night at Bagshot, at two years old, gave her sister of seven, without any provocation, so vigorous and well applied a slap, so perfectly *aplomb*, as proved the exercise habitual. The mother seemed delighted at this display of spirit before me; and instead of a timely word or hint of disapprobation, the vile habit of involuntary politeness led me to sanction it rather by a civil and approving smile.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, June 23, 1815.

We are in all the triumph and tears of a dear-bought victory. The Prince was at dinner at Mrs. Boehm's when the news was brought to him. Ministers and all wept in triumph among the bottles and glasses. The Regent fell into a sort of womanish hysteric. Water was flung in his face. No, that would never do. Wine was tried with better success, and he drowned his feelings in an ocean of claret. They seem to have been a little disturbed in their natural course, for he called Jekyll, and said, 'Lady Gertrude Sloane's brother is killed. Take my carriage and tell her so.' Jekyll expostulated that Lady Gertrude was gone to bed—just ready to be confined, and the surprise might be fatal, if the news was announced

in that way at that hour. The Regent persisted, and at last said, 'Well, go to Lord Carlisle's; for some of them *must* know it,' which Jekyll also resisted.

He is made one of the Masters (in Chancery, I suppose), and gets between two and three thousand a-year. I wish his dear wife was living;—but I hope I wrong her much by so mean a wish.

Do not quote Jekyll in this account of the Regent. One of my Hanoverian friends is killed, a worthy man as ever fought—Omptéda his name; and one of my acquaintances in that quarter, Büssche, the fine-looking son of my beautiful friend, has lost an arm.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
VIENNA.

Cheltenham, July 3, 1815.

Mrs. —— was at Cheltenham six weeks, and went to an hotel, where she lived at the *table-d'hôte.* This was not the choice of very good taste; *mais n'importe;* it amused her, and no one ever thought of criticizing but those who had not kindliness of heart to take pleasure in her being amused. Among these critics were the Ladies B——, who told Mrs. —— their *propriety* would not allow them to visit her at a place where they *might, would,* or *could* meet *so many men* on the stairs, &c. Did any one ever hear such *trash?* What strange points people choose for their propriety; and how few are there who may not go up and down stairs with perfect security.

There is a great influx of Petticoats, and Irish

petticoats, in the place; but man is a rare bird, and, when he does come, *very shy*, to use a sportsman's phrase.

TO THE LADY FANNY PROBY.

Bursledon Lodge, Sept. 2, 1815.

You ask me how I like *The Pilgrims of the Sun*. It abuses the privilege assumed by modern poets of setting aside all respect for *le vrai* or *le vrai-semblable*. It is a reverie, a rhapsody, a long tour in an air-balloon—what you will; yet it has pretty lines, and shows some imagination; but these one finds everywhere. It is one of the distinctions of this age, that so many attempt to write verses, and so few fail of producing something which may be read, *once* at least, with pleasure. But I have read *Roderick the Goth* with reverence and admiration—a stately Gothic temple, in ornament rich and elaborate, yet losing nothing of its general effect from the beauty and high finish of its details; exciting in the mind a religious awe which composes and invigorates, at the same time awakening the tenderest affections. The application of the words of our Liturgy and Scripture is often very beautiful; and I am not so scrupulous on this head as the Edinburgh Reviewer, who (pious man) is shocked at the introduction of Catholic ceremonies, as indecorous and irreverent. They are highly picturesque, and suited to poetry; and I do not think Mr. Southey's description of auricular confession will either make one convert to Popery, or excite the smallest sentiment of irreverence for

Christianity. But these Reviewers seem to praise him with great regret, and, I believe, are a little angry that any one on this side the Tweed should have written so fine a poem. However, I grant that it is too universally sombre; the mixture of justified and avowed revenge with Christian feelings on other matters is incongruous; while the hinge on which the story turns is a crime which by no skill whatever can be divested of meanness and ferocity.

How could Lord Carysfort think I had *forgot* his reading? On the contrary, his reading not merely fixed in my memory what was good, but has also left an indelible impression of some of Lewis's *diableries*, and Wordsworth's inanity, which I wish to forget, and cannot, though I have in general a happy facility in that way; and I sometimes find myself involuntarily repeating—

> 'What's the matter, what's the matter,
> What is it ails young Harry Gill?'

and so on for three or four stanzas. The whole is in an *Annual Register* which was sent to Berlin, and I heard it but once read in the corner where Lady Carysfort's sofa was placed, and where she sat with feminine work in her hands, and more than feminine eloquence on her lips; now discussing with prophetic spirit (as events have proved) the fate of Europe, and now consulting on the form of some simple ornament for her daughters. How much has been erased from memory of what has happened before and since; yet how well do I recollect those *sweet* evenings. Forgive me the Irish epithet; I cannot always do without it.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
DRESDEN.

Bursledon Lodge, Sept. 11, 1815.

I address this to Dresden in great hope of its missing you; as it is a pity the Gallery there, which every day will improve, should detain you from the treasures of art, *now* collected in Paris—but which will soon be crumbled away. Every hour some star is blotted from the constellation, some borrowed plume plucked from the daw. There, too, the materials of future history are forming; the great game of power is playing on a large scale. Paris is now the *focus* of the mind of the civilized world, and one may exist more there in a week than elsewhere in years. But all this is evanescent; while petty princes, warm baths, and waltzing misses are always to be had.

The Polish women, whom you mention as nationally agreeable, have all the ease and adroitness acquired by living constantly in a crowd, and having no pursuit but dissipation, and very little restraint from principle. There is, however, much tinsel and frippery in their manners. The colours are gay, but roughly laid on; and in a short time those persons of good taste who have been accustomed to that beautiful union of refinement and simplicity (the perfection of female grace) which is found amongst English women, are annoyed by a certain mixture of coarseness and *finesse*. They please at first; for their gold is hammered into the most airy thinness, and all spread on the surface; and though they rarely excel in anything,

they are *tolerably* advanced in a variety of languages, and other accomplishments, which they are ever anxious to display—their morning all rehearsal, their evening all performance.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Sept. 30, 1815.

Your amusing packets always diffuse cheerfulness over my horizon, or rather increase that which, I thank Heaven, does not often forsake me. Indeed, I do consider that moment as fortunate to me which made us acquainted; you know not of how much use you have been to my mind, nor what moral benefit is derived from intercourse with you and yours, including your excellent friend Mr. ——. I am sorry I mentioned those 'eccentricities,' to borrow your word, which I thought I perceived in his character. I am sure, however, I was right, since you have not contradicted me. Believe me, I do not esteem him less for knowing on what side lie those shades which are the inevitable lot of humanity. On the contrary, he is more interesting to me, as I am better acquainted with his individuality; and, knowing that every virtue verges on some defect, I am not the least surprised that a mind so active and energetic, should be in some degree positive and self-opinionated. We must not expect from eagles the gentleness of doves.

The next few entries contain the record of a short visit to Paris made at the conclusion of this year.

Nov. 3—5, 1815.—From London to Dover you are received at all the inns with a jerking *empressement*, that shows travellers to France are considered as the spoiled children of the travelling world, who are trying to get rid of themselves, and must be flattered and humoured. Elsewhere one meets an easy, quiet civility, as if one's object might be one's own business, and it was not necessary to incite and indulge one's whims to keep up the spirit of change. But on this road the whole family pour out on all occasions, not excepting the young ladies *en papillotes;* there is a double portion of alacrity, and one is treated as if carrying despatches on which hung the fate of Europe.

Nov. 14, *Hôtel Mont Blanc, Paris.*—After an absence of eight years, I find that while the French have veered to every point of the compass as to morals, religion, and government, they have been constant to their milliners, opera-dancers, and *restaurateurs*, who are all the same I left. 'Age cannot wither *them*.' Madame Gardel still bears the palm for grace; *Madame*, or rather *Monsieur*, Le Roy, for millinery; and Véry and Beauvilliers are still the princes of *restaurateurs*. The gentleness, the smoothness of manners of the English, the harmony of their voices, and the repose and educated expression of their countenances, form a striking contrast to the harsh, sudden, angular, impatient appearance of the French. Sometimes these assume a veil of softness, but it is transparent,

and suddenly thrown off when anything touches or even threatens their interest or their vanity in the most distant point.

I inhabit an apartment that affects to be luxurious. The suite of rooms are seven, and the walls ornamented with large looking-glasses; but my bedroom is without a carpet, and the curtains both of bed and window are of embroidered muslin, unlined, so I shiver in state; a trying change to one who passes the winter like a dormouse in sleep and cotton. My bedroom also is without a bell, so that whenever I want my maid I must *run* or *roar*, which disagrees extremely with the dignified *coup-d'œil* of my apartment.

Nov. 18.—My dear little —— has begun to take lessons in dancing from Mons. Reichard, who modestly says—'*Je suis le premier démonstrateur du monde;*' and who tells me that *if* —— attends to his dancing he will be a very handsome man—a whimsical connexion of cause and effect, recalling Molière's *Vous êtes Orfèvre.*

I had the pleasure of seeing in one evening, Corneille's *Menteur*, and *Les Plaideurs*, by Racine. To see on the same night the first good French comedy (which, however, is an acknowledged translation from the Spanish), and the two best comic productions of the greatest tragic writers of this nation, was fortunate. But *Les Plaideurs* being founded on an alienation of mind, gives pain, in spite of all its humour and brilliancy. No superstructure can universally please on this foundation, which appears to me radically faulty, and equally an offence against good taste and good feeling.

When I saw the Comtesse de Pimbesche* she immediately reminded me of my dear friend Mad. de Sévigné, who says, '*Je suis une vraie Comtesse de Pimbesche*;' and I was glad to laugh at what had diverted her.

Nov. 20.—The poor dismantled Gallery! Here are the empty frames of the fine pictures, which have been restored to their rightful owners; a mournful memento, however just the act of restoration. Still, much is left to delight and instruct. Albano's Cupids still whet their arrows, and Cuyp's soft light still beams from the walls.

The *Hôtel des Invalides* is one of the most glorious monuments of the reign of Louis XIV. The veterans are well fed and clothed. They lodge in a palace, and command a view spacious and magnificent, as far as regular plantations and wide alleys can make it so. Sixty years of age, or wounds that disable from service, are the titles of admission. They receive forty sous a month pocket-money. The general idea of such a retreat for the veterans of war, flatters the imagination at a distance; but when we approach, it is in detail a melancholy sight. There is something so disproportioned between the grandeur of the building and the maimed, old, and debilitated figures who creep and shiver through its magnificent arcades; and also between the remuneration of a mere provision for the necessities of life, and those acts, always of self-devotion, sometimes of eminent heroism, connected with a military career, that one gladly escapes from

* She is one of the characters in *Les Plaideurs*.—Ed.

so painful a contrast; and when one has said, This is *the best* that unlimited power can do for valour in the aggregate, one turns shuddering to *the worst*, and sees in their true light the calamities of war. A few priests and *Sœurs de la Charité* glide along among these feeble veterans, these remnants of themselves, adding to the solemnity of the picture. The day was bitterly cold; possibly the summer sun might have given it a different colouring.

Nov. 21.—Saw *Les Ménechmes*, and *Crispin Rival de son Maître*. In *Les Ménechmes* the hero turns off as a jest a written promise of marriage, for which it appears he had received a valuable consideration. This dishonourable action would not be tolerated in England. In *Crispin* the dishonesty of a servant who gives proof of ingenious and hardened roguery, is not only forgiven, but his master promises to try him again in the same situation.

Nov. 22.—*Les Horaces* is perhaps the *chef-d'œuvre* of Cimarosa. The music is worthy of the subject. Catalani, whose want of feminine softness always leaves something to be desired in a woman's part, was a charming young Roman, uniting the soldier and the lover with admirable grace. In the first part of the piece, where spirit, love, and happiness were to be exprest, she was delightful; it was all sunshine trembling and glittering through roses, or fountains sparkling and playing in the beams of the moon. Curiatius advances like the spirit of happiness to receive the vows of his bride. The sacred flames are kindled, the priests pronounce the nuptial bene-

diction, the bride has permitted her veil to be withdrawn, their hands advance to join, when the three Horatii, similar in dress, appearance, and expression, enter, like the Fates, and interrupt the rites, never to be renewed. Their number, their resemblance to one another, gives to their appearance somewhat supernatural and imposing. One trembles at the expression of one will in these three human forms, whom one cannot distinguish from each other. One loses all hope of softening by prayer those who seem divested of individuality. From this fatal moment all is tragic; and, finally, we see these victims to their patriotism go out to a combat which leaves no hope for the victors or the vanquished. The piece closes at this awful period. The sacrifice is consummated; Rome or Alba may be saved, but the happiness of those for whom our interest has been strongly excited, is for ever gone. I know no piece more animated, interesting, noble, and energetic. *Touching* it would surely be, in the hands of those who know how to strike the chords of the pathetic; but here Catalani's genius forsakes her; she commands admiration and smiles, but never excites a tear. She is, therefore, much finer in the first part of this opera than in the second.

Nov. 30.—When an Englishwoman enters a milliner's shop, every individual flies at her, like birds of prey on a tame dove. In the highest of these *magasins* a *beau garçon* is always to be found, who gives the cap its last arrangement when tried on, and decides on its being extremely becoming. He is an amphibious being, dressed in an effeminate and

highly ornamented manner, who 'now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.' One of these creatures took the liberty of asking an English lady to let him see the English corset she wore that day, as they were always so becomingly made about *la gorge*. The presence of these supernumeraries prodigiously inflames a bill, on which Lady C. said she never went to shops where they are to be found, as 'she had no idea of paying for the sight of a man.'

Talleyrand says of the Duke of Richelieu, his successor as prime minister, 'He is well bred; well conducted, and no man in France knows so much—of the Crimea.'

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
FRANKFORT.

Paris, Dec. 2, 1815.

Your letter from Chalons was kind and *seasonable*, for it arrived on a day when I was very ill and very low. If I had not seen you well and happy, I should very much regret my visit to Paris, for, being unprovided with proper letters of introduction, and confined by my cold, I have had no pleasures of society, and we are so much embarrassed at this moment by failure of rents, that even the trifling sum which it will cost is a matter of some inconvenience. I shall regret nothing but the dancing-master, by far the best that I ever saw, and I have observed the art with some attention. When I announced to him that —— could take no more lessons from him, as we were on the point of leaving Paris, he looked at him with commiseration, lifted up his hands and

eyes, and exclaiming, *C'est un enfant perdu!* hurried away.

I see the Diet at Frankfort is thickening. Pray present my compliments to Prince Hardenberg, whom I had the pleasure of knowing at Berlin in 1801; and if you ascertain that his wife is living, inquire for her in my name. Three of the persons whom I most esteemed and loved amongst those whose acquaintance I made in that well-remembered tour, are no more, Mad. de Büssche, Mad. de Wallmöden, and Mad. de la Gardie. If you ever see any of their near relations, recall me to their remembrance. Sometimes I regret being forgotten and out of remembrance, and almost extinct as to all the purposes of social life, except within my own family circle; and at other times I say to myself, that sphere *ought* to content a woman. So it ought, but you, I know, will rejoice in seeing I have momentary aspirations after the living world, and am not always imbarked and rooted in my geraniums and myrtles.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Dec. 25, 1815.

You ask me of Mrs. Piozzi. She is a lively, animated woman, far advanced in years, and peculiarly agreeable in countenance, conversation, and manners. So she appeared to me, who have only met her in mixed company, and so I have heard her described by others. She is a woman of very high spirits, and only two years ago went to a masquerade in Bath disguised as a constable, Lady Belmore (the dowager)

and Miss Caldwell attending her as watchmen; and they amused themselves throwing the whole assembly into consternation by pretending they had a warrant to disperse and imprison them as engaged in an illegal amusement.

Alas, and have I seen in the *Farmer's Journal* Mr. Lefanu's eulogium on boxing, and has he condescended to use the old hackneyed argument that boxing is better than the stiletto! In my youth I used also to hear that 'cards were better than scandal,' as if there were no *third* manner of passing the evening.

1815.—The following are some of the thoughts and observations which I have found scattered up and down in my Mother's note-books and journals, often without a date. More of them seem to belong to this year and the preceding than to any other, and I have therefore grouped them together at this place.

Our friends may commend us above our deserts without corrupting our hearts, because we know their opinions *must* be attributed to partiality, and cannot be shared by any indifferent persons.

A witty man is a public benefactor. Every time one of his brilliant sayings is repeated a portion of pleasure is imparted, keen according to the susceptibility of the hearer; a smile is called into tearful eyes; severity relaxes her brow, and anxiety forgets her cares. Social enjoyments are increased, the hearers like each other the better for the pleasure they have shared together. What an amount of enjoyment

Jekyll has given to the world, raised for how many the leaden mantle of *ennui*, and eased them for a moment of its weight.

To write daily in absence is an excellent habit in marriage. As daily prayer nourishes our soul, so does daily correspondence feed the religion of the heart.

Man seems to bear a strange resemblance to the planet he inhabits. His mind appears composed of layers, like the earth. There is the layer of education, and that of habit; the ideas he avows to the world; those within, which he avows to his friends; under those, what he acknowledges to himself; and yet deeper, what he really feels without daring even a self-avowal.

In the Nicobar Islands everything a man possesses is buried with him, and the dead are spoken of no more. In highly polished and dissipated society this practice seems gaining ground.

A jesting account of women by a woman.—Women are kind to men, unkind to one another. The best point in their character is that they are good nurse-tenders; the worst, that they seldom speak a word of absolute truth. They are envious of beauty, singing, dancing, dress, wealth, and rank, in their own sex, but not the least so of goodness, sense, or domestic happiness.

To have too clear an insight into one's own mind

is sometimes a misfortune; for one magnifies one's own meditations and chimeras, till they assume 'a local habitation and a name,' and then one acts upon them as if they were realities.

There are few more effectual ways of displeasing, than dwelling on our own happiness, except to those who consider themselves as the authors of it. Artful and designing women are so aware of the converse of this principle, that an interesting and melancholy story of which self is the heroine, is one of their most common and yet most successful means of seduction.

An enthusiastic manner generally denotes either mediocrity, or affectation, or both. Those who possess a deep knowledge of the fine arts, never converse on the subject but most reluctantly, and by a sort of force. Such, I recollect, was the case with Sir William Hamilton. Smatterers cannot see a parish church without a comparison between Gothic and Grecian architecture, nor a Turk's head on a sign-post without referring to 'classical contours' and 'the Apollo Belvedere.'

A charity sermon is a satire on man. That he should require to be adjured by every motive spiritual and temporal, and courted by every form of eloquence, to grant a small portion of his superfluity for the relief of human misery, is most wonderful.

The affectation of sensibility seldom imposes on those who possess the reality. The performer may

have learned the tune, but will be out of time. The *poco più* or the *poco meno* will expose him.

In the Alps you sometimes find yourself under a clear blue sky on a bright sunny throne above the clouds—the top of the mountain being divided from the lower world by this magnificent boundary, which, occasionally unfolding, presents partial views of the earth beneath. A just emblem of the state of those who truly love.*

The sense of shame is so fine a weapon, it is a pity to risk its edge, or even its polish.

Happiness! a fearful word, seldom uttered but as the forerunner of calamity. It seems as if happiness, like the lamps in the ancient sepulchres, is of a nature to burn only while unnoticed and unknown.

There is no subject on which people betray more of their character than in their unprepared opinions on the marriages of others. How much sordid littleness and pitiful calculation breaks out on these occasions.

* This same image reappears in a poem, too long to quote.

'Yes, in the boundless hopes of dawning love
A foretaste of eternal bliss we prove;
Like him whose steps have gained an Alpine height;
The lower world has faded from his sight.
In gay confusion a bright veil of clouds
Her towers, her temples, and her pomp enshrouds.
He still advances to the illumined skies,
And feels new hope, a new existence rise;
Sublimely placed on his aërial throne,
All earth beneath, above him heaven alone.'

The fine taste in music prevalent in some Roman Catholic countries, is accounted for by the excellence of their Church Music. Perhaps the universal good style of writing in England may be owing in part to the beauty of the language of our liturgy. Any person who will take the trouble of comparing the epistolary style of the middle classes in other countries of modern Europe may perceive our superiority.

There is no virtue which is not caricatured by some defect. Christian charity is caricatured by that worldly-minded prudence which receives contumely and neglect, at least from equals or superiors, with a sort of awe approaching to admiration; and which more willingly renders its tribute of praise or favours to fear than love, alive to apprehension and dead to gratitude.

One may cut down one's own ambition, but the shoots will spring up for one's children.

To be in a passion with one's superior is dangerous; with an equal, imprudent; with an inferior, cowardly.

Travelling gives weak minds an exaggerated idea of the value of those personal advantages which, in a country where the character and connexions of strangers and the gradations of English rank are unknown, obtain distinctions, attention, and flattery, far beyond what they would obtain at home.

Travelling is the most selfish of all pleasures,

whether we consider the number of painful scenes we avoid, or of duties we elude, by absence from the natural sphere of our duties.

Shakespeare should never be mentioned with an epithet.

Perhaps few have ever written thoroughly good and musical prose, who did not at one time or other exercise their pens in verse. Experience seems to corroborate this, and it is a strong motive for encouraging all poetical attempts.

Things to be avoided in society:—

Excessive laughter on any subject.

All jests on poverty, infirmity, plainness of person, sickness, debility, or whatever else may be *felt* as a misfortune.

Story-telling, or mimicry, *repeated* in the same circle.

Discussion of ages or incomes.

Superlatives and enthusiasm.

Any quotations exceeding a line, or generally known.

Any discussion on the fine arts, unless we can produce new observations of our own.

Any account of our travels, except the subject is introduced by others.

It is singular how ill, in general, *men* bear *little* talents and accomplishments, and how much more overweening they are made by them than by great ones. This seems to justify what one considers at

first an English prejudice—the sort of contempt that excelling in ornamental branches of education is so apt to bring on a man, unless managed with great address and apparent indifference to them; and, indeed, even then I believe they rather take from his dignity.

The moral uses of pain and sickness. Humility, patience, courage, sympathy, and compassion. A just appreciation of beauty, strength, rank, talents, and riches. A willingness to think no assistance to our fellow-creatures too considerable to be given, or too small to be received. An extraordinary increase and development of the social affections. Besides these general uses, sickness has often the particular advantage of breaking vicious or dangerous connexions, and arresting us in the career of guilt and folly.

Why should a ready laugh, a general shake of the hand, and that difficulty of living alone or in a family circle which makes all new comers equally welcome, constitute a good-natured man? Good nature is no great laugher. Nine laughs out of ten spring from a contemptuous feeling toward their object, or a triumphant consciousness of superiority. Good nature is too affectionate to shake hands with every new comer in the same cordial manner; and above all, good nature can cheerfully pass her time alone; for her hours, always sweetened by the kindliness of her feelings, cannot be tinctured with *ennui*, while she can either serve or gratify another.

The liberty of the press acts like a perpetual alte-

rative, curing, or lessening by imperceptible degrees, the ailments of the body politic.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ., FRANKFORT.

Bursledon Lodge, Feb. 18, 1816.

I am distressed at finding you do not receive my letters. This I am assured of, you will take it for granted I have written, as I never claimed from your duty those kind attentions you have always shown me from friendship and affection; and therefore could not be guilty of enjoying your entertaining letters without offering my thanks. Lady Rumbold gives a ball to-night. Mrs. Dott and Mrs. —— have already done so. The latter gave hers on the christening of her little boy. The tenants dined with them next day, and Mr. —— made a speech of extraordinary length, in which he talked of his *tenantry* and his *ancestry* in as pompous a style as if he were of the line of Plantagenet, and possessed of half a province. It is curious to observe how much more flattered people seem to be by standing on the lower steps of the pyramid than by perching near the pinnacle. A little height above our fellows seems to give more pleasure than a great elevation.

As you rise in the scale of language I descend, for I do not recollect enough of German even to decypher the short story you have sent to me. It is as completely locked up from me as if it were written in modern Greek—of which, by the bye, I am quite

tired. Every one is prating and writing and publishing about Greece and modern Greek. Have you read Leake's *Researches?* He is, you know, a brother diplomat. The *Edinburgh Review* for February, 1815, has minced him up in a very amusing way. The dish is pungent, and excites appetite, but not for Mr. Leake's book. Lord —— is going to marry Mrs. ——, a fat, fair, and fifty card-playing resident of the Crescent. They each received anonymous letters abusive of the other, compared them, and became better friends than ever.

TO THE SAME.

Bursledon Lodge, March 5, 1816.

The objection you make to *Roderick* struck me forcibly, though *late.* Perhaps in description of country scenery it excels every poem except *The Seasons;* and some of the finer feelings of the heart are admirably portrayed, both in their sources, progress, and consequences. I think *the hinge* on which the poem turns is radically ignoble, and forms its principal defect. It is in parts highly pathetic. From the time Florinda and Roderick join Count Julian till *her* death, I know nothing more affecting. In short, it is a fine epic; and I believe I prefer it to any poetical work by any living author. I am not surprised it is not much admired as yet; and I found a few lines to-day in Dryden which seem so applicable to the subject that I will copy them here:—

'A well-weighed, judicious poem, which at its first

appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader; and whereas poems which are produced by the vigour of imagination only have a gloss upon them at first which time wears off, the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are polished the more lustre they receive.'

I cannot think why I have copied this, as I am very angry when I receive a word in *your* letters not your own.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, April 1, 1816.

I have just bought Edgeworth's *Readings on Poetry*. Professing to explain *the popular poetry in daily use*, the author devotes thirty-six pages to Parnell's *Pandora**—a poem little read, though admirably written. Any person who has frequented society could have told him that half the lovers of poetry know not that this piece exists. In another point of view it was an injudicious choice. It is a bitter satire upon women, full of *finesse* and talent, but the spirit of it is wholly unintelligible to the young. A *boy* would not understand it, and on a *girl* the vulgar exclamation, 'What *a beautiful figure* would Pandora *make* at a masquerade,' will rather produce the effect of causing her to long for the garland, the veil, and the crown, and perhaps for the

* *Hesiod; or, The Rise of Woman*, is properly the name of this poem. —Ed.

masquerade, which had better have been left out, than inspire her with any disgust of the character. I am surprised how to reconcile the choice of this poem, and the remarks on it, with the practical good sense of Edgeworth Town. There is also a bitterness of sarcasm on the females of the present day expressed in some of these remarks (see p. 85), quite unworthy of that mint. I do believe the girls of the present day have *not lost* the power of blushing; and though I have no grown-up daughters, I enjoy the friendship of some who might be my daughters; in whom the greatest delicacy and modesty are united with perfect ease of manner and habitual intercourse with the great world. Pray do not communicate these remarks *in any shape* to Edgeworth Town. Your peculiarly gentle and even diffident feelings do not permit you to know how much unsought-for criticism offends.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
FRANKFORT.

Bursledon Lodge, April, 1816.

I received about the same time your delightful volume and magnificent present. I am absolutely Queen of Pekin and Canton. You have obliged me very much by this affectionate proof of your recollection and of your desire to please. Besides, these beautiful specimens of art will often, often furnish me with an occasion of conversing about my son; and as love is the same in all ages, I shall be able to say, 'Tis a present from *him*,' with as much pride as

Mad. de Sévigné felt when she was dressed in her brocade petticoat, and said, '*C'est un présent de ma fille.*' I hope the light of your own eyes may soon be turned on your vases and jars, which are placed in great order in the drawing-room, at least as many as the drawing-room can possibly contain. Mr. T., who was as anxious *de faire valoir* your gift, as if I had not admired it sufficiently myself, assisted me in all the nervous task of unpacking—that is, he assisted me as the coachman in La Fontaine *assisted* the fly on the wheel. *Enfin, voilà nos gens dans la plaine;* and very little damage had occurred, none from want of care on your side in the packing. Mr. T. did the honours, and was affronted if there was any light and shade in my admiration, if I did not think every cup, saucer, jar, vase, and grinning *mâgot*, equally beautiful.

I know nothing of the Byron separation, but from report, reflected, refracted, and far remote from the fountain-head. We know how *he* was spoiled, by flattery, or rather by just praise, and self-indulgence; and we know *she* was, unluckily, young, lovely, of great mental endowments and acquirements, an heiress, highly allied, an only child, educated by doting parents, and had as yet received no lessons from the great instructors, time and sorrow. Strike out any of these circumstances, and she might have been more suited to yield to the caprices of temper, and the irritability of genius. I suspect they were a pair of spoiled children, and that each might have been happier with a thousand others. I enclose his affecting *Farewell.* She must be cased in complete steel, if it does not deeply touch her feelings.

My Mother often contemplated an English translation of a selection of Mad. de Sévigné's *Letters*, her favourite book; I do not, however, find among her papers any letters translated, but only the following

Preface to an English translation of Mad. de Sévigné's *Letters*:—

Madame de Sévigné has not yet appeared in any English dress but one which has obscured her charms; and those who have not an intimate acquaintance with her own language are as yet entire strangers to a writer the most interesting and amusing. A moderate knowledge of French, such as will enable us to read with pleasure Bossuet, Fénélon, Racine, and La Bruyère, is insufficient for the perfect comprehension of her letters, filled as they are with French idioms, allusions to proverbial expressions, to well-known passages in favourite authors, and to the historical events of the time. It is hoped that the following translation and explanatory notes will be acceptable to those who are yet unacquainted with this charming writer.

The little that can be known of her history has been so often repeated, it seems superfluous to insert it here; yet as a few of my readers may desire some information here, I will briefly mention that she was an heiress, and of a noble family; that she was born in the year 1627, and in the reign of Louis XIII.; that she married at eighteen the Marquis de Sévigné, a dissipated and profligate young man, who was killed in a duel in 1651, leaving her a widow at the age of twenty-four, with one son and one daughter; that she was adorned with beauty of the most attractive kind,

and with first-rate abilities, highly improved by education; that, in spite of these dangerous gifts, she passed through the ordeal of a licentious Court with an unblemished reputation, educated her children with affection and judgment, regulated their pecuniary concerns with discretion, established them both in marriages which seem to have been honourable and happy to a degree very uncommon in her time. Anything more that is known of Mad. de Sévigné may be collected from the following letters, for her history is all domestic. It might abate the present ardour of our females in quest of notoriety, did they remark that one of those women who have obtained the highest celebrity, never sought for it, but, pursuing the quiet path of maternal affection, has, like the glowworm, involuntarily attracted admiration by her native brightness.

May I be permitted to hint to mothers, that the letters of Mad. de Sévigné are not a collection suited to extreme youth, though hitherto made a medium for learning the French language? They are *unintelligible* to a beginner; and if they had not this radical fault, we must still inquire whether the confidential letters of a lively communicative Parisian mother, that mother being in the centre of a corrupt court, and writing as news all the gallantries of the day, ought to enter into the studies of very young girls, however moral the writer might be in her own conduct? In short, let not Mad. de Sévigné be introduced to any one who is not of an age to appreciate her merits, and to understand from her general conduct both where she speaks ironically, and where she

disapproves, though she does not happen to censure. In the present selection the passages we allude to are not introduced.

May 16, 1816, *Pulteney Hotel, London.*—We breathe imperial air, as we occupy a part of the hotel inhabited last year by the Russian Emperor; and the waiter assured me, *with a complacent attention to my feelings*, that he always wrote in the same spot that I had selected for the purpose. He does not seem to have inspired much respect; though in answer to my inquiry whether he had left the house in as dirty a state as I had heard, the waiter justified him, and said, 'We have had others full as dirty.'

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, June 14, 1816.

Deeply do I sympathize with your anxiety, and eagerly do I wish for another letter to say your dear daughter is better. Do not, I pray, delay it. There is everything in favour of her recovery, but, alas! I know how precarious the heart feels all these *everythings* to be when a beloved object is in question. Our fears are magnified in that case, as well as our hopes, and it is most fortunate that they bear divided sway.

I have been much gratified by Mr. White's acquaintance, short as was our interview. His open,

intelligent countenance, and an ease of manner which princes might envy, make a strong impression at first sight. Why is it that some among the Society of Friends possess an ease of manner, hardly ever met in the first approaches of those in the great world who are most anxious to acquire it? I believe it may partly arise from your never being trammelled by all those forms with which our children are embarrassed, and which may have an effect on the manners like back-boards, collars, and braces on the body. I wish we may see Mr. White here, for it is like seeing a person in a dream, to receive a short visit in the bustle and hurry of a London hotel.

You do me too much honour in supposing me well dressed. I am rather negligently than carefully; I mean negligent, as opposed to fashionable and studied, but not to neat or fresh; and as I think there cannot be too little seen of my present changed appearance, I always wear a veil and shawl when I can, partly, perhaps, from pride, but partly from modesty, having observed how much pains are thrown away by my cotemporaries to make their *exposures tolerable*, '*et pour réparer des années les outrages irréparables.*' I am, besides, of an indolent disposition on many subjects, and dress is one. I hate shopping, dislike conferences with milliners and dressmakers, fidget while anything is trying on, and give no credit to the pert Miss who always assures me the most expensive of her caps is exactly the one which becomes me the best.

TO THE SAME.

Aug. 29, 1816.

In whatever disposition of mind I may be when I receive your letters, their effect on me is the same:—

> 'Round an holy calm diffusing,
> Love of peace, and lonely musing;'

and none tend more to elevate and ameliorate my heart than those in which you describe the passage of any of your beloved circle from this world to a better. You and yours live in a peaceable atmosphere of family affections, of well-directed energies, and of pure religious sentiments, which seems so fit a preparation for a superior existence, that the loss of one of your friends seems more like a sad and tender separation than that total and frightful disruption which in other cases fills the mind with awe and terror. The loss of your admirable niece must be deeply felt by those who knew her; and the frequent instances in which we see parents survive their children, turns the balance of happiness greatly in favour of the childless. But perhaps I ought not to say this. It is ungrateful to that Providence which has blessed you and me with deserving and hopeful families, and, upon a second thought, I even believe it is untrue.

I do not feel there is any merit in my avoiding egotism. It is rather an effect of education than disposition, for I am naturally communicative; but I was brought forward almost a child as a puppet

upon the theatre of the world—where no one is permitted to speak of self,—and wisely too, since nine times in ten the *truth* would not be spoken.

I admired the verses on the death of Sheridan. I believe *the other person* you mention, to have been applauded in early life far beyond his merits. When I first saw, and occasionally conversed with him, he had long past 'the liquid dew and morn of youth,' and had suffered much from 'contagious blastments;' 'all was false and hollow.' At an earlier period higher hopes were entertained.

We are just reading *Rimini*, and are crammed with description till we are crop-full. Pity that one who now and then reminds us of Dryden, and who really sees and feels, should thus bury himself in the exuberance of detail; and instead of allowing you to look quietly at the object he describes, turn it round and round, and force you, like a showman, to examine it on all sides, 'about, above, and underneath.' There are some admirable lines in Boileau's *Art Poétique*, ending '*Et je me sauve enfin à travers le jardin*,' which I refer you to, as exactly apposite to Hunt's account of a palace garden; yet when he touches on the feelings of the heart, and describes the dignified yet natural penitence of the guilty lovers, he is admirable, and the beauty of his thoughts overcomes all the peculiarities of his style. He has written a silly dedication to Lord Byron, with an affectation of familiarity unsuitable to a public address, and in colloquial phrase, which I must agree with Johnson in thinking 'unfit for a *printed* letter.'

Sept. 18, 1816.—Read Lady Mary Wortley Montague's *Letters.* I pity Mr. Wortley. In the beginning of their acquaintance there are marks of sincerity and love in his letters, whereas I suspect her of only following up a design to marry him from motives of prudence; and she certainly does show great address in both piquing and soothing him, without ever committing herself.

Sept. 20.—Of the numerous class who have affected 'to wear a window in the breast,' we feel little confidence in any but Montaigne and Rousseau. Mad. Roland tries to persuade herself and us that she follows their steps; but the head and heart alike refuse to believe her. She seems never to forget the effect to be produced by what she writes. She may speak truth, but it is truth presented with selection and address; while Montaigne and Rousseau abandon themselves to the current of their thoughts, apparently indifferent to the impression they will make on their readers.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bath, Oct. 1, 1816.

No letter from you, but the weather is so fine I cannot participate in ——'s fears of your having been drowned. I dined yesterday with the ——s; only the ——s and the ——s. Mr. —— was sensible enough in his talk, but I wish he had not told me in his wife's hearing something about having

thrown himself away,—which sounded very odd,—and being very low-spirited in consequence in his youthful years, but having reconciled himself to it by degrees. Lady M. has a great desire to please the present and criticize the absent. At the same time, I think her a pleasing as well as valuable woman; but the spirit of petty criticism is so strong in us Irish, that scarcely any degree of goodness lulls it to sleep. I am becoming in too great request as a *chaperone*, which I must stifle, as I have no taste for duennaship. Miss E—— is growing stouter and stouter in her manners, and she and the N——s stump about the room with a deportment which appears to me a mixture of a ploughboy going over rough ground and a grenadier marching to the charge. A lady asked me yesterday in a half-audible whisper, 'Who is that strange-looking ghost?' '*Lady* Prudentia ——.' It was curious to see the effect of the first of these three words. She was spell-bound. Regret at having lost a good acquaintance, and remorse at having called an Earl's daughter a strange-looking person, with surprise at the simplicity and *external* humility which reigns in that school, were all visibly depicted on her countenance.

Adieu. I have mused much on you since we parted, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,'—bitter only in the thought that *time* and *chance* happen to those who love, as to others.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct., 1816.

As to Mrs. M., she only thinks aloud, and shows what other women, equally devoid of sense with herself, keep to themselves. *I* can bear her very well; but those who envy others *perfect self-satisfaction*, and groundless but *happy-making vanity*, must dislike her. Indeed, it can only be *groundless* vanity that makes any one happy. Any other kind is *enlightened even by its own successes* to see their futility. '*A coup sûr si la vanité a rendu quelqu'un heureux, celui là était un sot.*' So says Rousseau, and Mrs. M. is a practical commentary.

I am reading Mrs. Marcet's *Political Economy*. It is all *Say*, thrown into dialogue, with the objections which might be made. This is a good plan for chemistry, where a well-educated and thinking person *may* begin the book entirely ignorant of the subject. But it is a bad plan for political economy, on which every one has some information, more or less. One has not patience to be stopped every minute by a foolish objection, to which one knows the answer. It may do as an elementary book; but though I could read her *Chemistry*, I cannot read this; and I should suppose the effect would be similar on all *grown people*. It shows a laudable spirit of industry, but I think it unfair to Say, of whom it is a sort of unavowed translation; for though she professes it to give the quintessence of other authors, all of it which I have read, except what is avowedly quoted, is

cribbed from him without even changing his phrases. She is very nonsensical about the Poor Laws, saying that the diffusion of education will give the poor a 'spirit of dignity and independence' that will prevent them from taking advantage of them. Now, the answer to this position is, that the willingness and eagerness of the poor to become paupers—to receive from the taxes levied on their fellow-subjects money or support, for which no equivalent is given by them—has kept pace with, instead of being checked by, the diffusion of education; and that education never yet made any man refuse a sinecure, which is relief from the kingdom instead of the parish.

I have found a person here who almost openly forms herself on my model, and quotes my old sayings, long forgotten by *me*, as authority; but I have gone over so much ground since, that she is like a Catholic, who obeys the early Councils, without knowing that two or three others since that time have promulgated different decrees; and, as I am not the Pope, I am sometimes puzzled to reconcile them.

—— is going to receive his wanderer again. I cannot laugh at him, as others do. In a man, not otherwise deficient in sense and firmness, so much confiding love for a wife—against experience,—against probability,—against hope,—against advice,—against all but affection,—is in my eyes interesting, and partakes of the feelings a superior being might have for erring mortals.

Friday, Nov. 1, 1816.—My beloved child, my docile, gentle, joyous, affectionate Bessy, resumed by Heaven at seven o'clock this morning.

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS AGAR.

Bursledon Lodge, Nov. 1, 1816.

The lovely one is gone. I am more deeply wounded than religion permits. Pity and pray for me. My visit to you is not to be thought of; I would not sadden any society by my presence. God bless you, and long preserve to you the objects of your dearest affections. My beautiful blossom, whose loveliness I had diminished in order to surprise you —foolish, wicked vanity—died as she had lived, loving every one better than herself. The last phrase she uttered, except those expressive of her latest wants and pains, was a desire the window-curtain might be withdrawn, that she might look at the stars. A little before, she had asked her afflicted maid if *she* thought she would go to heaven. Keep this note. I like to think she will not be forgotten.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Nov. 4, 1816.

You are so kind to me, my dearest friend, that I should feel wanting in due respect for friend-

ship so tender if I suffered you to hear from common report that my lovely blossom is now in her little coffin, where I have just kissed her beautiful marble brow; for she *was* and *is* beautiful, though I restrained myself from talking of her personal perfections. What is more important, she was heavenly-minded as far as four years and three months would admit. I am well in health, and I hope I am resigned; but you know how the loss of an only daughter, who to the weakness of mortal eyes appeared faultless, and who had all the attractions which endear a child to strangers as well as friends—you know how it must darken the remaining years of a mother, past the age of hoping for any new blessings, but clinging too eagerly to those she already possessed. God bless you, and preserve you from such affliction.

Nov. 10, 1816.

She smiled and sparkled in my sight
  Four happy months, four placid years;
No fairer babe to fond delight
  E'er changed a mother's secret tears.

Sweet miniature of womanhood—
  Such as in Paradise might rove,
E'er Eve desired a fancied good,
  And lost her heaven of peace and love.

To me she brought returning youth—
  Fair promise of a second spring—
Fond fancy's dream, surpassed by truth;
  Image of love, without his wing.

To five protecting brothers dear,
Last precious care of long-tried love,
Gay, gentle, blooming, not a fear
Could this exulting bosom move.

Mine Eden of domestic joy
I saw so richly fenced around,
So strongly sheltered from annoy,
I wandered o'er enchanted ground.

And if a tear could find a place,
To think the wasting hand of time
That prospect must at last deface,
And mar, at last, that happy clime,

How could I deem the freshest flower
To death's cold grasp the first was doomed;
No blossom left to mark the bower
Where all its vernal sweetness bloomed?

Emblem of purity and peace,
How beautiful in death she lay!
Affliction won a short release
In gazing on that lovely clay.

Her shining locks of richest glow
Still wore of life the brilliant hue,
And parted o'er her brow of snow
A gleam of sunny radiance threw.

She lay as in a peaceful trance,
Her snowy garb adorned with flowers,
So grouped as for the sportive dance,
On Pleasure's robe, in festal hours.

Oh loved! oh lost! and yet I know
How just, my child, is Heaven's decree,
Which bids me bear this weight of woe,
And bliss eternal gives to thee.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
FRANKFORT.

Bursledon Lodge, Nov., 1816.

It will be a relief to you to hear that my health is unimpaired by an affliction, of which you cannot know the extent without having witnessed the delightful qualities and endearing habits of the lovely little being it has pleased Heaven to resume.

You have too much feeling to be ignorant of the irreparable loss a mother incurs by being deprived of an only daughter, such a joy-inspiring creature, gifted with every endowment of mind and body desired either by the wise or the unwise—gentle, gay, blooming, beautiful, and affectionate. I looked to her for consolation under the total privation of your society I am likely to suffer, and in all the other calamities which may occur in the destiny of an affectionate woman. A son *may* be alienated by an unfeeling wife; a husband *may* be seduced by a mistress; but a daughter is a benignant star, shining through the clouds of adversity, and embellishing every scene of joy, her mother's companion in sorrow, her attendant in sickness; it is on her a mother relies to close her eyes, and cherish her remembrance, which the scenes of busy life may soon efface from the breast of man. I spoke of her but little, partly from a natural tendency in the heart to silence on what interests it very deeply, and partly that I feared to show my triumph and exultation. She was my secret hoard of promised pleasure and gratification; and I had a sort of dread of letting in too much light on the fairy picture of happiness.

I have not thought it necessary to omit the following letter, though in one sentence it is a repetition of that immediately preceding.

TO MRS. TUITE.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec. 20, 1816.

I thank you for the sympathy you express in my deep affliction, and am aware (for I am practised in sorrow), of the effects of time and religion. Truly does Wallenstein say, under deplorable calamity,

'I know I shall wear down this sorrow;
What sorrow does not man wear down?'*

But how much must one suffer before the weapon loses its edge. A daughter is a benignant star, shining through the clouds of adversity, and the chief embellishment of every scene of joy; a mother's companion in sorrow, her ministering angel in sickness. It is on her a mother relies to close her eyes, and to cherish that remembrance of her, the scenes of busy life may soon efface from the breasts of others. Uninterested as I always am, except by what touches my affections, I seem to be more so now than ever; and have lost almost the only link which connected me strongly with my own sex, in their common pursuits and amusements. The flowers in my path are gone, and although when I look at my sons I must

* 'Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich;
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch!'—Ed.

say, 'my banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,' yet I cannot cease to lament my fallen blossom:—

'Die Blume ist hinweg aus meinem Leben.'

Dec. 25, 1816.—We arrived last night in London, the populous, the powerful. It was grievous, as I sat with my children, to see the little circle had closed in, and lost its loveliest flower, its brightest gem, since last Christmas-day, when I looked round on it with perhaps too much pride.

CHAPTER VI.

1817—1821.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

London, Jan. 7, 1817.

I HAD obtained a frank for my kind friend the evening before I received her letter; being always a little impatient under her prolonged silence, and particularly so at present, when I am impressed in no ordinary degree with a sense of the 'changes and chances of this mortal life.'

I am just returned from Lord Clifden's, where we have passed some days. The quiet, sensible conversation and tranquil life of his small party have been of use to me; while total change of scene and of topics accelerates in some degree the effects of time. I do not disdain any means, nor neglect any efforts, which can aid me in returning to my usual *habits*—to my usual *feelings* it is impossible I can ever *entirely* return. We may lose the sensation of pain, where a limb has been amputated; but I know by experience that the sense of privation *must* frequently recur. And were affection to be much fainter than it ever has been in my heart, the very spirit of calculation on one's pleasures must ever recal the lovely, lively image of one who would have embellished the home

of advancing years, and sparkled like the evening star on one's approaching night. I say not this in the language of complaint. I know, and I best know, that I have been favoured by Heaven far above my deserts, and that I have blessings far above the usual lot of mortality. I say it from the habit of opening my heart with *some* of its weaknesses (who will dare to say they open *all?*) to a dear and candid friend.

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS AGAR.

London, Jan. 12, 1817.

I have been long musing in my bed this morning, and ended by finding that no subjects of consolation, but those drawn from the invisible world, could have any effect in my present loss. It is true, I have many and most valuable treasures in the husband, children, and friends I have left; for though the latter are few, I do not complain of this, as it is a matter of choice, engaged as my heart is by those few. But you know I possessed all these treasures, when I had *her* also; and such is the avarice of the human heart, it cannot patiently resign anything which has once engaged its affections, though it may previously have been happy without it. I often wish I loved *things* more, and *persons* less. I see women who set their minds on worldly advantages, on being sought for in crowded circles, on casino, on dress, on baubles, extremely happy to an advanced age in these childish pursuits. Of these they cannot be dispossessed, and

may be so occupied very harmlessly—better employed, perhaps, than I am in my readings and my *reveries*. I own I ought not to have expected the situation of my last two years to have lasted; for I found myself so happy, I should have been rejoiced to rest there for ever, without any change but of seasons, of music, and of books. And when I gained my extra health, as I mentioned to you from Cheltenham, I was *too well* satisfied for this life, and had *momentary* presentiments that it could not long endure. While I bore a child every year, this great stumbling-block lay in the way of my comfort. Though delighted to have them when they arrived, my 'absolute contentment' was disturbed by looking to an annual day of torment and terror; but when I considered this as over, I had all the pleasures of an escape added to the rest. Here is too much of myself, but I like to open my heart, and I avoid the subject in conversation. You can throw down my letter; but you would be saddened by *listening* to me; and I wish to increase, not to diminish, your enjoyments.

Jan. 13, 1817, *Bath.*—Saw Mrs. C., after an interval of two years. When I left her then, she was in full possession of all her faculties at eighty-five; conversed, read, worked, attended church most regularly, received her friends with ease and grace, and sometimes amused herself with cards. *Now*, she is quite helpless, never leaves one seat except to go to rest, and suffers a partial failure of sight and memory.

Still her features are lovely, and her manners mild. The innocence of her mind is peculiarly evinced by her malady; for although perfectly thrown open, and her thoughts presented without veil or selection, no sign ever appears of any feeling for which poor humanity need blush. Neither resentment, envy, nor avarice has the smallest place in her breast. A slight desire of elevation in rank, and pleasure in the remembrance of her beauty, are her only weaknesses. To me she is an object peculiarly touching; for she always loved me much; and, if I might dare to use the expression, she shows a greater degree of respectful and admiring affection at this moment than she ever expressed before.

In unconnected phrases, on that tongue
Where once the finished period smoothly rung,
The inmost foldings of thy heart are seen;
Nor throbs a heart that less demands a screen.
Thy powers, declining, feel the approach of night;
Fast fall the shadows on thy mental sight;
Obscured thy quick perception, once so clear,
Thy judgment, only to thyself severe;
Thy thoughts without selection find their way;
Far from thy purposed meaning words will stray;
Yet in full vigour many a gifted mind,
By learning nurtured, and by taste refined,
For innocence like thine might gladly change
Wit's keenest edge and fancy's widest range.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bath, Feb., 1817.

C—— is gone to the ball, and I have remained to chat with you undisturbed. 'Tis a melancholy way of *chatting*, whatever may be said of the pleasure *we* find in having all the talk to ourselves. I went last night to a melancholy concert, to which I brought no spirits, and where, of course, I found none. A little wonderful girl of ten or twelve, first pleased, then astonished, and then fatigued me, on the pianoforte. I was curious to hear her begin, and longed to hear her end. I went chiefly to please the *flock*, who wanted a *shepherdess*, in which capacity I attended. They persuaded, and *applanied* all difficulties, came for me, and brought me home.

To-day I dined, or rather *fed*, at Mrs. C——'s, for I went at five and came home at seven. She shows distressing symptoms of change, decay of memory, and alteration of countenance. She has been so long the same, so happy, and so made for the sphere she filled, that I, who have not much power of calling up the future, felt as if she was one of the unchangeable parts of nature, and it is with pain I awake to the truth. The poor dear woman, when she heard Miss Acheson admire the *curl* in my children's hair, said very gravely, 'They did not take that from their grandmother, my dear ma'am, for *my hair* never had the least curl in it,' literally thinking they were her own grandchildren. No one undeceived her, nor even *looked* surprised. I have always observed that

any *trait* of real affection or heart strikes people with a sort of awe—perhaps because it is so uncommon—as, on the other hand, evident selfishness diminishes respect, and sets people at their ease. This gives the key to a degree of influence possessed by some minds, not to be accounted for on any other principle.

Lady B. and Miss C. stayed at Lady ——'s ball till five in the morning on Tuesday, and were playing loo in the evening, *fresh* and *gay*, at least *dressed* and *noisy*, as if nothing had disturbed their rest the night before.

I continue to like Mrs. ——. She seems a real mother, which is no small praise. At the same time we should not like each other as intimates. The matronly character, the habit of *commanding* one's children, unfits us mothers for other than family society in any intimate way. It gives us insensibly a certain dictatorial manner, which, however veiled by politeness or gentleness, takes away from that pliable ease that may be possessed by other women.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Roehampton, Feb. 21, 1817.

You ask whether I know the Duke of Wellington. I do not, but was acquainted with him in my early youth, or rather I often received him as a guest, but was then so diffident and reserved, I do not believe I ever addressed five words to him. He was extremely good humoured, and the object of much attention from the female part of what was

called 'a very gay society,' though it did not appear such to me. You ask me if I ever lived at Dangan? I passed there a portion of three successive years. It *was* a fine specimen of feudal magnificence, in space, strength, and grandeur. There were fine gardens, a fine library, a beautiful chapel, all that wealth collects or luxury devises; and Colonel St. George and I, during our residence there, did not derogate from the feudal mode of living; but I was almost a child, and perfectly passive on this and all other subjects.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Roehampton, March 3, 1817.

I arrived here yesterday about five, and am settled in my old room, previously sweetened with white violets by Miss Agar's kind hands. I was not *much* frightened at night, considering there was a closet locked, of which I had not the key, and I knew not what or who might bounce out of it. True, I barricaded it with much furniture, particularly of the brittle kind, that the difficulties of opening and the smash of crockery might wake me, and I got up at daybreak to remove my fortifications, lest anybody should guess the depth of my cowardice.

I have no news but that the Princess Elizabeth weighs fifteen stone, so I am not come up to the royal standard yet; and that *growing down* is not confined to me, for that she is becoming, as it is said, 'a mushroom' from having been a fine young woman; and the Regent has lost several inches.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
FRANKFORT.

London, March 23, 1817.

This week has been barren of letters from you, but your last was more than 'the perfume and the suppliance of a minute.' It is still fresh and green, and has made me smile as often as I read it over; for one of your letters is always a permanent part of my amusement till relieved by a successor.

Many are the inquiries that have been made for you, and amongst thousands of others, they have been made by Marsh,* who rests on his oars, and speaks no more in the House; but, *en revanche*, talks long and well at dinner, takes the lead, gives good jokes pretty often, and bad ones when the good are not forthcoming, having now established such a character that men take them in the lump, one with another. He plays into the hands of Smith, one of the writers of *Rejected Addresses*, but the least efficient; who sings his comic songs after dinner, and returns Marsh's ball at other times. S—— also acknowledged your civilities to him and his companions.

* I quote concerning Mr. Marsh the following extract from Earl Stanhope's *Historical Essays*, 1849, p. 242; and have permission to state that Sir Robert Peel was 'the living statesman' who made the observation, and who instanced Mr. Marsh in proof.—'We have heard a most eminent living statesman observe how very erroneous an idea as to the comparative estimation of our public characters would be formed by a foreigner, who was unacquainted with our history, and who judged only from Hansard's *Debates*. Who, for instance, now remembers the name of Mr. Charles Marsh? Yet one of the most pointed and vigorous philippics which we have read in any language stands in the name of Mr. Marsh, under the date of the 1st of July, 1813.'—Ed.

He was near not surviving this acknowledgment, for very soon after, between talking, drinking, and eating all at once, with equal assiduity, he was almost choked, and forced to leave the room. Dott followed him professionally, saw him black in the face, administered somewhat, and brought him back '*triomphant, adoré,*' to eat a second dinner.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

London, March 27, 1817.

Your expressions of sympathy and consolation are most soothing. I do not become less sensible of my loss, but I am more accustomed to it. Sometimes a quick perception of former pleasure in that delightful gift of heaven *will* return. I then remember *how* I felt in looking at her opening beauty, hearing her gay, gentle voice, and watching her dawn of little joys and virtues; and I recollect the hope that accompanied all this, and wonder that I am not more afflicted; for I know that but a small share of my present comparative composure springs from pious resignation. Mad. de Sévigné says truly, '*On est si faible, qu'on se console;*' and we attribute to our strength what we owe to our weakness, to our willingness to be occupied by the weeds, when the flowers are gone. There may be those whose consolations spring solely from religion. I speak but of myself and the majority.

I wish I had some prose subject attractive enough

to tempt me to write. Most people are more vain of their dance than their walk, their song than their speech, their verse than their prose. I prefer my own prose to my rhymes; because the want of that precision, command of language, and harmony, gained by a classical education and the study of the poetry of Greece and Rome, is more apparent in verse than prose.

Shall I petition you not to call yourself OLD when you write to me? I cannot bear my friends should resign themselves too soon. Lady Williams Wynne, with whom I passed some days at her sister's, is sixty-eight, eats green apples, kneels down through our long church service, walks out in October without hat or cloak in a muslin gown, and takes long walks alone many miles through roads and villages and fields, wears artificial flowers and three flounces, never speaks of time with reference to his effects on herself; yet never appears to make herself the least young, and is a model of propriety, and of the English matron. The *flowers* and *flounces* I know you despise at any season, but I only throw them in to swell the heap. Now I must have you make this sort of running fight against time, and not talk of yourself as OLD. Mind and heart like yours are never so. Excuse this ebullition of affectionate regard.

SONNET WRITTEN AT NIGHT AFTER RETURNING FROM A DANCE AT MRS. BATHURST'S.

March, 1817.

I am not envious; yet the sudden glance
Of transport beaming from a mother's eye,
When light her daughter's airy footsteps fly,
Supremely graceful in the wavy dance,
Wakes with a start such thoughts as slept perchance,
Hushed to repose by the long lullaby
Of many a fond complaint and heartfelt sigh:
Again the host of keen regrets advance;
Again I paint what Bessy *might* have been,
Since what she *was* I never can pourtray;
So soft, so splendid shone my Fairy Queen,
A star that glittered o'er my closing day,
A light from heaven, whose pure ethereal beam
Threw its long glories over life's dark stream.

TO THE LADY FANNY PROBY.

London, April, 1817.

You are indeed qualified to 'minister to a mind diseased,' both from the tenderness of your feelings, and the quickness of your faculties. Many with kind hearts fail in the office of comforter, from want of that intuitive perception and delicacy you eminently possess. I am inclined to believe that '*telle bonté qu'on a, on n'a que celle de son esprit;*' and we may think this without supposing any partiality shown to the more highly gifted, when we qualify it with the knowledge that 'where much is given,' there 'much will be required.'

I took my boys to see *Macbeth* last night, but

found that though they read Shakespeare, they did not readily catch the language of the scene. They understood Kean well, his tones are so natural; but the raised voice and declamatory style in which most others pronounce tragedy, renders it, I see, nearly unintelligible to children. I was astonished by Kean's talents in all that followed the murder, highly as I before thought of them. I suppose remorse never was more finely expressed; and I quitted the house with more admiration of him, and even of Shakespeare, than ever I had felt before.

The sight of the poor in London is even more melancholy than that of the dark, foggy, and snowy sky. I speak not of those who ask, but of the silent and drooping figures in the prime and middle of life, seated, shivering and dying, on the steps of houses, without stockings, without linen, in ragged clothing above that of the lower class, with famine sunken in every line of their faces. 'This is,' indeed, 'a sorry sight' in this once happy country.

May 2, 1817, *London.*—I return next Monday to the country, my spirits, I think, *not* amended by my visit to town. All earthly sufferings return in paroxysms; mine are nearly as frequent, yet I have done all that my friends desired, have seen a variety of things and persons, mingled in crowds, &c. &c. Employment more *solid* would be better for a mind like mine; but having this depends not on one's self, when one is married, and a mother.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
FRANKFORT.

London, June 24, 1817.

I received your dear letter this morning, and it has thrown a bright sunshine on *my day;* though to others, who had not such a pleasant volume from an affectionate and *amusing* son, the day was as black, wet, and dirty, as ever disgraced the month of June. As to May, she may have been very lovely when she was young; but she is now grown old, and a more chilly, forbidding, decayed beauty I have never met with.

We are now in town for a few days. My recent misfortune *will* recur so strongly when I am tranquil, that I am forced to seek variety in whatever shapes, fair or foul, it can be met with. Even as I am now, it will require an effort to unroot myself from the tenacious soil of London, that great mantrap, which catches and retains all descriptions of people, however dissimilar in their tastes, pursuits, and inclinations. I once passed in the eyes of a literal sober-minded circle for being the most dissipated woman possible, because I declared it was pleasant to date a letter from London.

I wish Moore had published *The Fire Worshippers* alone. It has more merit than the other poems, which are uncommonly gaudy and sugary, and glitter and dazzle, and cloy and surfeit us at last. But I sincerely believe he has written *Lalla Rookh* for the sake of his wife and children. It is evident that his inclinations, perhaps his talents, are not suitable for a work of any considerable length. He is a sweet bird, fitted for

short excursions; vigorous while on the wing, but not formed for long flights; and he should not have promised us an epic, and then put us off with four tales, tacked together by a coarse thread.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, June 30, 1817.

I hope your dear daughter will soon entirely recover her health, and look back on her illness, as I can do on all mine, with a deep sense of its advantages—as a touchstone of the affections of those we love—a bond of union twined by protecting cares on one hand, and gratitude on the other—a remembrancer of the precarious tenure of earthly blessings—a new source of sympathy with those that suffer—and a dark shade which throws into gayer and purer lights the common, and therefore often unobserved, blessings of existence.

You particularly delighted me with your description of Lismore, because some of the days of my infancy were passed there. Perhaps no picture is painted on my memory more vividly than that of Lismore Castle—the church—the bridge—the valley—and the unnumbered beauties of that exquisite spot. How often have I gazed with delight from the windows of the Castle; and being ignorant I was short-sighted, of which my eyes gave no outward indication, I imagined no greater enjoyment—when a person put a short-sighted glass as a plaything into my hand, while yet a child. The improvement of the

picture was so great that I exclaimed, 'Oh, this is the way I shall see in heaven.'

I have no news. Poverty goes on increasing, and like the spider in an empty house, spreads her thin grey pall over the kingdom, widening swiftly, though imperceptibly. Our population, though of necessity hungry and idle, are surprisingly quiet. The loans and gratuities proposed by Government, are but drops in a sandy desert; and as Government must take *two* drops for every *one* they give (to pay for the machinery of taxation and finance), I, like Mrs. Primrose, 'never find out we grow richer for all their contrivances.' In short, we are all becoming poorer, and though philosophers tell us that to sink all together is to keep the same place, they have not quite persuaded us this is practically true. The Bishop of London made this consolatory remark to a poor curate; who replied, 'Yes, my Lord, we may sink all together, and your Lordship may sink a story, and be still in a good place; but I am on the ground floor, and if I go any lower, I shall be underground.' If our time of decline as a nation is marked, I hope that it may not be sudden, but so gradual as to cause as little individual misery as possible. Adieu, my dear friend; may every storm blow over your innocent and happy dwelling, unfelt.

July, 1817.—We are now reading Miss Edgeworth's *Ormond* and *Harrington*. The Edinburgh Reviewers have done her much mischief; first, by persuading her to stick fast to the bogs, after she has exhausted

all that was comic, pathetic, or striking in the peculiar distinctions between England and Ireland; next, by objecting to her morality being so apparent. Now she never writes half so well as when she evidently endeavours to illustrate a moral or prudential axiom; and in this case, as ships sail best with ballast, she always walks more firmly and gracefully, instead of being impeded in her course.

Sept. 7, 1817.—When one has not seen an affected person for some years, it is amusing to observe how much their manner has changed. One's natural manner lasts for life; an assumed one can never be kept in exact repair, and must vary in process of time. Lady C., from being once decisive and lively, now speaks in the toneless whisper of some of the English grandees, with deliberate utterance and unvarying languor.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
FRANKFORT.

Bursledon Lodge, Sept. 20, 1817.

I am anxious to know whether C——'s statement of promotion coming is a forerunner of reality, or a phantom raised to gratify his inclination for writing a letter with 'private' at the top, and a recommendation of prudence at the bottom. This, I know, is in itself tempting to some, and, I have heard, is peculiarly so to him.

When you next incline to make me a present, send a few bottles of *Eau de Cologne*. I bought some lately on the faith of the seller, and had recourse to it

on one of our extraordinary hot nights at the Brunswick Hotel, when I thought the pillows seemed unsweet. I dashed it about magnificently, but it proved to be *whisky*, so for that night at least, you see, I slept in my *native sweets*.

I admire the *critique* on *Wat Tyler* less than you do, because the writer speaks with a contempt of Southey's abilities quite disingenuous. No man of literary acquirements can really despise Southey as a poet—except, perhaps, one like Lord Byron in the first effervescence of youthful pride, fastidious ideas of perfection, and astonishment at his own splendid, and, in this our day, unrivalled powers. Read *Don Roderick*, and then judge whether Southey is not a poet, and of a very high order.

I am in high admiration of this long line of shore. Last night the sun set opposite to the sea, illuminating its smooth surface, and gilding the boats which skim along it with all the splendid colouring of Paul Veronese, and in an hour after the moon rose behind the waves in quiet and contrasted beauty.

Nov. 5, 1817.—November in nothing but name. The cannon firing, I hope for the Princess Charlotte's becoming a happy mother.

Nov. 6.—The melancholy fate of our lovely Princess strikes with a heaviness of heart like a domestic calamity. So sweet, so spotless, so full of endearing qualities, so firm and ardent in her affections, so nobly bold in asserting them when it seemed her

duty, so raised above the faults and follies of her age, sex, and station. It is tragic that she should have expired without a single friend or relative save him who must have been overwhelmed with the unfathomable depth of his affliction. That the heiress of the British Empire should not in her first confinement have had a single female but a mercenary, to watch over her the first night after a dangerous and afflicting labour—that the barbarity of changing her household in her youth so frequently as not to permit her forming an attachment for some valuable married woman, should have deprived her of the cares of a friend—the coldness of the Queen prevented her from wishing for those of an experienced grandmother,—and the faults, perhaps, of both parents cut her off from the assistance of a mother, is indeed a melancholy thought. I did not think anything but the loss of a dear friend could have given me so much pain.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ., FRANKFORT.

Bursledon Lodge, Nov. 25, 1817.

After a fortnight of that stillness and depression into which our lovely Princess's untimely fate had thrown the whole country, some of those whose interest in her was founded on everything but *personal knowledge*, begin to recover their usual tone of spirits —that tone which, while it does not prevent us from regretting a loss, follows our being in some degree accustomed to the privation. Nothing but having been an actor in the scene, could convey an idea of

the state of the kingdom. It seemed as if every family had lost an individual from its own circle, who was more or less dear. All was sorrow, lamentation, regret, varied only in kind and degree. The charge of want of religion and loyalty in the lower classes is totally disproved by the manner in which the day of her funeral was kept throughout the whole country. There was an universal pause from labour as on a Sabbath day—or rather as it ought to be on a Sabbath day—and a general laying aside of every thought of business and pleasure. It was a day of prayer and humiliation. The churches and all places of religious worship were overflowing. All sectarian barriers were broken down by the strong feelings of compassion for the living, reverence and regret for the dead. Indeed, when I say pleasure was laid aside, I express myself improperly, for it seemed never to have been thought of in any shape from the time of this deep disappointment to a generous, a devoted, and an enlightened nation. Had a fast day been appointed by public authority, this affecting expression of general sorrow would not have been so clear a proof of the impression made by one whose name is enshrined in our hearts, and who will be remembered for ever as a model of all that is touching and noble, spirited and affectionate, dignified and condescending. The Sunday after her death, all our servants, down to the very kitchen-maid, appeared at prayers in deep mourning. She has been wept in every cottage, and her loss has scarcely *yet* been thought of as a political calamity, it has come so near every heart as a private sorrow.

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS AGAR.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec., 1817.

I refresh myself in writing to you with ideas of kindness and affection, after looking over Godwin's *Mandeville*, which, beginning in massacre, goes on through varied shades of hatred and revenge, and ends by a ghastly wound, the sole and suitable catastrophe of this dismal farrago, occasionally relieved by gleams of powerful and original genius. Perhaps when I read, instead of skimming, I may like it better. It is too late now to dignify hatred. It succeeded for a moment, when the public taste was vitiated by those works of second-rate German authors, which not only corrupted our literature, but led us to form a false judgment of our admirable northern neighbours; for we naturally supposed that the best of their writings made their way here; while of these we saw very few. Besides, Lord Byron's *haters* have put all others out of fashion. They alone can be angry, revengeful, or misanthropic with grace. The mob of haters, if we except Marmion, appear a set of vulgar ruffians, since we knew the Corsair, Manfred, &c.

As to Chalmers, he is very eloquent and very good; but many others on the same subject more readily touch my heart, and please my taste. Besides, I do not so much want books to confirm my faith, as to incite me to act up to it. I should be very fortunate if my practice was as firm as my belief.

Lady —— did not come here for nothing. She has persuaded Lady —— that her country-house—just purchased, after three years' trial, *chiefly* to please

her, and expensively furnished *entirely* to please her —is in an air injurious to her health. Really with malicious people distance is one's only safeguard. There is no *muzzling* them. This is provoking to an affectionate man. When I see how good sort of women tease their husbands, I am not surprised that so many wise men 'abstain from that employment.'

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ., FRANKFORT.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec. 18, 1817.

Accept a little kaleidoscope, the emblem of a poetic imagination; varying, shifting, reflecting, combining, refining, illuminating; and from the simplest elements producing endless beauty and variety; educing order from confusion, and diversity from repetition. May your imagination thus multiply your pleasures.

All is sombre in the general state of England; the poor dying of hunger; and the death of our Princess and her infant, though no longer the subject of conversation to the exclusion of every other, has left a cloud that will not pass away. It seems like blotting spring from the year. Godwin's new work, *Mandeville*, is in unison with the season and the times. It is 'darkness visible,' a tremendous picture of envy, hatred, and revenge. There is a strong instance of the impressive power of genius in Mandeville's description of his disfigured countenance. One cannot forget a word of it; one knows his face better than that of half one's commonplace acquaintance.

TO MRS. TUITE.

London, Feb., 1818.

We have taken a house in Gloucester Place. It has in my eyes but one fault, being too well furnished, filled too much with that knick-knackery I should banish were it mine, and dislike guarding for another. Then I unfortunately saw the lady who possesses it, or rather is possessed by it; and she gave me so many directions about covering it, dusting some chairs under the covers, and scarcely sitting upon others, and watching over the extremities of the unrobed ladies who held the lights, and not suffering the housemaid to touch their projections, and not using leather to the gilding, nor aught save the breezes from the feather-brush, that I was really quite sick of *internal decoration*, which, like many other species of wealth, is often a plague to the possessor.

I saw your friend, Lady H., to-day. She is just going to bring her daughter into the world. This second birth is sometimes as painful as the first; and when circumstances are not favourable to the wishes of the mother, it is quite a protracted labour.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Roehampton, March 24, 1818.

Jekyll and Rogers came yesterday, but what has been to me a much more acceptable arrival, so did your letter, a golden branch laden with its quadruple fruits. I never was less entertained with the

par nobile fratrum. 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart' of wit as well as of love; and I am beginning to think the constant endeavour to make *something* of *nothing* may be tiresome. I am convinced they would have been better apart; and Rogers stifled a pun of Jekyll's yesterday in a cruel manner. I guessed at it, but did not laugh out, as it was in Latin; and no one but Rogers and me attended to it; the former quickly threw out a squib in an opposite direction. Next morning, Jekyll introduced the subject of the *ducks* again, in order to pave the way for his pun about *dux*. Again it perished. I thought this was hard. I am very low, which I regret, as the kind friends in the house expected I should have been gay and communicative with *the wits;* and seeing this makes me lower still.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, May 18, 1818.

I got into a sort of scrape by introducing myself last night by Lady C. Burke to Mrs. C——, who had, I thought, mentioned to you a wish for my acquaintance. I supposed I was doing a very civil thing to her, as she had made the *first* step, in making the *second;* but she gave me that *vacant ill-bred stare*, which the lady whose *protégée* she was reserved for her *female* friends, and seemed to think I was doing myself too great an honour. Perhaps she was out of humour at the moment; for a few minutes before a gentleman approached her with winning civility, saying, 'Don't you dance?' 'Some-

times,' she replied, with that encouraging *smile* which forms the direct contrast to the *stare* bestowed on me. 'Much too hot for it to-night,' says he, turning on his heel. This was so like a caricature put into action, that it amused me.

——'s fair one is two-and-thirty, and has been hacked about London and Dublin for many years, and sent here to be young and *naïve*. What might be *liking*, if she had known him long enough, or if she had been young enough not to know the meaning of the various things she has done and said, or if she was a great *parti*, and thought she must make some advances, lest he should not imagine he would be accepted, changes its character when one knows it is so convenient for spinsters of that age to be established.

I like Lady A., though I do not well know why; for mere good looks make no impression on a woman; and I know nothing more of her than that her easy graces and her *laisser aller*, and the mystery of her face, expressive at once of pain and pleasure, make up a prettier outside, in my opinion, than that of any other person I meet at Bath.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

London, May 25, 1818.

I send you the last canto of *Childe Harold*. *La fin couronne les œuvres*, and magnificently too. What in descriptive poetry is finer than his Italian sunset, or the sketch of the Coliseum—except, indeed,

his own more exquisitely touched and highly finished picture of it in the last act of Manfred? What shows more intimate acquaintance with the human heart than his stanza on the scorpion-sting of past, and apparently forgotten, griefs? What is more sublime and pathetic than his address to Time, melting so beautifully and unexpectedly into forgiveness? Then his description of the Dying Gladiator, that wonderfully tragic and Shakespearian statue, which seems to blend the subdued sensibility of our later days with the stoical patience of ancient heroism; while all fitly closes with a description of the Apollo, that statue which seems like his own poetry personified. In short, you will be charmed, as all here have been.

The Princess of Hesse Homburg will redeem the character of good behaviour in the conjugal bonds, lost or mislaid by her family. She is delighted with her *hero*, as she calls him. In his way from the scene of the marriage ceremony to the Regent's Cottage, where, to his great annoyance, they were destined to pass the first quarter of the honeymoon, he was sick, from being unused to a close carriage, and forced to leave her for the dicky, and put Baron O'Naghten in his place. He said he was not so much *ennuyé* at the Cottage as he expected, having passed all his time in his dressing-gown and slippers, smoking in the conservatory.

June 10, 1818.—I have seen enough to hope no nearer friend of mine will ever engage in a contested election. It shows our fellow-men in a contemptible light; and yet freedom of election is one of the best

features in the best Constitution possessed by any of the *old* States of the world—for I presume not to compare with our daughter. She is 'fresh as a nursing mother, the current in whose veins is nectar,' diffusing hope and plenty, cheerfulness and vigour. To expect that England should resemble America in these points, is as absurd as to expect the daughter should be intellectual and refined, polished and accomplished as her mother. Let each endeavour to improve as her years will permit.

Those who bought their mourning for the Queen may lock it up. It is the only dress we have a certainty of wanting, unless prevented by its being worn for ourselves.

TO A FRIEND.

Bursledon Lodge, July 21, 1818.

You have not been surprised at my late silence; you are aware of the slowness and apathy, mental and bodily, which sometimes creep over me. They are now so great that even writing to you is an effort at the moment; and I do it rather in the hope of hastening a letter from you, and giving you some satisfaction, than from my usual pleasure in pouring out my heart before you. I am glad you have left town for many reasons—first, your wishing it; next, the heat; thirdly, your health of body; and lastly, your health of mind; to which the conversation of your foreign friend was by no means favourable. To those of dull feelings, the picture of an impassioned mind like hers is an *interest*, an *amusement*, a *spectacle*, a *sensation*. But to those of vivid feelings—like you

and me—it is painful. It is a strong gale blowing upon our minds, and not only disturbing their present smoothness, but disclosing wrecks long concealed below—at least, I found it so, even in the descriptions you gave me. I have just read M^lle^ de Lespinasse's *Letters* in French, which remind me of your friend in almost every line. I hope she may never read them. They have done me no good. They are traced with a pen of fire; and you will own she knew how to love;—finely written, without the slightest attempt at fine writing.

I hope you found Mrs. —— quite well. I have an affectionate regard for her far beyond that inspired by her being most agreeable and valuable, from your friendship for her and her lover-like return. The metal is gold; but your love for her adds to it in my eyes a fine and interesting impression.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, July 23, 1818.

M^lle^ de Lespinasse's *Letters* to Guibert, the great military genius whom Bonaparte acknowledges for his master in the art of war, are my present study. They are a literary curiosity, being exquisitely written, without any view to publicity; but oh! what total darkness as to religion and morality. She does not *defy*, *despise*, or *renounce* these: she never seems to have heard of them. Educated in a convent, and transplanted to the society of *les Esprits Forts* in Paris, appertaining to no family, being the fruit of her mother's breach of the marriage vow, without

father, brother, husband, I *pity* more, far more, than I *blame* her. You will read, but I know you will not let them be *seen* by the young, however guarded. They are so impassioned, and so full of the highest intellect, they must be dangerous.

As to Mad. d'Epinay, she is a clever, amusing Frenchwoman, with so little idea of candour and truth, that she cannot even assume them, so as to deceive us in telling her own story. Poor Rousseau! I never pitied him more, or blamed him less, than since I have read this work, where there is such an evident design to blacken his character.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bursledon Lodge, Aug. 21, 1818.

Sweet Mrs. —— was very low yesterday. I think there is a Platonic affection between her and ——, which I am not at all surprised at. I see it exists at least on her side, and I think on both. You know I can conceive this to exist with perfect innocency, where there is no *love*, properly so called, for any other person. I mean that a woman, who has nothing more than *bienveillance* for her husband, may with perfect purity have a very strong wish for the conversation of a more sensible man; and where religion *is*, and youth *is not*, I do not think it *very* dangerous; in fact, I should not think it dangerous at all, but for the extraordinary lessons of experience.

We read Molière in the evening, and being obliged to dwell on the *Avare* in translating, it increases my

admiration. It is the most finished, perfect, witty, humorous, pleasant, moral picture of avarice, in every point of view, admissible in comedy. F—— feels the wit and *finesse* of it in a manner very surprising at his age.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Sept. 15, 1818.

I sympathize in your affliction; but I revere your calmness and resignation, and, as far as is permitted to be proud of the qualities of our friends, I am proud of it. I feel myself raised by contemplating the union of the warmest family affection, of inexpressible tenderness in all the relations of life, with a sublime firmness which unites Christian hope and stoical fortitude. Oh, do not say you are vain of *my* friendship. Believe me, the exultation ought all to be on my side, and I often thank Heaven for the kindness which prompted you to seek me at Ballitore, and has followed me with partial affection from that hour, veiling my many faults, and placing the less exceptionable features in the fairest points of view.

The manner in which you and yours support your present sorrow, reminds me forcibly of what was said to me by another mourner not very long since. She and her husband had attended her brother to the island of Madeira in his last illness, and shared with his young wife in the anxious task of nursing him. One of them was always by his side night and day, and frequently all. He lingered many weeks in a

decline; he was her favourite brother; he was her husband's bosom friend, previous to the connexion by marriage. I dreaded meeting his sister on her return; and looked with a kind of sensitive apprehension to the day she immediately offered to pass with me. But she entered with a seraphic smile, was composed and sweet as usual, and in the evening when we were alone, she owned that she must always look back to the period of his loss as one of the most soothing recollections of her life;—'He was so completely resigned, and so perfectly prepared.' She is an admirable woman. At eight-and-twenty she has a consummate judgment, is perfectly pure from vanity or selfishness, has looked through the decorations and trappings of grandeur (she is daughter of Lord A——) with that quiet perception which has enabled her to rate them at their real value, is serene like the first mornings of spring, pious, affectionate, and somewhat between the violet and the lily of the valley, in an exterior feminine and pleasing in the highest degree.

Her husband, a clergyman, was obliged to perform the last duties to his friend *before* and *after* the termination of existence. He filled all the duties of his office for the inhabitants of Madeira, where there was no resident clergyman. They wrote him a most grateful farewell, accompanied with a present of two hundred pounds, which he accepted, and gave to assist in building a church in the island. These are pleasing passages in the lives of our friends.

Sept. 10, 1818, *Bognor.*—This is still a wild, and, in my opinion, unpleasant watering-place. I should rather say *cheerless* than wild, for it is tame as to scenery; all the buildings are irregular—not that rural irregularity which is consistent with beauty, but that of negligence and indifference to appearance. I am engaged to visit Mr. Hayley to-morrow at half-past twelve.

Sept. 11.—Mr. Hayley received me with the most cordial politeness, showed me beautiful miniatures and pictures of all kinds; fine portraits of Gibbon, Cowper, Charlotte Smith, Romney, and an enamelled miniature from his own Serena. He was politely pleased with my songs, and made me give him *seven*, at two intervals of my visit. He showed a strong desire to amuse, and succeeded—and would have equally succeeded with less exertion.

Sept. 12.—When Peter asked concerning John, 'Lord, and what shall this man do?' our Saviour answered, 'What is that to thee? follow thou me.' When bewildered in speculations as to the future lot of others, this answer has sounded from the depths of my heart, as addressed to me. It strikes at the root of the pride which erects itself into a judge of the acts and intentions of Supreme Wisdom, not only towards ourselves, but others. We are not satisfied with the assurance that to us who have received the revelation of our hopes and duties, happiness, eternal in its duration, and inexpressible in its intensity, is offered to all who sincerely seek it; but we almost reproach God for not making the gift general, unconditional.

We seem to accuse the Supreme Being of partiality towards ourselves; we ask, What hath this man done? and the pride of human nature advances like a boundless ocean, in successive waves foaming and thundering against that rock, the existence of evil, but ever leaving that rock in all its strength for future ages and generations to beat against in vain.

Who utter the deepest complaints against the evils of life? They who are most distinguished by its blessings. Youth and genius are amongst the most clamorous of the complainants. I hope and believe that misery is not so miserable as it appears. I have suffered, and I know the alleviations which attend each species of suffering I have endured; alleviations I could not have imagined in the case of another.

Oct. 11, *London.*—Just returned from St. James's Chapel. I hope no foreign *clinquant* or frippery magnificence will ever alter the simple and noble worship of that chapel, a monument, among many others, of our good old King's admirable taste—nothing done for show, and the whole distinction arising from the highest excellence in that art of which the use has been sanctified by revelation to the use of religion. 'Oh Lord, whither shall I go then from thy presence?' was exquisitely sung. The aërial purity of Knyvett's voice, differing in the quality of its tone from any mortal music or sound the earth owns, was delightfully suited to a being who speaks of taking the wings of the morning and dwelling in the uttermost parts of the sea. While I deprecate adding to this simple worship, I am equally averse to taking

aught away. I should be sorry to find the scientific and affecting music of Handel, Purcell, and Croft, resigned for the unison singing of our Dissenters, pathetic on its first hearing, but soon cloying and insipid for want of variety; and I should deplore changing our majestic, expressive, pathetic liturgy, for the extempore prayers of any individual, however highly gifted. Yet even the last of these changes is within the limits of possibility, and the former is more than probable.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

Bursledon Lodge, Nov., 1818.

I should be 'dull as the fat weed that rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,' had I not been delighted with your last. In fact, your letters give me so much pleasure, they give me some pain; for I always regret I have not an audience to whom I could read them, stealing a modest eye round the applauding circle.

I have been much indisposed, but am to-day pretty well, saving a cough, which proceeds from the *malaria* of Bursledon church, which is *damp* by nature, and was yesterday *close* from people, and people of a class who are unconscious of hair-brushes, honey-water, and *Eau de Cologne*. You know the sort of air, composed of the living and the dead, in a close country church with a large burying-place. I am always a little the worse for it.

You have given me *carte blanche* as to your

charities; but I never recollect we are two distinct personages, except when I am to spend your money; and on this subject I feel myself so miserably *chiche* (excuse a vulgar gallicism from the voçabulary of nurses and abigails), that I am ashamed to see how little I give for you in proportion to what I ought. Be so good, therefore, as to specify a sum for the purpose, which I will then feel it my duty to bestow.

The Queen's death has been so long expected as to make no impression on the little circle around me. I feel for those who *must* regret her; but no woman who reigned so long has ever taken so little root in the hearts of her people. Her own supposed heartlessness chilled all the warmer feelings.

We have a miraculous young poet in our neighbourhood—son to Sir George Dallas. He has excited the wonder and admiration of Dr. Parr, Scott, Southey, Rogers, and about ten others, who all declare, in reply to a circular letter of Sir George's, that no one at his age—now past eighteen—ever wrote Greek, Latin, and English verse so well. I think his ear is admirable, his verses always musical, and showing a wide range of thought. There are who do not think, maugre all this, that he will ever be a great poet. None of his verses ever *stick*—to the heart or the memory. His manners are simple, pleasing, and well-bred. He is not vain; but I suspect that praise is become to him less a pleasure received than a want supplied.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Bursledon Lodge, Nov., 1818.

I have had a conversation with our new friend, which, considering his *relative* situation, gives me serious concern. I find that he is an unbeliever; that he has filled his memory with every trite, pert, and often confuted argument against the character of the Bible, beginning with the Creation, and ending with the most solemn and sublime of our doctrines. This is a melancholy case, and in my mind destroys that species of confidence which you give or withhold, not from reasoning, but from feeling. He started from Genesis with a remark how *absurd* it was—(Moses, wise in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, what people are they who assume a superiority over thee!)—well, how absurd it was to say that the *light* was created *first*, and *then* the sun and moon. Would not common modesty make any one suppose that one did not perfectly understand the passage, rather than accuse a narrative of absurdity, which has been read with reverence by the wisest of the uninspired, and written, perhaps, by the wisest of the inspired? Happily, I found a complete reply to this in King's *Morsels of Criticism*. . . . . These very circumstances are among those which prove the truth of the Bible—this simplicity of narrative, which, going straight to the point, stops not to clear up those trifling difficulties, which a willing mind will not cavil at, and a diligent mind will endeavour to comprehend. I have given him the book, and hope to find answers for all

his petty objections. It is safe to look for them in good writers, and unsafe and unseemly, perhaps, in a woman to enter the lists of controversy herself.

Nov. 31, 1818.—Perhaps I may not live to want this book;* if not, I request my dear F—— will use it during the year 1819. It will remind him of one who loved him well.

I am now in good health and spirits, and therefore what I say to him here cannot be attributed to *gloom*. I beg of him to remember that I have never found any pleasure wholly unmixed with some little disquiet, *except that* of *trying* to do good, *to increase the happiness*, or *lessen* the *misery of others;* nor any *pain* so severe as the recollection of having in any instance done *wrong*.

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS AGAR.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec. 1, 1818.

It grieves me that any waters should be thought necessary for Mr. Ellis; and I am particularly sorry that he intends making his visit to Harrogate a time for study. Do explain to him the danger of this. Many persons cannot with impunity even write a letter. I wish he would do as our Continental friends, who are often wiser in their generation, especially in what relates to care of themselves. They lay aside

* A pocket-book for 1819, in the title-page of which these words are written.—Ed.

not only their wisdom, but their dignity, at those places, and take the goods the gods provide, though these may come in the shape of people who, like the witches of *Macbeth*, 'are not inhabitants of earth' (that is, of the *beau monde*), 'though they are on it.' My fears for Mr. Ellis are that he will lead a sedentary, refined, grand, and melancholy *old* life, instead of the desultory, rambling, thought-dispelling existence which gives to these waters half their value.

I wish I could show you a bouncing, talking, conceited, squat, broad, rather plain, much adorned and little clothed Mrs. ——, who is *so* like Punch in Petticoats, from the loud shrillness and continuance of her talk, the showiness of her dress, and the vehemence of her gestures. She whirls like a tee-totum, and rattles like the machine placed to scare birds from a cherry-tree. But I am like M^lle^ de Fontanges (*vide* Sévigné), who said, on being offered liqueurs, '*Madame, ce petit garçon oublie que je suis dévote*'—only I am *myself* forgetting my resolutions, which is worse.

1818.—The following little sketch was never, so far as I know, even written out. I find it complete, but in the rough, with the erasures and interlineations of a first draft. It was intended to be one of a series, as is plain from a few lines written on the same sheet of paper, in which the writer says, 'When we abound with writers who describe every object on every side, why should not one painter, taking up a lighter pencil and using a fainter colour, indicate rather than detail, and thus invite attention to real life by slight sketches, rather than by the fulness and perfection of a finished Dutch picture?'

HOLLAND HOUSE.

By the Ghost of La Bruyère.

Aurelio has no desire more powerful than that of rivalling, perhaps excelling, Holland House. Alas! poor Aurelio! In our time at least Holland House will never know a competitor. It has all that London requires—an honourable name, entwined and illustrated with recollections of Charles Fox—delightful amenity, fine understanding, and a most benevolent and upright heart in the noble host—in our hostess, who always keeps her state, talents, caprice, some beauty, and infinite imperiousness, forming a spirited contrast with one or two points in her position—in short, the zest of many contrarieties, as piquant as the infinite variety of her cook, a man, 'take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.' To have him in our mind's eye alone, would be the torment of Tantalus; therefore, when he departs, we can only hope to forget him; for alas! the cook, like the actor, lives but in the present; unless, indeed, he succeed in giving his name to some dish which may carry it down to the remotest posterity with that of Robert, Maintenon, Véry. While such a cook covers the table, and the flower of our wits and poets surround it, while more good things are eaten and said there than in any other circle of the same magnitude in the civilized world, Holland House must ever remain unrivalled.

Jan. 1, 1819.—I opened the *Anti-Jacobin* lately,

and was shocked at Canning's lines on Mad. de Staël. At the same time, I was pleased to see how twenty years have increased our refinement, and added to the rank and prerogative of woman. All parties blame Croker for his coarse and savage *critique* on Lady Morgan, under cover of reviewing her *France;* yet it is milk and water, both in mildness and purity, when compared with the lines on Mad. de Staël, which then lay on every young lady's table; though now every man would reprobate, and every woman wish to disown having seen it. I see Canning always laughed at many subjects which were unfit subjects for a jest.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Feb. 22, 1819.

I can well appreciate the kindness which leads you to communicate your sorrows to me; and I think myself highly honoured by the power of infusing any portion of that balm you so well deserve to receive from the hands of friendship. I am very much impressed in reading the annals of those whom you regard, by seeing how much the stroke of final separation is lightened both to the sufferer and survivors (who are often indeed the severest sufferers), by the blameless lives, close ties of family affection, and temperate habits, which are more frequently found among those of your persuasion than any other. I do not mean to draw any inference tending to flattery: you can understand an opinion in all its bearings; and to you explanation is unnecessary.

The stings of death arising from the recollection of those errors and those crimes, from which the sobriety and staid simplicity of the Friends happily keep them at a distance; the indifference of relatives, who in their career of ambition have hardly time, if their aspiring pursuits left them inclination, to watch the couch of departing life; the complicated ailments produced by the madness of luxurious tables and studied refinements of indolence and ease,—from such your Society seem in general happily exempt, and fall, like the nipped blossom or the ripened fruit, by an end, 'without sin, without shame, and as free from pain as may be.' Such 'was the end prayed for by the good Bishop Wilson, and may such be ours.

I read Buxton *On Prisons* last Christmas. It interested me greatly; and I was happy to see another ray of light thrown on those abodes of wretchedness. The force and closeness of his reasoning are admirable. His introduction is a masterpiece: never, perhaps, was so much explained, and so many errors unanswerably confuted, in a few words. He gives a new idea of the duty of society towards prisoners. To me he was peculiarly gratifying; because I had always entertained the opinions he maintains, and had *suffered* myself to be persuaded that in *me* they arose from the weakness of my heart.

Our Queen was estimable in essentials; but she was not beloved even by her family, if we except her good, kind husband. We cannot be surprised if she was little regretted by her people. Her age and sufferings had prepared the good, and the unfeeling do not see that any affectation of sorrow is called for.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

London, March 10, 1819.

I wish to send you Rogers' new poem. It is rather too largely entitled *Human Life.* It is the *beau idéal* of the life of an English country gentleman, from his cradle to his tomb, and is exquisitely touched; but to relish it one must love the country, and love one's children, and be alive to all the minutiæ of domestic life; for though our country gentleman is a *soldier* and a *senator*, yet his retirement forms by far the longest, as well as the most beautiful, part of the poem. It is not much relished in my little London—is called flat, prosaic, and dull; but *the public* have bought it with avidity.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

London, March 18, 1819.

I should feel ungrateful if I deferred thanking you for the pleasure your last poem has given me. You deserve the peculiar gratitude of every fond mother, for you have divined, embodied, and immortalized the tenderest and the purest feelings of her existence. In looking back, the only days I earnestly desire to recall, are those which glided away while I was 'girt with growing infancy,' and read in the eyes and the smiles of my children, who were affectionate and beautiful, a promise of happiness, such as this world can never fulfil.

You have given us the *beau idéal* of the life of an English gentleman, and conquered the very difficult task of rendering highly poetical that of which the original, divested of the beautiful colouring you have thrown upon it, is daily before our eyes. Without availing yourself of distance of time, or of place, of excitement, or of an appeal to any but our best feelings, you, like our own Apelles, have given to portraits of simple, unsophisticated, virtuous English nature, the dignity of historic painting, and the graces of fiction.

They who can read your thirty-eighth page without tears, I should suppose are few.* To me it was peculiarly affecting from the circumstances of my

* The lines referred to are those beginning—

'But man is born to suffer.'

In proof that not a word is said here more than was absolutely felt, I may quote a few sentences, apparently unfinished, and not meant I suppose for any eye, in which, three or four years later, the writer seeks to account for the somewhat cold reception a poem of such grace and beauty found. 'Mr. Rogers' little bark of *Human Life*, made for blue skies and light breezes, was launched in the moment most unfavourable for its prosperous voyage. The world was in a high state of effervescence, moral, physical, literary, political, and social. We were drinking deep of that intoxicating cup held out by *Childe Harold*, which at that time still sparkled to the brim. We had seen stars just rise above the horizon, awakening all the hope attendant on novelty, which have since disappeared. We were dazzled by the splendour of the Northern Lights, and we had not tasted the sedative waters of *St. Ronan's Well*. The political world was full of commotion, and fear and hope have since subsided into certainty, which then perplexed not monarchs alone, but all who thought and felt. We were all craving for excitement, and the demand was indeed plentifully supplied. At that moment Mr. Rogers had the courage to produce a poem founded on the best and kindliest feelings of human nature—those feelings depicted with a truth and delicacy which can only be fully appreciated when there exists something corresponding to it in the mind of the reader.' —Ed.

past life; but I must not allow myself to select gems from the casket, and now with much difficulty I shall restrain myself from saying more.

It is so pleasant both to feel and to express admiration, that I know you will forgive me for having thus obtruded mine.

March 24, 1819, *London.*—The Automaton chess-player faces the spectators, seated at what appears to be a table, upon which his chess-board is placed. He wears a rich Turkish habit, sleeves and vest of gold stuff, a dark green mantle like a lady's triangular shawl, trimmed with fur, a white turban and heron's feather. His right hand is extended gracefully on the table, his attitude is dignified, his aspect grave, and his countenance of that class we of the present day often designate as a Kemble face. One is surprised on first viewing him, at feeling a strong impression of sadness, and somewhat of awe, from his complete immobility, as connected with so close an imitation of life. After a few minutes, one of the spectators, who has engaged him many nights before, ventures to attack this representation of destiny, and concedes to him the right of opening the game.

A slight noise is heard of winding up, and the fateful figure raises its left hand—'that hand whose motion is not life,' for Lord Byron's expressions must cross us everywhere we go. This inauspicious hand, which bears some resemblance to the talon of a bird of prey, although covered with a white glove, now lifts its pawn, and drops it in another place with a

slight, but hard and bony noise. The humble-looking opponent plays his best, but his schemes are thwarted, and his pieces inexorably taken, the Automaton always putting them aside before he places his own, differing in this alone from the living player, in whom these movements are usually simultaneous. The game goes on, the spectators take part with their fellow-mortal—whisper—advise. He is puzzled with their hints, and somewhat appalled by engaging an unknown and mysterious power. The very buzz and delay of winding up increases his embarrassment. Once, when he was slower than usual, the handsome right hand tapped on the table as if to reprove his tardiness; and the poor player seemed fearful of having made his opponent wait too long. At last the talon-like hand, after pouncing like a bird of prey upon several of his adversary's best pieces with an alarming air of unwavering volition, checks his king and castle. The Automaton, secure of a speedy victory, nods his head with an air of conscious superiority, like the statue in *Don Juan*. A few moves finish the game, which has lasted about half an hour, and a fresh adversary advances to a fresh defeat.

This invincible champion is engaged for above a hundred nights. He has never yet been conquered in England. This is the triumph of mechanism; no one has yet discovered, or made any plausible guess how the impulse of the real player is communicated to the figure. Many persons seem to think it owes its power of playing chess better than all its opponents to its original formation; and that its capability of motion and skill in the game are inseparably united. Some only admire how neatly he takes up his pieces.

After he has played, he and his table—for they are one and indivisible—are rolled away, and succeeded by an Automaton Trumpeter, who is complete from top to toe, and represents a large portion of mankind, for he holds up his head, is a fine military figure, dresses well, *se présente bien*, beats time correctly, and plays two marches in good tune. Many come in, aye, and go out too, of the world, in this their vocation, who do little more.

There is no visible communication between the Automaton chess-player and any human being. The lower part of the table, which is shaped like a chest on the side where it meets the eye of the spectators, is not large enough to admit a man, nor could any one so placed view the chess-board. He and it are rolled about without mystery or hesitation. His possessor walks or stands near him, with apparent carelessness, and lays down the pieces he has taken from his adversary in the course of the game, but has no other communication. He plays by day, and the room in an evening is fully lighted. There is some little trick, however, in the Automaton's appearing invincible, as he allows but an hour in the evening, and half that time in the morning, for any game; and it is easy to conceive that a skilful player, who might not be capable of always winning, might in every instance have the power of protracting a game so as not to lose it within an hour.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Salthill, May 17, 1819.

I seize a quiet hour at Salthill, where we came yesterday for the purpose of breathing a little fresh air, and sitting under the shade of the lime-trees, to converse with you in peace, to ask of the health and welfare of your friends and family, and to complain a little of my own—I mean of my health, which has never been passable for four-and-twenty hours together since I left the country. You, I am sure, wonder why I came to town, and why I stay there; but you must know London operates as a magnet when one is absent from it, and is full of the *glue* Mad. de Sévigné speaks of as abounding in the society of *les dévots du Faubourg*—I forget which,—when one is in it. Be dissipated or domestic, sick or well, good or bad, wise or foolish, London, once tasted, will be required again and again. This is a mystery, and I leave it to wiser heads to explain. It is a good hint to country gentlemen not to be too anxious to give their wives a sip of this enchanted Cup.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

London, July 2, 1819.

Mazeppa, like some portraits of the Regent by Cosway, is rather a description of the Horse and his Rider than *vice versâ*. The horse is certainly

the hero. Where he and Mazeppa are united, all the pictures of this new Centaur are bold, impressive, and energetic. We are breathless with suspense and terror during Mazeppa's perilous course, which recals, and perhaps excels in force and beauty, that of Leonora's unknown horseman. It seems as if the author had tried his strength, in awaking so deep an interest without displaying any other feeling of the mind than the mere instinct of self-preservation, as in ancient Greek tragedies our sympathy is excited by an excess of physical suffering alone. Mazeppa's indifference to the fate of his mistress is something worse than I could have expected even from the proverbial ingratitude of man.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Cheltenham, Aug. 8, 1819.

My recollections of Anna Seward are as favourable as gratitude for the most sedulous desire on her part to receive with marked kindness the visitor introduced by her Llangollen friends can make them. You shall have them copied *verbatim* from my journal when I return.* Her genius seemed of an order calculated to take much higher flights than she ever accomplished. The growth of her wing was impeded by 'too much cherishing.' She lived in the relaxing atmosphere of a country town, where she

* This journal is one of the many which have never reached my hands. —Ed.

was indubitably superior to all the women and most of the men in mental gifts and attainments, and though not absolutely beautiful, her personal attractions were considerable—two circumstances adverse to the expansion of talent. '*Trop d'encouragement lasse le génie*,' says Mad. de Staël, an accurate observer of external life and internal feelings; and the more personal advantages a woman possesses, the farther she is removed by man from that tone of equality which would tend to her improvement. While young he too often looks at her as his prize or his prey, his friend, his enemy, or his victim, to render her even-handed justice. And when old, he considers it as something inherently ridiculous that she should wither away, according to the universal law of nature, and deems her change 'from fair to foul' (as Lord Byron uncivilly calls it, when speaking of his mistress) a fit subject for all his powers of ridicule. A country town also is a nursery of much vanity in those who are superior to their companions. Each remarkable person is usually unrivalled in his own department; and the dissipation is more constant, more from morning till night, and more *dozy* and stupefying than in a capital. Her *Letters*, I own, I had not patience to read through. Her account of living characters seemed to me prolix and dull, though I had no right to complain, being dismissed with the laconic phrase of 'amiable, lovely, and accomplished.' It would have required much higher sauce to bribe me to go through the book.

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS AGAR.

Cheltenham, Aug. 8, 1819.

If I were in danger, I could not be removed in a better time, *provided it is suitable to my eternal interests;* for I should leave all the people I most love prosperous and happy, and all, except your dear self, in good health. I have a sufficiency for all my boys, and the most complete union and affection in my family; and I should escape the steep part of the down hill, for as yet many circumstances have combined to hide from me that I was going down. My husband being much younger than the husbands of my cotemporaries, my children being young, the cheerfulness of my temper when well, and my freedom from the common cares of advancing years, have all combined to keep me in a comfortable atmosphere of youthfulness, which could not have lasted many years longer. Besides, from the multifarious accidents of life, a few added years might give me the pain of losing some of the dear objects of my affection. So, to return, *provided it were suitable to my eternal interests*, I could not go in a better time; yet, I assure you, I would much prefer staying with those I love.

Oct., 1819.—A letter full of the most awful details relative to the Duke of Richmond's death. They shall not darken this paper. On so awful an infliction, from which no care can insure us, and which may at

any moment occur to us or ours, it is best not to fix our eyes too steadily. One circumstance only it may not be wholly unprofitable to keep in mind. The bite was inflicted by an *irritated* animal—a fox, which had been confined, escaped to the woods, was retaken, and became enraged at being again subject to confinement. I remember the Duke of Richmond in Ireland, when, as Col. Lennox, he was an object of universal admiration to the young of both sexes. His duel with the Duke of York seemed to have something in it chivalrous, displaying a recklessness of all selfish considerations. We knew little of the particulars, but this mystery increased our respect. He was supposed to excel in all manly exercises, and that was a higher praise in those days than it is in these more intellectual times. He was said to be the finest formed man in England, and his playing at cricket was praised as an exquisite display of grace, strength, and skill. When Lord Buckinghamshire was Secretary in Lord Westmoreland's Administration, he gave parties in the Phœnix Park, where the *élite* of the young men played cricket, while Lady Westmoreland and a few young women, either of the highest station or selected from the beauties of that time (and in those days beauty was itself a dignity), sat in a tent as spectators. The writer is ashamed to say, that such is her propensity to *ennui* under the smallest constraint or continuity of enforced pleasure, she has suffered greatly under the delights of these parties, and was too well prepared to answer the question, '*Est-ce que je m'amuse?*' Yet by those who never were invited how much were they desired; how much were the initiated envied by those who were

hopeless of admission. Cricket was succeeded by a dinner; cards and dancing filled up the interval till the appearance of a supper, twin brother to the dinner; and then by the light of the waning moon or rising dawn, we parted to drive through the beautiful scenery of the Park.

Nov. 10.—Yesterday evening I tried to read Boccaccio, in order to find a tale to amuse my children. The language may be very fine and very pure, but the stories in general are so cumbrously told, so loaded with unnecessary circumstance, so coarsely indecent, and so brutally cruel, that I cannot but wonder at the reputation of this work. Impurity without wit, and *dénouements* of assault and battery, are to be found in almost every page of the tales that mean to be gay. Yet a few of them are charming, and I love to see the mine where Shakespeare found so much valuable ore.

Nov. 19.—An amendment in health disposes us to look on all around us with a favourable eye. I am not surprised that the gradual recovery of spirits incident to humanity, when it begins to 'wear down' a great sorrow, has sometimes induced men hastily to marry, without much apparent temptation, when the first affliction for a beloved wife was fading into calm regret. This action has been a theme for obloquy to all professors of sentiment, somewhat more than it deserves. It is rather a symptom of that easiness of being pleased which attends recovery of mind or body, than one of fickleness. Last winter I found this house disagreeable, dark, confined, small. I was

going down the hill, as to health. This year, in the gloomy month of November, I think it comfortable, compact, convenient; I am ascending in the scale, and see a better prospect around me.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

London, Dec., 1819.

I fear Lord Carysfort will not long be one of this world. When I saw him yesterday his Bible was before him. He seemed like a traveller consulting the map of his approaching journey. There is no end to the feelings and reflections awakened by the sight of a friend in a precarious state of health, reading his Bible. I love the emphatic cottage expression, *his* Bible, *her* Bible—that claim of property in this Book, which is peculiar, I believe, to the English language in common life.

We are all reading Lord John Russell's *Life of the Lord Russell*—an interesting work, written in a tone of temper, candour, and moderation worthy of the subject. Burnet's *History*, and Lady Russell's *Letters* have furnished the gems, but they are well set, and the book is honourable to its author. Miss Berry has edited a few of Lady Russell's letters, omitted in the first collection of hers, published half a century before our time. These letters have all a certain degree of interest from the lustre of *her* name, and of *his* to whom they were addressed; for most of them are to her husband, and they are preceded by a pleasing and well written *Life*

of Lady Russell, by the editor. The whole is scarcely worth offering to the public as a volume, though the memoir and a few of the letters might have graced a miscellaneous collection.

Dec. 24, 1819.—Dear Mrs. C—— closed her long and virtuous life on the 15th, with a calmness and resignation often granted to the evening of such a day. She suffered no pain or uneasiness, and was favoured with a renovation of those mental faculties which so long lay dormant. She was an only child, and educated with the most unbounded indulgence; married very young to one whom she immediately accompanied to the bosom of his family, in another kingdom. Transplanted, when little more than a child and eminently beautiful, to a distance from all her friends and advisers, her conduct was irreproachable as a young wife, a young mother, and a young widow. In her second marriage to one who in years might have been her father, she showed the same discretion and affectionate propriety of conduct that distinguished the earlier part of her life. Her character was of that tranquil, unassuming order which dazzles not at first, but shines more brightly the longer it is examined. She was esteemed, respected, and beloved. Her beauty was not the majestic, nor the brilliant; it neither awed nor dazzled; but it was feminine loveliness of the most attractive, winning description. Her delicate and finely formed features, of delightful expression, were set off by a thousand graces of voice, language, manners, and deportment. She was anxious to be loved, and pleased at being

admired. She was religious, kind-hearted, hospitable, social, gentle, prudent; and neither severity nor envy ever approached her heart. In my connexion with her I never remember aught but kindness, partial kindness, approving, applauding, nay, even admiring, from the first hour in which she adopted me to the last of our intercourse.

TO THE LADY FANNY PROBY.

Bursledon Lodge, Dec., 1819.

Your good wishes have been fulfilled as to the health and spirits of your friend. I have had but one day of painful headache since my return to the little green nest, which is now almost entirely overgrown by the luxuriance of this summer's extraordinary spirit of vegetation. We are beginning to cut our way out, as they do in the forests of America; but, as far as good will goes, with more difficulty; for though we both acknowledge in theory the necessity of admitting the breeze and the sunbeam, yet each patronizes every particular tree, shrub, or plant, which the other proposes to remove. I hope you can give me a favourable account of Lady —— and her *latest treasure*, and that you now enjoy the pleasure of seeing her free from the anxiety and apprehension that, even in her serene well-regulated mind, must occur on the eve of an event of so mixed a nature. It is really the 'web of mingled yarn,' where fear and hope, pain and pleasure, are more closely and abruptly mingled and entwined than in any other incident of common recurrence.

Have you read the new *Tales of my Landlord?* The catastrophe of the *Bride of Lammermoor* is unnatural, and so shocking, that its truth should rather have been a reason for consigning it to oblivion, than for embodying it in a work of imagination. In *Montrose* we meet an *oglio* of all the strange and horrid events contained in Walter Scott's notes to a former work, yet it has to me, as far as I have gone, a sort of wild interest.

I have just received verses as wonderful, with reference to the age of the writer, as any can be; an *Ode to the Duke of Wellington*, and other poems, Greek, Latin, and English, written between the age of eleven and fourteen, by the youngest son of Sir George Dallas. They are, I believe, allowed to be the best ever written by a boy so young; yet they do not inspire with the idea that young Dallas will be a great poet. They are more to be admired for finished neatness and exact knowledge of the technical part of poetry than for strong impressions of nature and of life. Their merits are more the effects of a fine ear, and a memory filled by what has been said by other poets, than of deep feeling and close observation of realities.

Dec. 13, 1819.—I saw Lord —— yesterday. He is said to have been much afflicted by the loss of his valuable wife. Oh how I envied one who, after such an affliction, in looks, in voice, in calmness, in propriety of manner, is exactly as before, in less than three months. I know that time wears down the appearance of every sorrow in us all, but happy are they

in whom this effect is so soon produced. This is not, as some might think, a criticism in masquerade, or an assumption of superior sensibility. No, it is a real expression of a simple feeling. If we examine the cause of our criticizing a too rapid forgetfulness of the departed, we may find it proceeds from selfishness; we do not like to be reminded how soon we may be forgotten ourselves.

Dec. 31.—It is not wholly our refinement, as we are apt to think, which has banished social and sprightly amusements from our drawing-rooms. Commerce, contracts, loans, and war prices have poured an influx of wealth into hands not hitherto in contact with the Corinthian pillars of society. Many persons were suddenly raised, as well by wealth as by alliances, places, and Court favours, to mingle with those, of whom some boast a long line of distinguished ancestors, others all the advantages of the best education, and not a few unite both. The patricians were not delighted with the intimacy with such persons which playing at cards for a low stake, private acting, domestic dancing without the formality of previous preparation, or small plays, naturally produced; nor in general could the merely wealthy shine, where ease, sprightliness, and accomplishment were required. Accordingly they invited their noble friends to splendid dinners in apartments of Eastern magnificence; and from the moment these invitations were accepted, our English nobility declined from those habits of simple enjoyment by which they were formerly distinguished. They were disinclined to be much inferior in *recherche* and expense to these new

acquaintances, and invited them to entertainments more luxurious and more formal than they had themselves habitually given—more luxurious from contagion, more formal, in part to preserve their own dignity —thus adding insensibly to the far-sought delicacies of the table, and the ornament of their houses; till at last all society, saving Almack's, which is a 'bright particular star,' and that dignified delightful scene of dozing, the Ancient Music, has taken one uniform colour. The duke, the commoner, the contractor, all *entertain*, as it is called, in gay apartments, full of pomp and gold;

'And one eternal dinner swallows all.'

TO A SON (aged 14).

Bursledon Lodge, Feb., 1820.

Our good King's death made an impression of melancholy on my mind, though I had only seen him in the usual way at the Queen's Drawing-rooms. But I can never forget the paternal benevolence of his manner—banishing awe, without diminishing reverence. When presented to him, I partook of the usual feeling experienced by all who have lived to womanhood in a country where they never could see a king, and I was intimidated at the idea of being under the eye of a monarch; but the kindliness of his manner soon removed all my little feminine bashfulness; and from that day, whenever I went to the Drawing-room, I used to watch for his approach with pleasure.

His character, I think, will take a high place in history. He was sometimes, I believe, mistaken in the line of his duty; but he always pursued the road his conscience pointed out; and if we weigh his conduct with his temptations, and consider his justice, temperance, piety, purity, domestic affections, humility, and patience, I know not whether we could safely say, his dominions contained a better man.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

Bursledon Lodge, Feb., 1820.

Our fears are now gradually subsiding. They were artfully excited by both extremes—by the Radicals, and by the friends of arbitrary power. *Both* have gained their point. Strong and unpopular laws have passed; and discontent has increased. I pity the Moderates, the constitutional Whigs, the temperate zone in short. Between the *frottement* of opposite tendencies to anarchy and despotism, they have a chance of being *un peu froissé.* As I rank my best friends and myself in this class, I look on it with double interest.

I do not like to talk or write of our good King's death. Some noble mind will, I hope, do justice to his admirable qualities. They were so equally tempered, and his line of conduct so undeviating, that it requires meditation to see the full beauty of a character which was not set off by contrast, nor affected us with any surprise. It is too much the custom to blame him individually for the wars we have *endured*

—for war is but another name for suffering, to the victors as well as the vanquished. If he erred on this point, he erred with a great proportion of his people, and some of the strongest minds in his dominions.

Lord A. has left us after a short visit. He was more alive to general subjects than he has been for some time, not being so much smothered in petticoats as he was lately. There passed a moment when his society was all composed of us 'fair defects,' and certainly his mind requires stronger food than the pap we can offer him. I never knew a man live entirely with women who did not suffer from it more or less.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Bursledon Lodge, Feb., 1820.

I do not believe Hayley is a man of bad character; he is loved and admired by some of the most respectable. I paid him a visit last autumn; a friend of his brought me to his little villa, near Bognor, by appointment. He lives in the prettiest nutshell possible, a miniature paradise; no *luxe* about it, except that of extreme neatness; and fine pictures; Romney, painted by the artist himself, Cowper, Charlotte Smith, Gibbon, and others of celebrity, graced his walls; and he pleased himself and me by showing me beautiful portraits of his wife, his mother, and other relations. We then walked round his small garden, strolled on his velvet lawn, and returned to drink coffee, which he always does at two, the coffee

being accompanied with various other matters for his guests. Afterwards we returned to his drawing-room and piano-forte, where he showed me several songs, chiefly *sacred*, of which the words were either by Cowper or himself, and he seemed pleased that I could play and sing them at sight; for I still retain my voice, and, though I have no time to practise, it does not seem inclined to leave me, which I wonder at. I think he said he was seventy-five. He *did* lately marry a young wife, but *that* 'crime,' according to Sheridan, 'carries the punishment along with it;' they soon quarrelled, and parted, for the bard who sang so sweetly the 'Triumphs of Temper,' is said to be somewhat irritable and irascible; the lady was so too, and expected he would have done nothing for the rest of his life but sing her praises. His look and manner denote impatience, curbed by good breeding; and his nieces seem much afraid of him; so, I perceived, did his visitors and old friends. I think his manner and the expression of his face create awe rather than put one at one's ease. At least such was the impression upon me.

TO A FRIEND.

Bursledon Lodge, Feb. 10, 1820.

I cannot defer a moment in writing to you on an event so interesting as our dear ——'s marriage. I have been informed that, as to the externals of life, her choice is not that which her parents would naturally have made. In this there is one bright side, that it is her unbiassed choice—unbiassed not only

by the wishes of others, but by any of those mixed motives, calculations of ambition or interest, which so often lead to disappointment, and sometimes induce the young to part with their liberty, where they do not *love* so much as they ought, either for their own happiness or that of their husbands. Those women who choose for themselves undoubtedly become the best wives, and I am sure, from the warmth and tenderness of ——'s disposition, that her affection as a daughter will receive a strong accession from her grateful sense of your kindness and that of Mr. —— in yielding to her on this important point. Of that she will feel the merit still more, if she herself becomes a mother.

I am anxious to hear from you, for I know by experience that for one's children one hopes to attain opposite advantages, both from the right hand and from the left; and that any event respecting them which does not almost unite irreconcileable blessings, displeases one at first; but a little time passes away, imagination ceases to operate, every feature in the prospect bears its due proportion, and one is somewhat surprised on recollecting one's first uneasiness and displeasure.

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS AGAR.

Bursledon Lodge, Feb. 17, 1820.

I hope the circumstances of ——'s intended marriage are more favourable than Mrs. —— represents them. In one's first vexation one sees only the dark side, and one overlooks every little sunny

spot. I wrote, as you advised, but I thought it kindest to write immediately, because your dear self, and many others, have found comfort from being presented at the first moment of intense feeling with a different view of things from their own. Besides, she might have felt embarrassment in announcing a circumstance of some mortification (some one says, women always feel as if a misfortune were a disgrace), and I thought a peace-making letter might spare her this slight pain, and be of some little use. As to —— and her lover having behaved so ill, though I am now a mother, not a daughter, I still think, and even more than I did then, that we owe great indulgence in these cases to the young, when the feeling is love, the purpose marriage, and the parties unmarried. This is an opinion every one acts upon, though few have the sincerity to own it. Therefore parents would save themselves much trouble by being mild and gentle at first.

March 15, 1820.—I see that last Sunday deprived me of an old and tried friend, E—— C——. His love for Colonel St. George, his friendly and almost fatherly regard for the young girl who, as St. George's wife, was at once brought from retirement and quiet to the turmoil of a most dissipated capital, the vivid affection in which he *seemed* enwrapt for a short period on the commencement of my widowhood, which he allowed me to repress without painful explanations, the original foundation of friendship which all this left behind, and his late efficient kindness to

my dear Charles, will often revive in my recollection. There was an individuality about him which is rare, and is becoming more so every day. His manly frankness, his good nature, doubly valuable because one saw it sprang from a vigorous root, his spirit of enjoyment, simplicity, classical taste, and quick intelligence, made him a most pleasant companion. He was self-poised; his manner was alike to all, the same in all society, because he valued not more than they deserved those adventitious circumstances which are dependent on the breath of a circle. Though his life was devoted to his profession, and perhaps shortened by his attention to its duties, he was without ambition, sought neither honours nor emoluments, and he closed it retired in the bosom of his family, towards whom a long absence had not impaired his affection.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, March 22, 1820.

The Ancient Music was delightful to-day—the singing middling. I, who have heard Mrs. Billington's 'They have triumphed gloriously,' like a brilliant and magnificent rainbow, can only be *astonished* by the clearness and sweetness of Mrs. Salmon's or Miss Stephens' exertions. I was delighted with Jomelli's Berenice, from *Lucio Vero.* The recitative is sublimely pathetic, and the *moans* of the accompaniment make it absolutely a fine duet. I allow that in the song the voice accompanies the instrument; but this is no more a defect, when it suits the situa-

tion, than Satan being Milton's hero. I met Rogers and Henry Sanford; both of whom were amusing. The poet was unfeignedly glad to see me, gave me a seat, and sat by me. I went late, and but for his exertions in bringing me to a place I had not seen, should not have found one for some time, as it was quite full. He recommended to me Grétry *On Music.* I tried to make him say a word in honour of Haygarth; dumb as the dead! his countenance even did not show that he heard me.

Do not order anything unpleasant, or say anything in the way of reproof to the tenants, while you are in Ireland. Let your arrows fly like the Parthians'.

TO MRS. ——— (a god-daughter).

London, March 29, 1820.

You are aware I am acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. ——— having given but a reluctant consent to your marriage. This occurs so often in the course of events, without any cause to blame either side, that there is no indelicacy in my mentioning it. All I wish to graft on it is this—*You* have carried your point; if I may so express myself, *you* have gained the victory; *they* are in the novel and irksome situation of having given up their wishes, and given them up to *one* whom they have been accustomed to expect should yield to *them.* Let me, then, entreat you not to take the smallest offence at anything that may occur on their part, particularly during this moment of unavoidable irritation; and on your side,

recollect that every concession, every small quiet attention, every degree of *filial humility*, is honourable and becoming to an affectionate daughter and a young wife. Mr. —— will have sufficient complaisance for you cheerfully to concur in this pleasing task. When I think of your dear father's advanced age, how I grieve there should be a shadow of coldness between him and the beloved of his heart. *You* may put an end to it when you please. Believe a mother on this head. Our children would be omnipotent in their influence over us, if they knew the effect of the most trifling proof of their affection.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, March 29, 1820.

I made my *début* as a diner-out at ——'s yesterday. He sacrifices his good sense at the shrine of party, loudly boasting of ultra-Toryism, and crying, 'My Tory principles go farther than yours; I am really a Tory; *I* think the Manchester meeting *was* illegal' (by the bye, that discussion is quite gone by). This was chiefly addressed to a quiet guest, who avowed different principles, but seemed determined not to argue with his Amphitryon. F——, H——, and his ministerial friends appear to shrink from his assistance, and to deprecate his entering into discussion. Lady R. seemed displeased that Lord —— should be a peer, and Sir John nothing—but a baronet; asked me spitefully where Lady —— was *now*, as if she was not most probably with her hus-

band. I repaid her by telling her how much the King loved *his Lordship*, and what fine things *his Majesty* had said of him to me. She returned this blow by talking of women who died suddenly of water on the chest, and bringing it home to such invalids as I am—and so do ladies carry on the war. Mrs. F. has discovered that our relations came to London too late in life, and had much better fix somewhere else, politely inferring that it will not be in their power to pierce the dense column of good society. She intended to please me, on common family principles. . . . You may see I have been associating too much with women, having descended from general and elevating subjects to those which are particular and lowering, from *la vie intérieure* to its opposite.

I sang pretty well, as some tell me with polite surprise; but as I know I *must* grow old, and am anxious to preserve the amusement of singing a few years longer, I enjoy the sweet, and am insensible to the bitter, of the compliment. The truth is, my timidity, or *mauvaise honte*, or what you will, is weaker, and less depresses my voice, which therefore seems stronger.

April, 1820.—Attended Dr. Crotch's lecture on music at the Royal Institution.

'The student should distrust his own taste, and also that of any master who advises a scholar to copy *him* exclusively. He must distrust the oracles of fashion. Fashion can operate neither as a guide, nor yet as a beacon, being sometimes right, and some-

times wrong. He must carefully distinguish applause from fame. The first may be given from various causes, independent of merit, and may be only temporary; while fame is the consolidated opinion of the best judges, increasing from year to year, till in the lapse of time it bears down, as it rolls along, the opposition which interest, prejudice, or fashion may have raised. The works of the best ancient masters stand on this firm foundation, and therefore ought to be the student's chief study. If he does not admire them at first, let him dwell upon them till he does.

'But some will say, The best music is that which naturally pleases those who have not studied the science. This is not the case. Among a number of hearers, the majority will be best pleased by music of an inferior kind; and something analogous to this takes place in all the arts. The finest efforts of art will only appear such to the finest judges, who are always rare. A good ear and good general taste is not sufficient to qualify a man for being a judge of music. We often hear such an one desire to be lulled to sleep by what pleases him most. If he was really a judge, the best music would much more probably keep him awake. Vocal performers are bad judges of instrumental, and instrumental of vocal music.

'Music may be divided into the sublime, the beautiful, the ornamental. From "To Thee, Cherubim," to "the majesty of Thy glory," in Handel's *Te Deum* on the battle of Dettingen, is sublime. Pergolesi's "Dove sei," in *Eurydice*, is beautiful. Handel's Fifth Harpsichord Lesson is ornamental. The sources of the sublime are awe, magnitude or extent, simplicity,

and intricacy. A chorus of heavenly beings uniting in praise of their Creator, is an awful and sublime idea, awakened by many of Handel's compositions. The full effect of an orchestra reaching to the heights and depths of musical sound, gives an idea of vastness and extent. Simplicity from the powerful effect it conveys of a single feeling, creates conceptions of intensity and force. Thus the unadorned columns of a Grecian temple are sublime in their simplicity and reiteration; while in a Gothic cathedral, the intricacy of infinitude gives the same result of sublimity.'*

April 9.—A conversation passed at Lord Clifden's on the delusive opinion that authors were best known by their works, and on the possibility of a Revolution in England. The combination of these two ideas produced the following extract from a Review, supposed to be carried on a century hence by the descendants of some of our noble families, then obliged to write for subsistence, and edited in Birmingham, then become one of the chief seats of literature.

From an article in *The Birmingham Review* of 1920, on Howard's *Lives of the Poets*:—

It is lamentable that the late civil wars have destroyed nearly all the private memoirs of those writers who flourished in the 19th century. The number of libraries burnt by the insurgents, or made into ball-cartridges by both parties, or bought up by

* Marks indicate that a page had here been pinned into the journal; this, which no doubt contained the conclusion of this lecture, has dropt out and been lost.—Ed.

charitable associations and boiled down into jelly, to make nourishing soups for the poor during the years of famine, have left us no materials from whence to collect any account of that pleasing versifier, Rogers, who forms a sort of link between the minor poets of the time and such powerful writers as Scott and Byron. Yet, in fact, an author is best known by his works; and we do not hesitate to pronounce Samuel Rogers one of the mildest of men, wholly without gall, and partaking largely of the quality our friends the French call *bonhomie*. There are no strokes of wit, vivacity, or powerful imagination in his writings; but so much mildness, and such exquisite feeling for all the tendernesses of domestic life, as speak him one whom to know was to love, who never suffered a sharp word to pass his lips, and in whom his friends could have had no fault to lament but an excess of meekness. Indeed, this is strongly proved in his permitting his *Jaqueline* to be bound up in most unequal alliance with Byron's *Lara* and an offensive preface, in which the latter jocosely, but rudely, establishes a comparison between them.

Some have suggested that it is probable he may have been Byron's domestic chaplain. We know this *noble* author (to speak in the jargon of those days), after being suspected of philosophical principles, became extremely superstitious, having even proceeded so far as to publish a volume of hymns,—a change that may have been caused by his grief for the elopement of his wife, which seems, from his pathetic '*Farewell*,' to have affected him deeply. We cannot, however, adopt this opinion, as *The Rev.*^{d} was always prefixed to the names of the national

clergy, till that order was dissolved by the seventeenth General Assembly in 1870. Rogers may, however, have been one of the numerous Dissenters of his time. We think we see him, with an affectionate wife, and half a dozen rosy children like himself, free from envy or solicitude, his honest face beaming with health and cheerfulness, retired and contented—

'The world forgetting, by the world forgot.'

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

London, April 19, 1820.

I met Rogers and Jekyll at Roehampton; a pleasant *duo*, who keep time and tune together, and, in the language of musicians, mark their points. Take a fragment of Rogers:—

So, Mr. Wilmot, you are going to the Duchess of ——'s?

Mr. Wilmot.—Yes, immediately.

R.—How *fat* you'll grow.

Mr. W.—*Fat*, how so?

R.—You will sleep so much. They go to bed so early.

Mr. W.—No, I never go to bed early.

R.—You will, indeed.

Mr. W.—No. I always read in my own room.

R.—You will not. *Measure your candle.*

(*Exit Mr. Wilmot.*) *Rogers* (*to the remaining circle*).—That Mr. Wilmot is a sensible man. I don't say so from my own knowledge; not the least. He wrote a book, too. That, you'll say, was *nothing*.

And printed it. I don't say that from my own knowledge either, for I never read it, never met anybody that had.

April, 1820.—Reflections for my sons.—May I learn to be humbly thankful for the blessings showered upon me; for an active and healthful body, a mind capable of receiving instruction, a liberal education, wise teachers, affectionate relations, and more than a sufficiency of all the goods of this life; for birth in a free country, far from the seat of war; for having been hitherto preserved from the commission of great crimes; and, above all, for the knowledge of the will of God as revealed in the Holy Scriptures. When I may be disposed not to have a due sense of these blessings, let me turn my thoughts to the sufferers in occupations of severe labour, in painful disorders, in extreme penury, in sorrows by the side of a dying friend, in sorrows from the wickedness and ingratitude of those whom they love; in the agonies of starvation, in the horrors of remorse, in hopeless and helpless anguish on the field of battle; in infamy, in dungeons, in chains, in slavery, in torture.

Let these reflections check in me that spirit of discontent prosperity may produce, and impress on me thy commands, O God, that all those who are fortunate in this world should watch over and relieve their afflicted brethren; thy declaration that Thou wilt punish those who neglect this duty so repeatedly enjoined in thy Holy Word. Let me, therefore, avoid all those acts which would incapacitate me from

assisting the poor and helpless; and let me not give this assistance from compassion alone, but because Thou hast commanded it, and because Our Blessed Lord has vouchsafed to accept it as an evidence of our faith and our love.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

London, May, 1820.

The *Gazette* of to-day is to contain the fate of the first Drawing-room. I have heard it is to be without hoops and without men—a face without nose and without eyes—but the changes of mind at the Great House are so rapid that impatient gossip toils after them in vain. Lady C. says that ladies shall walk at the Coronation, ministers say they shall not; and these two resolves are changed night and morning. We are amazingly like the Court of France in the later days of Louis the Fourteenth. There is the same extensive influence of favour in all directions; the same universal and avowed cupidity, the same delight in luxury, the same dangers and the same blindness, and the same public display of devotion.

I went yesterday to Newgate, to see Mrs. Fry's performance. I by no means wish to underrate her merits by the phrase. The same lips which said, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth,' have also said, 'Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick;' leaving the heart at liberty to follow either precept, as it conscientiously judges one or other most useful at

the time; thus proving in this instance, as in so many others, that the Gospel is 'the law of liberty.'

Miss Hewitt, Lady Jane Peel, and I, set out at ten for Newgate; where a stonework of fetter over the door told us we had arrived after a twenty minutes' drive. Two fat and jolly men received us in a sort of office, and civilly consigned us to a maid-servant, who led us up two narrow and steep flights of stairs to a small homely room, in the middle of which, her back to the door, Mrs. Fry sat at a table, with books and papers before her. The female convicts, I suppose about sixty in number, faced her on rows of benches, raised as in the gallery of a theatre. Opposite to these were two or three rows for the visitors, and a single row on each side, all as full as possible. As we entered, we were slightly named to her, and slightly acknowledged. The smell was oppressive, and the heat unpleasant, but this was instantly forgotten in the interest of the scene. The convicts first drew my attention. They were of decent appearance and deportment, habited like the lowest class of servants. They were singularly plain, but most of them in the prime or vigour of life, not one very old woman; and two had children, whom they nursed. Among the visitors I saw a few of my acquaintance, and some persons of note.

After a short silence Mrs. Fry read, in a soft, low, silvery tone the fourth chapter of the Ephesians, with perfect intelligence and expressive sweetness. She then paused, and explained what she thought wanted elucidation in a few simple well-chosen words. Two men of the Society of Friends spoke a few words of exhortation. She then read a Psalm, and, I think,

did not say anything in explanation; but she knelt down and commenced a prayer for comfort to the unhappy convicts, and spiritual blessings for them, for us, and for all. This prayer was chanted in a way, I am told, peculiar to the Society of Friends. I did not like it, with all the advantages of Mrs. Fry's sweet voice and musical skill. It is not a regular tune; the words rise a few notes in the scale in regular progression, and fall again to the same place, but never descend lower, or change their order. Many words, of course, sometimes are given to one note, and the long-drawn emphasis sometimes laid on 'and,' and other equally insignificant words, was disagreeable to my ear. On the whole, it affected my nerves unpleasantly, and wanted the solemn unction of the human speaking voice. Music ought to be very fine when we address the Deity; even then it seems more suitable for repeating, or dwelling on, our petitions, or for praise and gratitude, than for humble, deep, deprecatory prayer.

The convicts now left the room. A subscription followed; and Mrs. Fry offered to show us the jail. I went part of the way; but as we seemed to walk through narrow, dark, and winding passages cut out of the cold rock, my courage failed. Thought dwelt intensely on those that went in that way, never to return but to death or banishment, and I felt that I was exposing myself perhaps to illness, when uncalled on by any duty. I prevailed on a good, kind Quaker friend to be my Orpheus, and was very glad to see the light of day once more.

It was a fine lesson of humility and gratitude. The doubt whether in similar circumstances one

might not have been more guilty than the worst of these women, the reflection how deeply they might have been assailed by the temptations of want, added to every other infirmity of our nature, and how bitterly they might expiate in this world the offences of which they had repented, all pressed on the mind at once.

June 13. Mrs. Fry and all the remarkables have faded like stars at sunrise. The Queen, the Queen alone fills up the London show-box, and frights our Court from its propriety. *Figurez-vous*, a woman still handsome, fresh and vigorous as at fifteen, attended but by an alderman, a female friend, a page, and half a dozen servants, causing the stoutest hearts to quail; making necessary nightly patrols of cavalry, and an increased military force in the capital; terrifying the Cabinet Ministers from their business in the House of Commons; occupying all tongues, all pens, all eyes, if they could but obtain a sight; keeping the King in check, and finally being the innocent cause of your mother's windows being broken by the mob, as a little epilogue to their more serious performance at Lady Hertford's.

May 26, 1820.—Mr. Grattan has taken leave of all his friends, and resigned himself to that departure from his life and his fame which he is aware must shortly take place, in the due course of a painful complaint. He is perfectly simple, affectionate, and sublime. On the confines of another world, he still enjoys the best this can give—in the company and

cares of his wife and his four children, all warm-hearted, loving, and intellectual. But he has not lain down on a sofa to close his eyes in apathy, and indolently attend the stroke of fate. He feels a desire of dying in his vocation, and employing his last breath in pleading the cause of his Roman Catholic countrymen. His great mind still connects itself with earth by the link of patriotism, though all other ties are dissolving or dissolved.

June 23.—Heard the tumultuous shouting of a well-dressed and exulting crowd on a glimpse of the Queen, who appeared once on her balcony on her return from an airing. There was pleasure and triumph in the sound; but it was not unmingled with a stern consciousness of power. It filled me with mournful anticipations. The King, his ministers, his courtiers, and the whole phalanx of the supporters of Administration are on one side, and the Queen and people on the other. In these shouts I heard the voice of a lion; pleased, but still a lion—the murmurs of the sea; gentle, but so are the precursors of a storm. Some say dislike to the King creates the greatest part of the interest in favour of the Queen. I do not think so ill of the English character. I believe it proceeds from the immutable sense of justice.

TO MRS. WILLIAM TRENCH.

July, 1820.

I send you, as you desire, a few of the *Monodies*,* and am delighted that you do not think me so weak as to look on the criticism of a friend as a *mishap*. What you say is perfectly true. It *is* very inferior to the four beautiful lines quoted in *The Morning Chronicle*, of course very inferior to the subject; and it is even inferior to the author; as I have never written anything on so good a theme with so little originality or effect. However, had it been much worse, I should have wished to strew on the grave of our patriot a weed from the desert, if I could not procure a flower; a pebble, if I could not bring a gem; and I was foolish enough to limit myself in time, being desirous to finish it immediately, after the thought occurred that it might be printed for the day of the funeral.

I should write much better if I had ever been criticized. The heaths, and many other flowers, require wind (not merely air, but blasts of wind) as well as sunshine; and it would have been both a stimulus and an improvement, if I had ever heard the voice of truth. But alas! that was impossible; and my little attempts *can* have no merit but that of showing to those who love me, what I might have done, had I not been deprived of the advantages of classical learning; had I not been flattered in my youth, as one to whom mental acquirements were unnecessary; had I not been the fond mother of nine children, and the

* The *Monody* referred to was on the death of Grattan. The lady to whom this letter is addressed was a relation of his.—Ed.

troublesome wife of one whom I do not much like to have out of my sight;—four very unfavourable circumstances to the cultivation of any art or science whatever. I have said more on this subject than it is worth; but when I write to those I love or esteem, I am naturally diffuse; beware, therefore, of beginning a correspondence with

Your affectionate sister.

I do not know whether the two following stanzas were intended to form part of a larger whole, or are complete in themselves. They are, to my mind, the highest which the writer accomplished in verse.

Their eyes have met. The irrevocable glance
Stamped on the fantasy of each a face,
That neither weal nor woe, nor meddling chance,
Shall ever pluck from its warm resting-place:
There it shall live, and keep its youthful grace,
Time shall not soil a single glossy tress,
Nor lightest wrinkle on that surface trace;
In life, in death, remains the deep impress,
Through all eternity endures to curse or bless—

Eternity! sweet word to lover's ear,
For love alone unfolds a sudden view
Of thy long vista and immortal year;
All other passions do some end pursue,
And in fruition die—to live anew,
And seek the food that kills. Love's finer frame
Turns all to aliment and honey-dew;
Of past, of future, hardly knows the name,
Exists self-poised, and wishes all its days the same.

Aug. 31, 1820, *Tunbridge Wells.*—Safe at the Sussex Hotel, after going down *such* hills! The road most beautiful from luxuriance of vegetation and display of the finest trees, chiefly elms, with all their varieties of wreathed roots, mossy or shining stems, and picturesque forms. All around shines with neatness, high finish, and an air of prosperity. Orchard gardens and hop-grounds meet us at every step, yet not so as to detract from the general air of freedom and nature in the landscape.

Sept. 5.—This pretty spot is just as I left it, except that formerly all strove to meet, and now all seek to avoid each other. Refinement, an increasing taste for domestic life, purer morals, poverty, may all have some share in this change. It is no matter of regret to me, whose highest pleasures are within my own dear family circle. Yes, I forget another novelty, a clean, square, creditable brick-built Methodist chapel, where I heard a sermon last night that in point of matter was not unworthy of any pulpit in Great Britain. The manner was less pleasing, yet there was an air of sincerity which secured sympathy and attention. The extemporaneous prayers and singing were also good. On the whole, there was not a peg whereon to hang a fault; and I hope I do not derogate from Church of Englandism by saying I thought it a very suitable, rational, and pleasant way of passing an hour, and one calculated to awaken and confirm religious feelings.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
STOCKHOLM.

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 10, 1820.

On the day of our eclipse I was pleased at thinking that you were certainly looking on the same object, engaged in the same contemplations, as your mother. The weather was so fine here that we saw it to perfection. The diminution of light was apparent, and its quality seemed altered, every object assuming an appearance comparatively wan and sickly, the sky becoming of a colder blue, tending to a dull purple, and the leaves of the trees of a more yellowish green. I also thought they seemed to droop, though in a degree scarcely observable, except to a very close attention. The thermometer sunk from 78 to 73. Pray what were the peculiar appearances you observed? I should like the opinion of one who is so good a judge of colours, and of the *savans* of Sweden.

What papers do you take at present? The Queen's trial was a wonderful harvest for the newspapers. I despair of giving you any idea how much England is occupied and agitated by this trial. The feeling it excites beats like a pulse through the whole kingdom. I cannot help thinking it is possible the Lords may throw out the Bill. This supposition is contrary to all common calculations, founded on the usual march of self-interest. But these are no common times; and the extraordinarily strong expression of feeling

out of doors, the character of the witnesses, so exceedingly low, the improbable nature of their evidence, some touch of the immutable principles of justice, the divisions in the Cabinet, and many other working causes, may possibly effect this.

Sept. 14, *Brentford.* This letter was begun four days ago, and I am so far on my way to town. I have been amused, while I sat alone in the small, dull, square drawing-room of this inn, how many bookish associations this town excites. First, enter the Two Kings of Brentford, smelling to one nosegay; and Prince Prettyman, dressed in one boot, attended by their whole party, ushered in by Bayes and his friends. Next comes Pope with his imitation of Shenstone; and, lastly, the venerable Mrs. Trimmer, with all her numerous productions, domestic and literary, followed by a troop of children whom she has saved from tears and punishment by her elementary books, and bearing in her hand that sacred Volume, she so well explained, and so diligently observed. With all this good company I could well bear to wait for dinner, even if I had not the great pleasure of writing to you with that freedom from interruption one can never enjoy so fully as at an inn.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

Chessel, Oct., 1820.

I am happy here, but I have to reproach myself with talking too much, and also with taking possession too much of the Reverend John Owen, and sometimes even *differing from him*—supposed to be the author of *The World without Souls*, attributed to Cunningham, and Secretary from the commencement of the Bible Society—orator, poet, musician, singer—father-in-law of young Wilberforce, friend of Porteus and old Wilberforce—and the very best talker of religion I have yet heard. I do not mean that he is not a doer also, but he has the happiest power of introducing religious topics without gloom and without affectation. I mean to endeavour to renew his acquaintance, and extend it to his wife and daughter.

Nov. 7, 1820.—I have just finished Southey's *Life of Wesley*, a book one cannot read without some religious improvement; but what a trimmer poor Southey is, bowing to right and left! I have looked into Croker's translation of Fontaine's *Fables*. I grieve to see my dear old French friend in a masquerade Court dress, a Windsor uniform. It is a coarse and bad translation. He leaves out the sweetness, *finesse*, and simplicity of his author, and substitutes a vulgar jollity of phrase, quite intolerable on comparison with the original.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
STOCKHOLM.

Elm Lodge, Dec. 20, 1820.

Having just sent an excuse to Mrs. F., who annually collects her neighbours on the shortest day of the year, I am inclined to criticize the habit of keeping in villas and small country houses all festivities for Christmas, *because* the very wealthy, who have immense houses, and whose large parties remain under the same roof during that foggy period, fix on it for their amusements. It is a misfortune when they who are neither wealthy nor great ape the habits of our Crœsuses and grandees. There is then no proportion nor keeping, and little friendly society, in their proceedings.

Lord —— is in the same state; but enjoys his existence more than one would think possible. Yet he loves not reading, and is debarred most of the pleasures of a good dinner, being forbidden meat and wine. His wife, his children, his garden, his wheel-chair, his newspaper—and his loyalty, evinced in hating the Queen, the Radicals, the press, the parish paupers, and the Whigs, fill up his day; as snip-snap-snorum does his evening.

You have heard of the burning of Wootton, the *paterno nido* of Lady Carysfort, just fitted up for Lord and Lady Temple; nothing saved but her jewels. Lady Fanny Proby tells me that the poor people of the neighbourhood, after making the most extraordinary efforts to save the house, which was completely burned

in three hours, actually sat down and cried over the ruins. Her sweet mind is fully convinced of this, and, indeed, so was I, till I began to write it. But putting a thing on paper is a sort of test of its probability; and now I begin to doubt a little so feudal a proof of attachment on this side of the water. Pass but the Channel or the Tweed, and it would be more probable.

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ., SOUTHAMPTON.

Elm Lodge, Jan., 1821.

Accept my best thanks for your valuable little volume.* I read the greatest part of it to my family circle last night. My four boys were interested, and my nephew took the book the moment I laid it down, in order to become better acquainted with the whole of its contents. It gives a most pleasing view of the power of religion, and is the more valuable from the incidental lights it throws on various points of our faith.

If I might, unblamed, be permitted to use the phrase on so serious a subject, I should confess I was very much gratified by its being written in such *exquisite good taste* that neither the scoffer, nor the sceptic, nor the most fastidious man of the world, could find aught to ridicule. This may seem absurd, but I know too well the power of ridicule in obstructing the path of truth, not to rejoice when I see every door shut against so dangerous an intruder; and we

* *The Brothers; a brief narrative of the character and death of Pretor and Thomas Whitty.* By John Bullar. 1821.

must acknowledge this is not always the case in narratives drawn up with the best intentions.

* * * I am pleased at finding that so admirable a person as Isaac Watts was born in this neighbourhood, which I consider as my adopted home; and I wish you would, on a second edition, interweave a few more anecdotes of his private life. No one scarcely in these tempestuous and exciting times will read the biography of Isaac Watts as a single work; but a little more knowledge of him would be acceptable to all, since his hymns are equally prized by all gradations of intellect, and are repeated equally in the palace and the cottage.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
STOCKHOLM.

Elm Lodge, Jan. 20, 1821.

Did you not think very differently on the subject which still occupies all England, when you first mentioned it to me, from what you now conceive? You perceive the reports on which you and many other sensible and impartial people founded their opinion, were *raised* by those who afterwards affected to inquire into them. Some of them were so exquisitely and ridiculously improbable, that it shows how ill those who speak untruth most intrepidly know how to manage their falsehoods; and one begins to believe Mad. de Genlis, who says a person very little used to deception will carry it on with ten times the skill of a hackneyed deceiver. The former is

more cautious, and weaves both a finer and a stronger web. When I was told *she* had danced, entirely disrobed, on the top of a house in Italy, I *did* say, to the astonishment of a circle of women, that I could not have believed it had I seen it. I should more easily have supposed some one had been hired to personate *her;* for there would have been temptation for an odious and disagreeable and vile act; while in her case all the temptation was on the other side.

You will be pleased to hear good accounts of my health. Meanwhile, the trapdoor is opening on all sides. * * * * If we did not sometimes see it open thus suddenly, we should quite forget it was ever to unclose for ourselves. But these are private losses. The good, the benevolent, the expansive-hearted William Parnell is gone — the friend of Ireland, the friend of the poor. I have seldom regretted so much any one of whom I knew so little; but that little was always interesting. I first saw him in attendance on a sick sister at Shrewsbury, resisting all the efforts made to induce him to relax in his care of her, though eagerly sought for by all whose acquaintance was thought desirable. I then met him, the friend of Mrs. Fry, the advocate of education, the earnest endeavourer to ameliorate the fate of Ireland; and I trust he will have his reward. In general, I avoid making my letter an obituary. Am I right? am I wrong?

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS AGAR.

Elm Lodge, Feb. 26, 1821.

My —— is come to the second mother-loving age. About eight or nine, when they wish to go everywhere, and when dogs and ponies, &c. &c., engage a part of their affections, their tenderness diminishes for a mother, whose fears lead her frequently to oppose their pleasure. But about fifteen, when the mind makes a rapid expansion, and independence of her alarms is pretty nearly established, they become as fond of her as ever, until about twenty, when *other creatures* disturb them, and again lessen the force of early attachments.

The Abbot tired me. Why did Walter Scott try to pourtray female pertness and violence in the four seasons of life? The young lady is a flippant miss; Mary Queen of Scots—in defiance of history—Mary, whose courtesy and sweetness won all hearts, and induced many who would have resisted her beauty to overlook her faults, is caustic, satirical, and full of repartee; the *ci-devant* lady who is her guardian is as ill-tempered as any ill-received and faded toast of our own time; and the old nurse is full of vulgar violence. Perhaps I am not sufficiently indulgent; for I have ceased to be much amused by novels.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
STOCKHOLM.

Elm Lodge, March, 1821.

Your last letter was so cheering I am living on it still. It left a glow in spite of its description of nights two-and-twenty hours in length, and of the pleasures of sliding on ice, and the necessity of being furred up to the tip of the nose; and this warmth will last; I hope, till the arrival of your next. I cannot help wishing that in your next interval of leisure you would give us a little volume. A tale, of which the scene was laid in Sweden, would have novelty for us—a courtship in a *traîneau*—ministers tumbling in the hay—and then the delights of your polar day—

> 'The snow-clad offspring of the sun,
> A polar day that knows no night,
> Nor sunset, till its summer's gone,
> Its sleepless summer of long light.'

Do you receive the novels of the day? *Il faut que ceux qui veulent écrire des romans se dépêchent.* Only Walter Scott's, and those written by persons distinguished some other way, are read; and these are read more in the spirit of criticism and cavil than admiration. While Belzoni is descending into the catacombs, and Parry is penetrating to the pole, while history wears all the attributes of romance, and chemistry all the brilliancy of fiction, few people have patience to follow the adventures of beauties, robbers, and outlaws.

My black seal is for Lady D——. Her cards were out for an assembly, when she died, with very little suffering of mind or body. I am sure the Bath ladies who lost her party, think themselves most to be pitied, and somewhat ill-used. . . . Ladies are seldom kind to their *dames de compagnie.* Why is it that, except in motherly and sisterly connexion, women appear so much to dislike each other? As Lady D. seemed disposed to live for ever, being eighty-four, without infirmity, and enjoying all the amusements of youth, in Bath, that Paradise of female longevity, I am sure I wish for my sake she had. I shall miss her kind and laudatory manner to me and mine, her approving peep through her spy-glass, and all her cheerful, good-humoured, civil ways.

TO MRS. —— (a god-daughter).

April, 1821.

Excuse me for not having sooner expressed the pleasure I felt in hearing of your being well, and mother of a fine little boy. This is the most delightful period of our existence; and when one forgets the little anxieties about a baby's health, and the transient sufferings attendant on their birth, often does one look back on those hours when infants were blossoming around one, with regret at their having so swiftly glided away. I believe it is the happiest time of every woman's life, who has affectionate feelings,

and is blessed with healthy and well-disposed children. I know, at least, that neither the gaieties and boundless hopes of early life, nor the more grave pursuits and deeper affections of later years, are by any means comparable in my recollections with the serene yet lively pleasure of seeing my children—my beautiful, affectionate, and sprightly children—playing on the grass, enjoying their little temperate supper, or repeating 'with holy look' their simple prayers, and undressing for bed, growing prettier for every part of their dress they took off, and at last lying down, all freshness and love, in complete happiness, and an amicable contest for mamma's last kiss.

May 16, 1821.—Saw the Exhibition.

Guess my name (Wilkie)—interior of a cottage—a woman in a cloak, with a charming sweetness and cordial hilarity of countenance, such as reminded one of Mrs. Jordan, has placed her hands over the eyes of a peasant seated at a table, and is *seen* to utter these words; an old man at the door, who seems to have followed her, enjoys the incident, as do three or four other spectators. It is a sweet picture, and awakens kindly unsophisticated affections.

A charming *Eastern Landscape*, by Daniel, with beautiful figures—water still and transparent—a house on a hill, catching every hope of a breeze—scattered palm-trees and sufficient vegetation to refresh the imagination under the evident heat of the

atmosphere—some lovely young women of the labouring class, undepressed by its effects, engaged in light occupation on the brink of the river.

A lovely miniature in enamel of the late Dowager Duchess of Leinster, reading.

A head of Walter Scott, with a smile of the most playful humour. Another of Wordsworth, a fine pensive face, but nothing of the lackadaisical manner report has attributed to the lake poet—both by Chantrey.

Belshazzar's Feast (Martin). It speaks strongly to the imagination, and is a powerful creation of light, and a new language in painting. The idea is fine, and I augur much from Martin, who seems to have a powerful fancy and a noble daring.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

London, June 2, 1821.

I have always avoided making my letters bulletins, as I wish neither to give pain nor to excite *ennui;* but I cannot conceal from you the opinion of Sir Henry Halford, justified by the success of his prescriptions, that I shall completely recover my health. My size is undiminished; it makes me very uncourtly in appearance, and is the despair of some of my refined friends; but is the less alarming, as it is not the fulness of relaxation, but such as would do honour to a dairy-maid or farmer's wife; and is convenient

in one respect, for it serves, without the odium of singularity, as an apology for my being far behind my cotemporaries in variety of dress and quantity of trimmings. When gently reproved on that subject, I always say, 'Oh, you know my size;' and the decorated lecturer gives a pitying glance at *me*, an approving one at *herself*, and becomes silently absorbed in the contemplation of her flounces. The necessity of pleasing *him* is sometimes hinted at on these occasions. Poor souls! they know not how secure I am. You must know that in this town *time* brings no relaxation to the vigour of dress. On the contrary, while some of the young have good taste enough to trust to their charms for a few years, and are distinguished by their simplicity, scarcely any of their mothers resign, or cease accumulating, ornaments, till they exchange them for the winding-sheet. An awful instance of this passion occurred in my neighbourhood. A person whose beauty had raised her from the rank of milliner to that of wealthy widow, in her last will ordered that she should be dressed for the grave in all her laces and diamonds, which should be buried with her. This is 'the ruling passion strong in death' beyond what fiction would have ventured to describe.

TO THE LADY FANNY PROBY.

London, July, 1821.

All silly persons talk of nothing now but the Coronation, so you may guess how much one hears of it. Such numbers have put on their fool's-caps about it, and are jangling them in one's ears, that it is quite deafening.

HE says, that no dowager may walk at it. 'I will have no dowagers;' L'INGRAT!!

Lord —— is in alternate paroxysms of delight that he and his wife may walk at it, and of terror at the expense. She jingles her bells more quietly. He was shocked at my repeating, though I said I did not believe it, that each dress would cost £800. The love of money and show are usually united.

I have just skimmed *The Monastery*, and am angry with the author for appropriating our Irish Banshee, and making so little of her, for she was originally a poetical creature. He degrades her to something between a ghost and a fairy, who comes popping up in all places on the most trivial occasions, and then melts away like a lump of sugar, till she is called again. Fleury's account of Bonaparte's last short reign* is by far the cleverest of the new books I have read, and, to all but military men, more amusing than Napoleon's own *Memoirs*.

If I were not ashamed of the length of this letter,

* Fleury de Chaboulon, *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Vie privée, du retour, et du règne de Napoléon en* 1815. London. 1819, 1820.—ED.

I should ask if you had seen Mrs. Delany's *Letters*.* They are too much alike, and, short as is the volume, it might be shortened with advantage; but some of them give a most pleasing and minute picture of the interior of Windsor Castle in the happiest days of our late Sovereigns. They are valuable historically, as a faithful, though slight sketch of that branch of history, detailing the private life of the great, of which the French have too much, and we too little. We are now reading Cottu, *On the Administration of Criminal Justice in England.* He takes, also, a rapid and entertaining view of our social life, our elections, &c. &c., and is a very pleasant writer, particularly as he finds us all perfection. It is gratifying to see oneself in so becoming a glass.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug., 1821.

I know you will be pleased to hear that the tickets, for which we were so much obliged, did all that tickets could do. The place was excellent, particularly for me, who lived half the time in the air, which enabled me to bear fifteen hours' attendance, and some carriage and other difficulties, without injury. I opened my eyes on a hair-dresser at a quarter before four, was *en route* in a white satin dress-gown and court plume at five; at six, was seated in the Hall, after various difficulties occasioned by the dulness of

* *Letters of Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Frances Hamilton.* London. 1821.—Ed.

doorkeepers, and some danger from the circumstance of my being within a few yards of the gate at the very instant the guards were called out to oppose the Queen. Tired to death at having been sent backwards and forwards by doorkeepers, I was at last near the right entrance, when I heard loud shouts, a few faint hisses, and a cry of 'Close the doors.' The Guards are called out; the Battle-axes rushed in, and absolutely carried me in amongst them, and with wonderful alarm was the door closed against a woman —and a Queen.

The show was all that Oriental pomp, feudal ceremonial, and British wealth could unite. The processions in *The Curse of Kehama*, and in *Rimini*, with the painting of *Belshazzar's Feast*, were continually recalled to my memory. The conflict of the *two lights* from the blaze of artificial day mixing with a splendid sunshine, the position of the King's table, the pomp of the banquet, with its vessels of gold and silver, the richness of the dresses, and a thousand other particulars, rendered the resemblance so perfect, it seemed as if the Feast had been in some degree copied from the picture. Thus does art seem to contain the germ of all that is developed in life.

Our loyalty was noisy, and I think our roarings might have been dispensed with; for we roared not once, nor thrice, but at least a dozen times. We had great desire to roar for the horses also; but an energetic *hush* from those who conducted the ceremonial silenced us with difficulty, as we attempted it repeatedly.

The Archbishop of York, in his coronation sermon, assured us that, 'judging of the future by the past,

we had reason to expect a reign of extraordinary virtue.' The Abbey, when looked down upon from one of the upper pews, appeared like a Turkey carpet continually changing its pattern.

Aug. 8, 1821.—The Queen died yesterday evening at half-past ten. Deep compassion and unaccountable regret filled my mind on hearing this news, mixed with something like shame that a foreign Princess should have been made so unhappy by her connexion with this country.

Aug. 11.—Lady Fanny Proby having offered me places in Lord Buckingham's private box, I saw that splendid pageant, the Coronation, at Drury Lane. A crowded audience, packed as close as art could place them, except in the private boxes, sat with ineffable complacency to witness the mimic coronation of one whom they applauded each time he was named, and whom this time last year an audience of similar materials would scarcely hear mentioned without hissing and contumely; while they bestowed not a thought on one who lies yet unburied, on one of whom this ceremony was calculated to remind them, on one who is said to have died of grief in consequence of the wrongs she received from him they now applaud, on one whom this time last year they idolized; to whom the most distant allusion set the theatre in a roar—not of laughter, but of wild and tumultuous and enthusiastic applause.

Popular applause! popular attachment! intoxi-

cating draught, misleading *ignis fatuus;*—how often will they lead us to the edge of a precipice—and leave us there.

Sept. 23, *Roehampton.*—On arriving here on the 16th, found my dear Miss Agar in her bed, and after an anxious and miserable week of trembling anxiety, received her last sigh at nine o'clock this morning. One of my earliest, and for many years my dearest, friend—the kind, the generous, the steady, the pious, the cheerful, the pleasant, the wise. Farewell, my Emily!

Oct. 1.—Left Lord Clifden's—oh! how much poorer than when I arrived; one of the treasures of my heart, after my husband and children by far the dearest, taken out of the small but precious circle.

TO THE COUNTESS OF CARYSFORT.

London, Oct. 4, 1821.

My health, of which you are so good as to inquire, continues unimpaired, though I feel much of that listlessness of sorrow which succeeds to the first energies of grief. My loss is irreparable. The friend of early youth, whom I always found equally partial, tender, efficient, and sincere—who never lost an opportunity of giving pleasure, and whose affection transformed my very faults into so many perfections, must, by her departure, leave a chasm never

to be filled; and I know not whether it does not increase my regret, that the very unpretending simplicity, which was a charm in her character, in some measure concealed the powers of her understanding, and the virtues of her heart, from all but her closest intimates. I know no one who gave so much in proportion to their means, and not only to the very poor, but to those of a higher class, who are more rarely recollected or assisted. She refused no one, till she tried whether it was possible, by her purse or her influence, to serve them. Every year of her life ripened her piety, her charity, her faith. At the head of a large establishment, to which she contributed a movement of the most beautiful tranquillity and order, she made all around her happy; and, not content with feeding and clothing the poor, used to send her maid to discover whether want existed in the cottages; and to reproach herself, in spite of a state of health and routine of avocations and duties that rendered it impracticable, for not going in person. She was an early riser, and free from all effeminacy and personal indulgence. She set her mind for the day by reading at least two chapters in the Bible and a portion of the Psalms, before she appeared at breakfast, and she was regular in her studies of a few of the best books on religious subjects. It was some effort to go last Sunday to the church, where I had never been but with her. But her own composure seems to have spread itself around her, and to have remained among her friends without the smallest diminution of the depth, and with a great addition to the tenderness, of their regrets. On the 25th, I again saw her dear remains, wrapped in white satin,

and reposing on a white satin mattrass and pillows, in her last quiet bed; for though all was conducted with the privacy she desired, it was mingled with the respectful state suitable to her condition. On the evening of the 27th, I prayed by her *closed* coffin—a solemn, not a gloomy, object. It lay in the midst of one of the largest rooms, which was fully lighted, and in its sombre magnificence this her last dwelling left a serious impression, but inflicted no additional pang. She reposes by the side of the mother she so much loved.

I gaze upon thy vacant chair,
And almost see thine image there;
I view the slowly-opening door,
And scarce believe that never more
Thy step of lightness there shall tend
With cordial smile to greet thy friend,
My Emily.

Thy gentle care was ever nigh,
When sorrow heaved the secret sigh;
Thy bounty fell like evening dew,
Refreshing those who never knew
Whose tender hand their pillow smoothed,
And hours of anguish sweetly soothed,
My Emily.

Ennobled was thy closing strife;
Thou didst not fondly cling to life,
But the pale monarch's call obeyed
Without surprise and undismayed,
In wedding garments, purely bright,
With well-trimmed lamp of steady light,
My Emily.

I saw thee in thine hour of prime,
I saw thee gently touched by time,
I saw thee as thy spirit fled,
I've seen thee since, beside my bed,
A placid dream, pure, soft, and fair,
A soul of love, a form of air,
My Emily.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Roehampton, Sept. 29, 1821.

I reproach myself for having permitted you to learn by the public papers the misfortune I have suffered in losing my invaluable friend Miss Agar, as I know your kind heart will form a thousand apprehensions as to the effect of such a disruption on my health and spirits. Believe me, my dear friend, that her composure, fortitude, and Christian resignation, have left with her friends the priceless legacy of an example which forbids every undue murmur, every selfish indulgence of grief. 'Our little life *is rounded* with a sleep;' and till that last sleep our character cannot be perfectly understood or completely finished. Hers has stood this test, and her departure reflects back a light on all her preceding days.

Oct. 8.—Lord Clifden feels, and bears, his loss as he ought—a second self, affectionate as a wife, clear-sighted to his interests, temporal and eternal, as a sister, observant as a daughter, the tenderest nurse to him in sickness, the most admirable regulator of a family, which moved with the silence, order, and harmony of the spheres—a pleasing, cheerful, and

entertaining companion, and as grateful to him for his liberality to her of this world's goods, as if she had not been deserving of all he could bestow.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, Oct. 15, 1821.

Besides 'that which cometh upon me daily,' I have been visiting a lovely little being, a soul on the wing, one of —— ——'s nieces, who adorns a death-bed of poverty and privation with the sweetest and most endearing Christian graces. Oh! how his bosom ought to be wrung in comparing her present situation with that she might have been in, had he behaved with common honesty; but wickedness brings its own balm.

Lord Waldegrave's *Memoirs** are worth reading, and shew an accomplished mind, so habituated to courtly restraint in expressing its thoughts, that attention is needful to find the full meaning of the writer, in the low and gentle tones by which it is communicated.

—— has a delightful voice—not a single defect to be removed; whatever he has to do will be merely progress, which is given to about one person in five hundred. He even opens his mouth smilingly and horizontally, like an Italian, instead of dolorously and perpendicularly, like a native of England.

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* *Memoirs from* 1754—1758. London. 1821.—Ed.

Nov. 7, 1821.—I left Mr. Sloane's to-day with regret, and the happy, orderly, and dignified tranquillity of his hospitable habitation. Such kindliness in the master, such affectionate respect in the servants, but with that perfect love which casteth out fear—such a good library, so frankly communicated—such perfect comfort, which would slide into state, if it did not make an effort against it—such magnificent oaks, and the whole park scenery thrown into the house by large plate-glass windows!

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Nov. 20, 1821.

I am grateful for your daughter's kindness, and for the depth of feeling with which she has entered into my deprivation. Although this misfortune was at the time softened by every favourable circumstance, and that I constantly reflect with satisfaction on my dear companion's having escaped the various ills which might have pressed upon her latter days, and which seem to lie in wait for the most prosperous, yet her loss is in some degree a growing sorrow, as circumstances permitted us to be very much together, and we were on terms so confidential that I want her advice or assistance, or miss her company or her letters, every day of my life. Sometimes I hear a humorous anecdote, which my first impulse, before 'I waken with a start' to the reality, is to treasure up for her. Sometimes I have some little charitable scheme, which she would have moulded

into form, or some little family dilemma, in which her reason, religion, knowledge of the world, and of *me*, would have enabled her to guide me. When I was in retirement, her amusing letters brought a thousand interesting public topics under my eyes, giving me the opinions of many sensible and some eminent men, condensed into small compass. When my husband went to Ireland, she did all in her power to make amends for his absence, and never thought it possible to see me half enough. In her heart I read as clearly as in my own.

CHAPTER VII.

1822—1827.

A COMPARATIVELY brief chapter will contain all which I desire further to offer of my Mother's 'Remains.' Her health had for some years been giving way, but the four or five last years of her life were years of much suffering; nor did the physicians seem perfectly to understand her case. She now seldom woke without what in one place she calls her 'penal visitation of headache;' and I trace evidences of failing health, and of the painfulness of all mental exertion, in the rarer entries in her journal, and, so far as I can gather, the fewer letters which she wrote during these years.

TO THE REV. —— ——.

Elm Lodge, Feb. 27, 1822.

I thank you for your partial opinion of ——. I hope he has already judged for himself in the spirit of the text, 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' but I should very much deprecate religion being pointed out to him chiefly by that feature you have mentioned—'having principles and motives for action different from the world in general.' I sincerely hope that he will have such principles and motives, and I see that he has; but I do not wish him too soon to be aware of it, *nor ever to dwell on it.* The former is dangerous as terrifying the young by apprehensions of singularity, and adding weights

where we would wish to give wings; the latter is doubly hazardous, and is so at all ages. 'Lord, I thank Thee I am not as other men,' was, and ever will be, a pharisaical distinction.

March 6, 1822.—I have just begun to read *The Spectator* again, after a lapse of fifteen years; and am a little surprised at finding Sir Roger de Coverley only fifty-six, as when I first read them I did not understand how any one could feel any interest but that of compassion for so very old a man, except he was one's grandfather, or among one's own particular friends. I remember at nine years old somewhat of the same feeling for the delightful Sévigné, when her first letter mentioned her having a married daughter. I wished to shut the book; all became colourless and insipid as connected with a woman so far advanced in years.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Elm Lodge, March 21, 1822.

I sincerely regret the breach which has been made in your domestic circle, and perfectly recollect the amiable simplicity of the worthy sisters, as well as your account of the strength of their understandings, and unbroken chain of their virtues. I can enter into the added regret felt by a tender mother, when she sees those venerable trees decay that would

have sheltered her young plants with that affectionate mixture of esteem and *instinctive* fondness, only to be felt by those who have witnessed their growing infancy. But, above all, I recollect your sincere piety, and see in it the balm for all the ills of life. With only the difference of being a little sooner or a little later, it equally heals all your sorrows, and turns them into themes of sweet and hopeful resignation.

June 6.—Your little work is most pleasing, and highly useful; for none, I think, can read it without an amelioration of the heart. Gratitude for one's own temporal blessings, content with one's situation, if raised above the pressure of want or necessity of labour, a certain dislike of frivolous expense, and views of human nature sane and practical, must be more or less excited by a close inspection of 'the short and simple annals of the poor.'

TO MRS. HAYGARTH.

Elm Lodge, March 21, 1822.

We could not let Mr. Brigstock have this lovely spot. If you saw the Hamble, as I do every morning from my bedroom, sometimes at low tide, 'in windings bright and mazy as the snake,' and at high tide in one broad sheet of dazzling splendour, which, when I suddenly open my window, reminds me of a ray of the Divine presence, you would see the immense difficulty to my weak mind of parting with anything so beautiful. Mr. T. is firmer, but I

think he *feels* as much reluctance. The spring has advanced with unspeakable sweetness and brilliancy. I am covering this place—perhaps for Mr. Brigstock of the untunable name—with roses, honeysuckles, violets, and early flowers. There are already a great abundance, all my own planting, but I am spreading them in every direction.

SONNET TO THE RIVER HAMBLE.

March 22.

The sun forsakes thee, yet thou still art fair;
In thy own graceful curvings fond to twine
Like the young tendrils of the gadding vine,
Beneath this azure sky and fragrant air.
Let others to more southern shores repair,
And boast their glowing summers; be it mine,
Pleased on thy verdant margin to recline,
Heedless what aspect alien climes may wear;
And mark the white-winged barks that swiftly glide,
Like sportive birds, along thy glassy tide;
Now by a circling wood's theatric pride,
Now by yon Castle, firmly knit, though grey,
Which there shall stand, untouched by dim decay,
While like thy waters we shall lapse away.

The following letter is a reply to one of Lord Howden's, giving an account of a cenotaph, with its inscription, which he had erected to the memory of Colonel St. George, his half brother, in a church which had just been built by him on his property in Yorkshire.

TO LORD HOWDEN.

April 5, 1822.

I sincerely thank you for the sadly pleasing satisfaction I derive from seeing you so deeply imbued with those recollections which will fade among the last of mine. It is pleasing to see springing up in acts of solemn tenderness, those seeds of friendship sown so many years since. Affection so constant it is honourable both to feel and inspire. Your inscription, in its dignified and unaffected brevity, is perfectly consistent with truth, and says much in few words.

Honours to the dead seem particularly consonant to the spirit of the Christian religion. When the great Author and Finisher of our faith implied an approbation of costly ointment as anointing Him for His burial, and vouchsafed to lie in the tomb of the wealthy, He seemed plainly to permit us to gratify our feelings by reverence to the departed. These attentions contain, also, a tacit proof of our sense of the immortality of the soul. If the beloved who have gone before us were nothing, we should not have the same pleasure in cherishing these remembrances. We are not half so apt to think too much of the departed, as to forget them too soon; for, if we examine our own minds, we shall find we are never so innocent, so little selfish, so pious, or so charitable, as when under some affliction for the loss of a friend; and these recollections, far from unfitting us for our duty to the living, strengthen us in every good resolution.

I have been led to enlarge on this, partly from the pleasure of finding you think as I do, and have not adopted a cold and heartless philosophy, now so prevalent, and partly from having suffered a severe privation in the departure of my dear Miss Agar. Her deep affection for me, her excellent understanding, and her admirable heart, ever active in works of piety and charity, concur to make this an irreparable loss. I was at her bed-side during her whole illness, till the last, and after the last. It was a fine lesson of resignation and unassuming firmness.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
STOCKHOLM.

Rochampton, April 24, 1822.

I write from Roehampton, which I could not summon up courage to revisit until now. It was a melancholy moment when that bell rung at the gate, announcing a visitor, which used to give *her* so much pleasure, when I was expected; and when I went into the house and missed her cheerful welcome; and in my room found not the flowers she used to leave; and when at night I retired without being followed by her for a short half hour, sometimes to laugh at the little shadows or flittings of vanity or peculiarity we had witnessed, but oftener to arrange some little plan of charity or kindliness, in which she took the lead.

Lord Clifden is extremely pleased with Mr. Ellis' choice. I presume her to be one of those dignified and refined young persons, in whom the rays are so

equally blended as to produce pure white; for I have always heard her described as extremely amiable, without any definite addition; and this is exactly what Lord Clifden would desire in the wife of his son, in which he is sincerely joined by your affectionate mother.

The following earnest *jeu d'esprit* was written at the commencement of the Irish famine of this year, and printed for private circulation.

A DINNER IN 1822.

I was yesterday one of sixteen, at a dinner of that neutral tint in externals, which never excites a remark, being on the general plan adopted by ninety-nine in a hundred, from the country gentleman, or the *aspirant* to office, of two thousand a year, to the peer of twenty or thirty, or even the more wealthy Leviathans of the East. In the small remainder we may find all those who either *entertain*, as some call it (and oh! how often is the word misapplied), with singular and princely magnificence, or who have courage to refrain from any part of the general usage, unsuitable to them.

Any difference that may exist in this universal scheme of dinner, is found in the execution, never in the plan. Some are dignified by sauces more elaborate—purer bread—hotter soup—colder water—a better regulated atmosphere—silent celerity rather than bustling officiousness in the attendants—and an

air of ease and unconcern in the host and hostess, as to the *matériél* of the performance, evincing perfect confidence in their cook, and proving their present situation to be one of facile and frequent occurrence.

Most of the guests had rather played with the first course; the habit of eating a solid dinner alone, or *en famille*, under the specious name of luncheon, having taken away all natural inclination for food at seven in the evening. Many of them had refused every dish but one or two at the second, and the *soufflé* and *fondu* had replaced their numerous predecessors, when Mr. Redgill, a persevering diner, one of the few better employed hitherto than in mere words, remarked how much distress there had been in Ireland, adding, 'they will be very well off now—ships are preparing, freighted with oatmeal; but, I suppose, they'll not like anything but potatoes.'

'Why,' replied Colonel O'Trigger, 'the potato's the finest food in the world—(some Parmesan, if you please)—where do you see such fine fellows?' (expanding his own Hibernian chest to most sergeant-like dimensions.) 'When they get a little milk with their potatoes—(some port, if you please; I always take it after cheese)—when they get a little milk with them, they are the happiest people in the world!'

A prudent old gentleman then said, the present subscriptions would pay all the Irish rents. Another observed that a little starvation would be very good for them, and might bring them to a due sense of gratitude to the present government. A fourth, that it would finally be a benefit as absorbing the population, which appeared to him most desirable; for, he was anxious

to prove, that a plenteous harvest, whether animal or vegetable, was fraught with misery and danger, now we were no longer blest with war to carry off our superabundance: while a fifth reasoned elaborately to show that, as it was impossible wholly to relieve the starving peasantry, nothing was so merciful as to leave them to the working of events, instead of prolonging their misery by charity, which must finally be ineffectual.

This discussion was interrupted by one of more general interest—on the proper hour of the day in which fruit ought to be plucked: and on the tube of tin, lined with velvet, which insidiously solicits its fall, with soft prevailing art, at the moment of perfection, without sullying its bloom by one ungentle pressure. Sir Philip Cayenne, a short, coarse, and sultry personage, to whom a pine-apple or a bunch of grapes seemed as unsuitable as a fan, assured us he never could touch them, unless culled before sunrise, and kept in a northern aspect. From this topic, he naturally digressed to his wines—his *Greek* wines! *his* Tenedos! *his* Cyprus! High and musical names! with all your delightful and shadowy associations! ye were 'familiar in his mouth as household words,' and, in his general spirit of appropriation, ye became his own—till his devotion to a plate of early strawberries, similar to those he told us he had bought that day for half-a-crown a dozen, suspended every other idea.

Such are the studies and pursuits of hundreds, while thousands of their fellow-subjects are expiring in the agonies of hunger—dropping down from inanition in the roads—in the ditches—in the fields—in the lime-kilns, where they sought a little temporary warmth,

or the means of prolonging a miserable existence, by heating their last small pittance of coarsest food.

As to luxury, I know that the words, too much, and, too little, are high treason against property. But, though no tangible line can be drawn, though Lear is right when he says,

> 'Oh, reason not the need: our basest beggars
> Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
> Allow not nature more than nature needs,
> Man's life is cheap as beast's;'

yet, surely, less general profusion, with more charity and some self-denial, which the luxurious might well practise as the parent of fresh enjoyment, would become our Christian profession, and our present state. All are embarked on a stormy sea: the winds whistle in our shrouds, the sky wears an ominous aspect, and whether we can or cannot avoid the rocks that surround us, let us at least treat our fellow-passengers with kindness, and mitigate the sufferings we are not yet called on to endure.

June, 1822.—Among the many consolations, most of which fail to console, a few, I think, have been overlooked, which may, at least for a few moments, lighten the chain of years, that chain to which every revolution of the sun adds a new link, some painful and heavy, others brilliant and elastic. The treasures of recollection—that best cabinet of curiosities, better than diamonds, or gems, or Alduses, or Caxtons, or visiting-tickets, or even franks, all of which have

been sought by indefatigable collectors—the treasures of recollection can only be obtained from the hand of time.

To have been presented at a Drawing room to the late King and Queen, is a recollection worth having. To have encountered in the benignant eye of majesty that of the best husband and best father in his dominions—to have received, perhaps, his cordial approbation—to have seen the monarch softened to the mind's eye by viewing him as a sharer in the same affectionate ties which tame the pride of greatness, not alone by the tenderness they infuse, but by making it vulnerable at so many points. A Drawing room in the last reign seemed an epitome of the country. All was quietly cheerful; and an air of freedom, a something which reminded one of a land of liberty, was blended with the whole arrangement. The King and Queen were as parents surrounded by their children. They kept no state. They circulated about the room, as anxious to speak to all as each individual was to be addressed by them. Their state was in the minds of their subjects, and their guards in their hearts' affections.

Is it not worth something to have seen Mrs. Siddons in her days of magnificence—Mrs. Siddons, who has lent to the very syllables of her name an elevation and a charm so strong that no effort of mind could now effect their separation—so strong that none who saw her in the splendour of her meridian ever pronounced that name without a tone and a manner more softened and raised than their habitual discourse.

She sometimes gave vitality to a line which stamped

it for ever, while all surrounding recollections have faded away. I remember her saying to a servant who had betrayed her, in some play no longer acted—

'There's gold for thee; but see my face no more.'

I am sorry that this is the moment in which she comes most strongly on my recollection. I wish it had been in one of Shakespeare's plays; but so it is. There is no giving an adequate impression of the might, the majesty of grace she possessed, nor of the effect on a young heart of the deep and mysterious tones of her voice. Kemble as Coriolanus, when she was Volumnia, equalled the highest hopes of acting.

And is it not also much to recollect Kemble, when he, too, was after the high Roman fashion, and the last of the Romans? Some persons begin now to praise him for his classical and erudite performance of certain characters, as though he had been denied the power of touching the tenderer sympathies of our nature; but who has seen him in *The Stranger* or Penruddock, and not shed tears from the deepest sources? His tenderly putting away the son of his treacherous friend and inconstant, but unhappy, mistress, examining his countenance, and then exclaiming, with a voice which developed a thousand mysterious feelings, 'You are very like your mother,' was sufficient to stamp his excellence in the pathetic line of acting. But in this respect Mrs. Siddons was a disadvantage to him. I enter into no comparison between their merits; but it would have been fair to remember that the sorrows of a woman formed to be admired and revered, are in general

more touching, more softening, than those of a warrior, a philosopher, or a statesman; and because Kemble did not make us weep and wail, like his incomparable sister, we did not do justice to his powers of moving the passions. I always saw him with pain descend to the Stranger. It was like the Genius in the Arabian tale going into the vase. First, it seemed so unlikely *he* should meet with such an affront, and this injured the probability of the piece; and next, the Stranger is never really dignified, and one is always in pain for him, poor gentleman! And though the character is at times highly pathetic, in the next five minutes there is something so glaringly introduced for stage effect as to produce an unpleasant interruption of the current of feeling.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
STOCKHOLM.

(With a box of sauces and spices, and *The Cook's Oracle*).

London, June 26, 1822.

Various means of increasing your powers of pleasing accompany this letter. Accept a didactic volume, showing you how to make the best use of them. Neither Walter Scott nor Lord Byron have had so quick and profitable a sale. It is thought the best book of cookery extant; but, as it unveils the secrets of the trade, professional cooks would willingly burn, stew, bake, boil, mince, hash, broil, pound, fry, baste, hang, quarter, cut up, or otherwise

execute it and its author. If the *Oracle* is the first that speaks on the subject in Sweden, I shall think myself a national benefactor.

I hope you have read every word of Sir James Mackintosh's speeches on the Criminal Code and the Alien Bill—both admirable; the first a *chef-d'œuvre*, and touching on many points of interest—Napoleon, and the Code which would immortalize him, were his victories forgot—Charles Fox, and his inextinguishable philanthropy—our native *sœurs de la charité*, with that meek and energetic woman at their head, who has raised the character of her sex. All these are panegyrized with taste and selection—the whole speech vivified by arguments, illustrations, facts, and quotations, apt but not commonplace; while good temper, and a simplicity which refrains from any appeal to the passions, shows his calm sincerity in the cause of humanity, and his willingness to sacrifice all the brilliancy that satire and pathos might give, rather than lose the strong hold a plain statement always best retains on an English audience.

Foscolo's Lectures are concluded, which I regret, though I learned little from them. But it was something to hear a language one wished to improve in, although one brought scarce any recollections away. The atmosphere was of the deepest cerulean tint—authors, blue ladies, chemists, politicians, poets, with a slight infusion of *couleur de rose*. Foscolo's merits induced many to subscribe who, from other avocations, could only look in once or twice; and for him it has been successful, both as to fame and profit. He made these lectures subservient to his great object of awakening a horror of despotism with infinite

ingenuity; and to one who had once remarked this primary view, there was a double source of amusement in listening to him.

July, 1822.— * * *. Who can talk of public speaking and not mention Mr. Irving, the chief subject of conversation, for whom people brave pressure, fatigue, and the most intolerable heat? Young men, in their eagerness to hear him, make parties 'to board the pews;' that is, to jump in over the sides, in defiance of locks, sextonesses, and private property. Lady Jersey says he is perfect; and Mrs. Canning, whose opinion begins to be quoted ('what a kind of being is circumstance'), and who is said to be a dissenter, declares herself 'entirely satisfied with his doctrine;' while Colonel Abercrombie professes he could bring twenty preachers from Scotland of superior powers.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ., STOCKHOLM.

Elm Lodge, July 19, 1822.

Like you, I have been reading *The Fortunes of Nigel*. It is a clever book, more so than most of the last Walter Scotts; but it does seem written, like Hodge's razors, solely to sell; for the author is not affectionately attached to any of his characters, as if he had interested himself in the composition. The fine Rembrandt painting of the miser and his daughter, and the adventures connected with them, dignify the

whole book. Martha's character beautifully marks the force of plain sense and strict principle in exciting intense interest under a variety of disadvantages of person and situation. The miser stealing in at night, and putting forth his withered finger for the piece of money on the table of one peculiarly under his protection, would be a fine subject for Wilkie. The danger Nigel and Martha incur of being themselves suspected and seized as authors or accomplices of the murder, is well indicated, and we are fully impressed with it, though it is never once mentioned.

What can we say of the misery of Ireland? At first it created watchful nights, cheerless days, and a sort of reluctant shame at sitting down to a table amply spread. But the awful continuance of famine, which ought to make it more appalling, has blunted the edge of these feelings.

TO THE LADY FANNY PROBY.

Elm Lodge, Sept., 1822.

Were you not electrified by the frightful news of Lord Londonderry having *so* concluded his eventful life? It was more painful to me than I could have supposed possible. The intervening years, during which I only *heard* of him, seemed to vanish, and I saw him the calm, engaging, mild, dignified person I once knew, and could hardly believe what had occurred. 'O *Time*, thou beautifier of the dead!' may be true, but I think, 'O *Death*, thou beautifier of the de-

parted!' is far more just; for time sometimes wears away the sudden beauty with which those are invested in our minds, who have just passed away from this state of existence.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

Roehampton, Oct. 7, 1822.

Your kind letter feelingly pourtrays the lights and shades of human life. It describes two most affecting strokes of final separation as to this world—softened, however, by the piety and resignation of the departed, and the consciousness of past kindness in the survivors, the only real sources of consolation, except those living waters from whence flows comfort, unexpected, inexhaustible, and indescribable.

Of these calamities I hope the severity is passing away, though I know from experience how deep must have been the wound which divided you from your early friend; while, on the contrary, the happy marriage of your daughter seems the foundation and commencement of future felicity. May you enjoy as much of it as is consistent with the conditions of human life.

I am now in the very spot where I felt so many pangs at this season last year; and I am pleased to see in her whom Providence has sent to take my dear friend's place, one whom she would, I think, have chosen out of a thousand. She is granddaughter, on one side, of Lord Carlisle, a man of taste and letters; on the other, of the admired Duchess of Devonshire,

whose pictures she resembles. Her gentleness, good sense, amiable simplicity of manners, her unaffected grace, and watchful acquiescence in all the orderly, quiet, retired, and literary habits of the house, are delightful.

Pray let me soon have a line about your young lovers; I love to hear of happiness. I smiled at reading in your letter, 'I am no manœuvrer.' It is as if the sun should say, 'I do not shed darkness.' At the same time, I am pleased to find thus incidentally that your new relation unites, with more essential points, those which the world thinks worth seeking after.

The following letter is a reply to one from a friend of her youth, giving an account of a painful and perilous operation just undergone.

TO MRS. ——.

Rochampton, Oct. 9, 1822.

There are certain unexpected feelings in which admiration, pity, sorrow, and surprise, are so intimately blended as to make it impossible for us to describe them. Such your letter, which is now before me, and of which I shall never forget even the shape and character, is well calculated to excite. For a moment it stunned me, and when tears brought back the more precise consciousness of all you have so nobly endured, the crowd of ideas and images that pressed upon me, gave to minutes the fulness of years.

Why did you not write for me? Perhaps you know not that as a nurse I have perfect self-command, and that the care of those I love never injured my health; nay, that the privation of sleep, and the watchfulness it induces, seems to do me good. Your being capable of passing so much time alone on this awful occasion, proves to me that you have indeed a Friend, who is a very present help in trouble. Philosophy seeks witnesses, Christianity endures, nay, chooses, solitude.

The whole night were those images before my eyes, and thankfulness for your escape in my heart. Your letter reached me in the evening of yesterday; till to-day I could not bring my thoughts to the discipline they required before they could be offered to the person whose trial had so deeply engaged them. Even now I can scarcely refrain from making inquiries, describing feelings, and entering into details which I know would at present be unfit for my dearest friend. I do sincerely thank the all-wise Disposer of events for the calmness, courage, and serenity, with which you were endowed. 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.' No human reason could bestow on a tender and delicate woman, accustomed to every indulgence, and with nerves shaken by former events, such unshrinking firmness.

In a day or two I shall be capable of addressing you on common topics. At present I feel overcome with a sense of reverence for your patience and courage, and a kind of reluctance to mix them in my thoughts with baser matter. Adieu, my dear ——, and believe me, with that glow of affection which is

excited by the sufferings of those we love, ever, ever yours.

Oct. 26, 1822, *Elton Hall.*—Went to Burleigh, an extensive Gothic building, stored with a rather poor, but very large, collection of pictures, china, curiosities, and relics of every description, including Queen Elizabeth's watch, needle-book, and the busk of her stays, King William's pocket-handkerchief, &c. &c. &c. We saw the picture of the Cottage Marchioness, and we all agreed it was she who appeared to have made the *mésalliance*, and not her lord, when we contrasted her spirited, yet gentle, countenance and elegance of air with his heavy form and dull face.

BURLEIGH.

In reverent guise this ancient pile survey,
Girded with oaks, whose tinted foliage gleams
With autumn's golden hue, while length'ning streams
Between their hoary trunks the western ray;
As lingering smiles the cloudless star of day,
Full on these halls are flung his parting beams,
Where Time's ennobling touch has furnished themes
That rouse the soul through centuries to stray.
I see our maiden Queen beside me sweep,
And shrinking feel the lightning of her glance,
Or view her lofty form relaxed in sleep,
The mind's vast power subdued as in a trance;
Till all these splendid scenes in dimness fade,
Lost in the glory circling round her shade.

TO MRS. TUITE.

Elton Hall, Oct. 29, 1822.

I write from Lord Carysfort's, where I am paying a long-promised visit, in which my love of home, and my various ties, have prevented me from indulging myself, during many years of hopes and intentions. Like some other hopes, its fulfilment has been deferred too late to be attended with the enjoyment which would formerly have accompanied its fruition, as I found Lord Carysfort in a wretched state of health, and recollect with surprise that the advanced and enfeebled person I behold, is one with whom I have danced in all the contagious gaiety of the ball-room, and whom I have seen dancing with the lovely, and then youthful, Queen of Prussia. He is, however, as agreeable as ever, when he does converse. His finely furnished mind, expanding in so many directions, and full of taste and feeling, is a continual feast. His very prejudices, which are numerous, and the mistaken opinions he forms in consequence of extreme sensibility, give a zest and novelty to his conversation. You are always doubtful what he will think or say—never absolutely on *terra firmâ;* you are sailing on a rapid river, always feel the motion of the boat, and are aware that the next reach may give you a prospect quite unexpected. Lady Carysfort loses nothing of the impression of sense and dignity in her first *abord* by a closer inspection. Her uniform kindness to me, is as a sister's and mother's mixed might be. It is pleasant to find

an acquaintance merely incidental, thus ripen into a friendship of more than twenty years.

1822.—I am disposed to think the following is the recasting of a ballad in the Irish language. There are several Scotch variations of the same, and these no doubt the originals.

Who will shoe my little foot? who will glove my little hand?
All shivering and chill at your castle gate I stand.
The rain rains on my yellow locks, the dew has wet my skin;
My babe lies cold within my arms; Lord Gregory, let me in.

Oh, the night is far too murky, and the hour is far too late,
To open for a stranger Lord Gregory's castle gate.

Oh, and don't you remember one night on yonder hill,
When we changed rings together, sore, sore against my will?
Mine was of pure gold, and yours was but of tin;
Mine was true to the heart, yours false and hollow within.
The rain rains on my yellow locks, the dew has wet my skin;
My babe lies cold within my arms; Lord Gregory, let me in.

Oh, the night is far too murky, and the hour is far too late,
To open for a stranger Lord Gregory's castle gate.

Oh, and don't you remember one night by yonder cross,
When we changed cloaks together, and still to my loss?
Yours was the woollen grey, and mine the scarlet fine,
Yours bore an iron clasp, and mine a silken twine.
The rain rains on my yellow locks, the dew has wet my skin;
My babe lies cold within my arms; Lord Gregory, let me in.

Oh, the night is far too murky, and the hour is far too late,
To open for a stranger Lord Gregory's castle gate.

Your castle gate is closed, but I behold your moat,
And there your cruel eyes shall see my body float.

TO MADAME DE STIERNELD.*

Jan. 26, 1823.

We have all been a little disappointed in Moore's *Loves of the Angels*. The first angel's story is that of a Bond-street *beau;* the second, an adaptation of the tale of Jupiter and Semele; the third, an account of an earthly couple, and a pair not of the very first order. Yet, with all this poverty of conception, the details are very beautiful, and the whole poem, like the wings of the angels he describes, sparkling with brilliant prettinesses.

The severity of the frost continues. The pert sparrow, the twinkling water-wagtail, the silent lark, are feeding in perfect tameness outside our windows. Every leaf is covered with a smooth crystal case, which can be slipped off like a sheath, retains the mark of every fibre, and looks like a splendid diamond *aigrette*.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ., STOCKHOLM.

Elm Lodge, Feb. 9, 1823.

In the depth of my present retirement I can talk to you only of public events. Are they not highly interesting? Two such names as Greece and Spain

* This lady, wife of the Baron de Stierneld, Swedish Minister at the Court of London, was the daughter of Mad. Angeström, mentioned more than once in this volume, see pp. 118, 124. She died before the end of this year, see pp. 495, 496.—Ed.

engaged in contests, both for liberty, *one* for existence; France on the verge of some change, from merely natural causes—the advanced age and ill health of her monarch; Russia collecting all her strength to act the part of the King of Beasts, *Tollo, sum Leo*, whenever any opportunity offers; Italy holding her breath for a time. In England, 'motley's your only wear;' suicide from distress of mind attendant on ruined fortunes common among three-fourths of our population, and an exulting air of prosperity beaming around the remainder, who are profiting by low prices and increased possessions; Cobbett consorting with the magnates of the land, consulted and addressed by the patrons and superiors of those who hissed him to silence four years since. The singularities of Ireland are more singular, you know, than of any other country. Four years since, the populace threw stones at their constant and well-tried friend and protector, Grattan; while now a powerful party have shown animosity against the dignified Wellesley, whose presence was expected to heal all dissensions. He is, however, supported by all *but* that party, and, upon the whole, I believe the playhouse riot was productive of a great mass of happiness, by giving the writers, talkers, and partisans of our talkative, expansive, and party-loving countrymen, a *débouche* for their effusions. It is certain no single bottle ever inspired so many words.

TO THE SAME.

Elm Lodge, Feb. 23, 1823.

Politics are interesting enough now to occupy a large portion of one's mind, particularly when one feels that politics are but humanity on a large scale. Instead of seeing one steady machine of government going slowly but surely on to its purpose, with occasional attacks from systematic bodies of foes, whose opposition one might calculate, and who now slightly retarded its movements, now were crushed by its progress, we have a complete orrery, and do not in the least know what planet or what comet will draw attention next. Canning has been eclipsed by Robinson, whose speech announcing the remission of two millions of taxes has been admired more than any other of the opening Session. It may owe this in some degree to the subject of its communication, which found an echo in every pocket through the kingdom.

March 29, 1823.—Temporary separations between parents and children being designed by Providence for frequent occurrence, bring with them unexpected sources of consolation, and a new set of pleasures, not so constant, but perhaps more vivid, than any which attend even the delightful intercourse between them. An unexpected letter, the conversation of a stranger who has seen one's child within a short space of time, and is like the Bologna diamond of *Werther*,

the knowledge of their progress in virtue, intellect, or even in worldly prosperity, which seems peculiarly their own when at a distance from us, and the rapture of re-union, are all pleasures of the highest order.

TO MRS. TUITE.

London, April 20, 1823.

I am just embarked in Campan's voluminous *Memoirs*, and regret the time I must give to her sensible gossip—for such it is—not a *lueur* of genius; I know, too, she *must* be partial, and her volume contains as much as half Hume's *History*. But every one is reading her; and as there are now few amusements, fewer invitations, and no spare money, all the world is occupied with books; and not to be qualified to talk of Mad. Campan is to abdicate your place in conversation. I saw a very fine performance of *Esther* by her *élèves* when I first went to Paris. I cannot imagine it to have been better performed at Saint Cyr.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ., STOCKHOLM.

London, April 29, 1823.

We are all reading Mad. Campan and Las Casas. The embers of the old French Court, and the short-lived splendours of that which in all respects was *unique*, shine out in both these works in their different degrees. The lovers of minute gossip—

and they are many—delight in knowing on which side Louis XVI. got out of bed, and with what *étoffe* Marie Antoinette lined her flannel bathing-dress; while others are gratified, after having read O'Meara's book, by finding a new and deeper vein displayed in the mind of that wonderful man who has occupied us since his death more than all the living great ones he has left.

I have at last received *Ariosto*, and hope you will be pleased with it. It is a work I never did read through. As far as I can judge from the brilliant passages which everybody knows, Rose seems a spirited and faithful translator, except in the opening stanza. That beautiful and dignified enumeration, which keeps your attention in breathless suspense, while it goes on like a fine procession, and which falls so harmoniously on the ear, is sadly vulgarized by the commonplace

'Of loves and ladies, knights and arms, I sing.'

TO THE SAME.

Elm Lodge, May 29, 1823.

This fine though cold weather finds your mother at Elm Lodge for a week, among blooms and verdure of the highest beauty, with an intention of returning next Saturday to Montague Square. This week would be called a little oasis in the desert of the town season by some who consider London as a heartless, dissipated, hot rendezvous, where so much

pleasure is to be swallowed—no matter with what distaste—and so many 'things to be done,' only because others do them. You and I, however, look on London with other eyes, as the centre of wholesome, well-regulated liberty, of unfettered social intercourse, and of constantly-recurring opportunities and facilities for improvement at all ages. Would we were there together to enjoy them as heretofore. Nothing can be purer than the present predominating pleasures of town, for all those who are not in the dinner vortex —seeing fine pictures all the morning, and hearing fine music all the evening.

I know not whether you have seen Mr. Angerstein's Collection. It is now shown by tickets, given by his heir to a long list of acquaintance on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Six Claudes, with more than the usual imaginative elegance and poetic grace of that most delightful painter—were I Dame Nature, I would never sit for my picture to any other hand; for he not only represents her as perfectly beautiful, but as adorned with the highest taste and in the sweetest humour.

There are also the originals of Hogarth's *Mariage à la Mode*, which strongly prove how much his pictures lose by being translated into engravings. As his style admits not exquisite outline, much of the beauty of his youthful figures arises from their colouring; and in the diminution of their good looks by hard black and white, we lose some of the charm and much of the probability of the story. In the engraving, the lawyer is so plain that it is difficult to consider him as a lover; not so in the painting, where he is whispering the bride with a dark-eyed handsome

countenance of intense and glowing interest, and where, from due management of colours, even his flowing dress has some degree of beauty. Whimsically characteristic is his double occupation; for he is mending a pen, from long habit mechanically; and this neither interrupts nor is interrupted by—his making love.

The contrast between the fathers is much more striking, when we see the complexion of the full-fed gouty peer, and compare it with that of the penurious citizen; and the death-scene of the lady is far more impressive. The darned and dirty table-cloth, the squalor of the furniture and apartment, her ghastly paleness, and the stained complexion of the withered and weeping nurse, add a force to this picture I never dreamt of from the engraving.

There is also a Scotch merry-making by Wilkie, full of rustic humour and glee, with occasional touches of tenderness and a general tone of beauty. A young girl endeavouring to draw her father from a revel, where he has already drank too much, is full of sweetness; and while she presses his arm in the tenderest manner on one side, a more ardent, not more anxious, pleader on the other, in the shape of a jovial youth, has amicably seized the old man by the collar, and endeavours to allure him from her gentle grasp.

Canova, you see, is settling down into his due place; a fine sculptor, but not quite a Praxiteles, not the finest of all sculptors, ancient or modern.

June 1, 1823.—Left, perhaps for ever, certainly for two years, the dearest spot to me in the world—a home dearer to my children than any home I ever saw to any other human beings—beautiful, and every day becoming more so under the minute touches of affectionate assiduity. However, in two years there are but 365+365=730 days, and one of them is past: 730−1=729.

June 2.—730−2=728. The only home I have ever known rushed on my first waking thoughts, as one not to be seen for two years. Shall we enjoy it then as now? How many things may happen in two years. What a considerable part they are of the time in which I can hope to enjoy any pleasure from externals. When we meet *persons* after a long absence, they very often do not seem the same from some change in them, in us, in both. Will it not be the same as to a *place?* Will not my dear boys, for whose sake I love it, lose their keen relish for its pleasures and its beauties?

June 7.—The Green Fever has not subsided. On opening my eyes I long for the song of the birds, the hush of the trees, the smell of the flowers, the sounds and sights and sense of beauty. I comprehend the calenture, when the sailor, under the heat of a burning sun, leaps from the stifling deck to the green fields he fancies undulating beneath him, and finds no repose but that of death.

SONNETS.

I.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANT SISTERS—TWINS.

July 28, 1823.

Sweet buds of being, ye have passed away
To bloom for ever in a fairer clime,
Escaped the blasts of earth and grasp of time;
As cradled in a mother's arms ye lay,
In this bright hope ye smiled serenely gay,
Soft as the tender plumage of the dove—
Ye seraph-sisters, whose brief life of love
Shone like the dawn of your celestial day.
Your barks of joy scarce touched this chilling shore,
Your vests of clay ye but a moment wore,
Ye sparkled like twin drops of morning dew,
Reflecting heaven's own tints of rainbow hue,
And then, blest pair, endured no painful strife,
But, sweetly smiling, languished into life.

II.

UPON A GRECIAN VASE SCULPTURED IN BASALT, SIMILAR IN DESIGN TO THE PORTLAND VASE, AND SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES OR ELYSIAN FIELDS, A FEMALE FIGURE IS SEEN, IN A THOUGHTFUL ATTITUDE, TO WHOM A YOUTH DESCENDS FROM ANOTHER REGION.

Springs not the gentle sadness of her brow
From her own sorrow, but man's general doom.
This youthful bride, nipped in her dewy bloom,
Was torn from him, whose passion's early glow
Bade every flower that crowns existence blow,
To scent her path. Lo! in her bridal room,
While hymeneal garlands breathe perfume,
The mourners' choral dirge is heard to flow.

He, desolate, who could not long endure
This widowed world, forsook the upper air,
Seeking for death, pale sorrow's only cure;
But found Elysian groves, and found *her* there,
With immortality—by love enjoyed,
To meaner hopes and hearts a cheerless void.

TO THE LADY FANNY PROBY.

London, July 31, 1823.

You were not, I hope, out on any of your charitable excursions in the late dreadful thunder and lightning—a spectacle which I find always treated with surprising levity. I had an aunt who always locked herself into some closet or press—I believe, that the lightning might not find her out. Are we not a little in the opposite extreme, when we avow feeling no apprehension whatever of what may bring the severest infliction, and is always expected to accompany that day which must come at some time, and may come at any time? You will say I am writing *de la pluie et du beau temps;* but I see so little upon earth that I must go to the atmosphere for subjects.

I am reading Hayley's *Life*—flat and pompous, but with green spots. According to his own statement, he was but an indifferent husband; and I think I can spy out he was not much better as a son. He, or his biographer—for it is a sort of partnership—is ever making demands on your wonder, and introducing the commonest circumstance as a remarkable incident. All that relates to Cowper is of course interesting.

Town is extremely thin; but the cricket-ground to-day was a gay and pretty sight, a certain number of the families and friends of the Harrow and Eton players having attended; just enough to embellish, not crowd, the scene. Twenty-two of the flower of English youth, dressed in plain white, in different attitudes of swiftness, exertion, or repose, on English verdure, all enjoyment and animation, under the temperate beauty of a summer sky just veiled by light clouds, had a very Elysian appearance; and as the words of the players were inaudible to us, though at no great distance, there was a sweet stillness, almost silence, just broken by their quiet tread and the gentle applause of the lookers on.

TO MRS. HAYGARTH.

Elton Hall, Oct., 1823.

Mr. T. has returned to me after a pleasant visit to Ireland. He described the journey and passage as so improved by fine roads and those prosaic conveyances, the steam-boats, as to be now quite a party of pleasure. He saw nothing new in Ireland, but the fearful increase of our hungry and idle population, appearing to baffle all hope of finding employment commensurate with their numbers, and proving the truth of that expressive phrase, that the attempt is like the race of the tortoise with the hare; but alas! not likely to be so successful. He was glad, however, to see more just opinions prevalent on the subject, in all ranks, than heretofore, and to find that

all agreed as to the *willingness* of the people to work, and the impropriety, except in extreme and rare cases, of giving them charity in any shape but that of employment.

Mr. Haygarth is not, I hope, satisfied with Rose's opening of *Ariosto*. I own I never did nor could read the original work through, nor took any pains to conquer my reluctance; as by snatching the beautiful passages, which everyone is ready to point out, one avoids all which is said to be offensive. But I have always admired the grace and dignity of the enumeration of the first stanza, the attention so beautifully awakened by the procession of lofty images in the most musical verse; and vulgarizing this down, as Rose has done, to

'Of loves and ladies, knights and arms, I sing,'

appears to me in the opening quite disrespectful to the author he translates, and to his readers.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

London, Nov. 11, 1823.

Allow me in great haste to express a wish you would reconsider the paper on bankruptcies. Its whole tendency seems to be that of softening down the demerit of an action which spreads distress and ruin, to which the temptations are numerous, and which is so lightly visited by the law, that it is doubly unsafe to relax the force of opinion that remains against it. While crimes of violence are every

day becoming more rare, crimes of fraud are so rapidly increasing, that, if we wish to trim the boat, we should rather try to impress firm principles of honesty than to spread that softness which is making swift progress, and is almost afraid to express sentiments of blame with regard to any human action.

The humanity and mild habits of the times make it quite unnecessary to increase our tenderness for the bankrupt, while the frightful extent and number of fraudulent failures, prove that any such attempt, if an indulgence to the few, would be cruelty to the many. I do not think we can possibly call it 'hardened' to disapprove of extravagance and want of precaution, because some persons have, in consequence of ruined fortunes, suffered insanity, epileptic fits, &c. &c. Gambling produces the like effects; but we do not think it 'hardened' to blame gamblers.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
STOCKHOLM.

London, Nov. 11, 1823.

I shall send your last production either to *The London Magazine*, or to Miss Baillie's *Bouquet by Living Authors*, if she intends to tie up a second; which it is said she will do, having cleared for the benefit of a distant friend fifteen hundred guineas by the first. Sir Humphry Davy's contribution, called Human Life, is a very fine bird's-eye view of existence, chiefly as connected with the Deity—com-

mencing from, and returning to, the Divine Essence—in the enjoyment of whose favour, and the possession of knowledge, he makes our heaven to consist; but with so little reference to the feelings of mere humanity, that one may humbly conjecture (if allowed to speculate on so awful a subject) minds like his are destined to rank among the Cherubim who *know* most; while those who are less divided from their fellow mortals by victories in science, will be classed among the Seraphim who *love* most; this rabbinical distinction being very striking, and at least probable.

A lady spoke the other day of the impossibility of knowing her own sex till she saw them in the company of men; and cited one whom she thought all gentleness, propriety, and delicacy, during some days passed in a country house, till at last a man came to nail down the carpets. *A man*, like Ithuriel's spear, makes some women start up in their own shape, and so it was here. She immediately displayed forwardness, affectation, and coquetry in all their varying forms. How often we are reminded of this story.

I hear the Dowager Lady —— will certainly marry Mr. ——. As we heard from one to whom her physician announced it, that she bore her lord's death 'like a lion,' one is the less surprised that she should so soon have made a second choice.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 1, 1824.

Alas! I knew the sad news of Mad. de Stierneld's departure a little before your letter confirmed it. Her house, all covered with announcements of its being on sale, first surprised me; but there we were only directed to another and smaller habitation, where we thought the Baron had removed on changing his former house, which I knew was not quite approved. The quivering lip and sorrowing countenance of the servant, when I inquired if *she* was at home, spoke the whole truth at once, and never did I so much regret one whom I had so seldom seen, *passée comme une fleur que le vent emporte.* Nature is at war with excellence, and seldom does one so faultless run the usual career of life. How deeply do I feel for her sorrowing mother. Tell me what other children she has.

My chief objection to your present situation is, that you can learn nothing there of your *métier*, and see but little of the illumination which is centred in the more literary and busy capitals of Europe. Its rays become very faint at such a distance from the centre. If you would produce a clever volume, to be printed in London, and perhaps acknowledged only in case of success, it might remind our Premier of his hyperborean client. Translations are now in great request; for every man *must* know everything, talk of everything, and, if he possesses not a language, must catch the spirit of its *chef-d'œuvres* as he best can. Versions of Swedish poets, with your name at

once, would be extremely popular both here and there.

Adieu. I continue well, and want nothing but you to keep me so.

TO MRS. LEADBEATER.

London, Jan. 12, 1824.

I very much regret that sorrow should so often find its way to Ballitore; but where love extends, there extends the domain of joy and grief. Two of the fairest flowers of the garden have been lately nipped in the very bloom of life. Lady Caroline Pennant, the sole daughter of the Duchess of Marlborough, the only perennial spring of comfort she has known in an eventful and unfortunate life, died ten days after her confinement, last week; and Mad. de Stierneld, whom I have already mentioned to you as one who interested me most particularly, faded away in the South of France this autumn, in a decline. Both were excellent, amiable, and interesting, living for their virtues and their affections, without one atom of the pride, vanity, or fondness for display, from which so few of our sex are exempt.

'A DREAM WHICH WAS NOT ALL A DREAM.'

Feb. 2, 1824.

'What dost thou here, white woman, say?
To bed, to bed—away, away.
While music flings its charms around,
And fairy forms obey the sound
With looks of love and smiles of pleasure,
Responsive to the minstrels' measure,
White woman, say, what dost thou here,
Wearing that cold unearthly sneer?
A baleful fire lights up thine eye,
Which cannot warm, and will not die.
Thou seem'st a deathlike chill to bring,
Like the last snow-shower deep in spring,
When tepid winds and blushing flowers
Have hailed the rosy-bosomed hours;
Say, art thou of the Court of Death,
Congealed by winter's icy breath?'

She came, she went,—away, away;
And still she haunts the cheerful day;
But where is he, the mild, the bland,
With welcome in his eye and hand,
By whom that night an only child,
A sweetly budding daughter, smiled,
A radiant girl, while oft he stole
Glances tow'rd her so full of soul
As shed on each a nameless grace,
Love's light reflected on each face,—
The child in her sweet hour of prime,
The father, yet untouched by time?

Torn from its root, for weal or woe,
The blossom lives. The tree lies low.
It fell before a leaf was sere,
Nor lived to feel the waning year.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.,
STOCKHOLM.

London, May 11, 1824.

The London turmoil of this year will be short, for the House will not sit much longer than the 17th or 18th. It is called by ultras on both sides a very milk-and-water Session. Very little has been done in the way of economy and repeal of taxes; but that little gracefully, and the leaf-gold spread over an immense surface. The Drawing room was such a squeeze, such a squash—without, of horses, carriages, and footmen—within, of petticoats, mantles, trimmings, ornaments, and fine ladies,—as has been unknown in the courtly annals of England. Lady Arundel was ill for several days from the actual pressure she received; and the quantity of jewellery lost would set up a Bond Street shop. In general, entertainments have been sumptuous, but balls few, owing partly to the Rossini fever. People preferred concerts, that they might have the pleasure of giving him fifty guineas for singing with taste, without a voice; and his wife twenty-five for singing without either voice or taste—as I am informed, not having heard either of these foreign wonders; who, having the advantage in the eyes of John Bull of not being 'in these rough shades bred,' will probably carry away ten thousand pounds as the fruit of their winter's exertions.

The Duchess of Northumberland's magnificence does not seem to give so much heart-easing delight as did the more luxurious Oriental splendour of Mrs. Henry Baring, who has seceded at a most unlucky

time; her fine entertainments being taken out of the pool when there were fewer of any other than usual. The marriages have been few, the scandalous anecdotes on the most limited scale.

May 29, 1824.—Sir William Hoste told me that a French naval officer once said to him in a confidential way, '*Si j'ai un défaut, c'est que je suis trop brave.*' On my saying, 'I am sure this was one you took prisoner,' he acknowledged it, adding, that the same person, after a very moderate resistance, said to him, when he first appeared on deck as his prisoner, '*Monsieur, je suis le commandant qui s'est tant distingué dans cette barque que vous voyez.*'

TO A SON (aged 18).

Richmond, July, 1824.

We came to Richmond this morning, as it was absolutely necessary to change the scene for a few hours after my separation from you. 'Perhaps the lady will like to see the steam-boat,' cries a dapper waiter, with an air of importance at having so charming a spectacle to offer. In spite of the glare and intense heat, I lifted up my eyes to view what to me was quite new, and saw nothing but long snaky trails of smoke, puffing, puffing on towards the right in the direction of the river, and dishonouring the blue sky

and beautiful face of the Thames. Then appeared a flaring scarlet flag; and lastly, to the tune of Paddy O'Rafferty, a great green and yellow beetle floating on its back, with a tall chimney-funnel rising from its middle, breathing out volumes of smoke. This creature swarmed with people. They were like ants which you could gather from an anthill in a teaspoon, all fervid, and gaudy, and noisy, and bustling, and important, and delighted with their truly infernal machine, only fit for sailing on the Styx; which has excluded from the water all beauty and freshness and variety, and hope and fear, and anxiety for friends, and good wishes for a fair wind. I wrote for an hour, and asked if the horrible vision was gone. 'No, ma'am,' answered the waiter, triumphantly; 'it's filling.' I looked up; there was scarce standing room; the chattering increased; the sweet strain of Paddy O'Rafferty recommenced. Smoke now arose from various places, about, above, and underneath. 'All's well,' cried a pert sharp voice, not in the deep tone of an 'Ancient Mariner,' but in that of an ostler on the high road. The huge dragon of the waters splashed with its horrid fins, bustled and porpoised about, slowly and with difficulty worked its clumsy self round, and at last took itself away, passengers and all enveloped in one mantle of smoke.

> 'Hence, hence, thou horrid bark, the uncouth child
> Of Commerce and of Coal!'

TO THE SAME.

Tunbridge Wells, Aug., 1824.

I have heard but once from you since you crossed the Channel. That you have neglected writing, it is not permitted to me, knowing you as I do, to think for a moment; and I regret the untoward circumstances, whatever they may be, that thus aggravate the languor of indisposition, and the anxiety of affection like mine.

The race-fever subsided the day before yesterday, and these pretty hills are at last disencumbered of their vile attire of booths, of monsters, including even the learned pig, who came from London hither to better his condition, with Italian beggar boys, tortoises, gypsies, singers, conjurers, pickpockets, foot-racers, boxers, &c. &c. &c.

I try to go out, but am not much attracted, as I am in a *respectable* house, with drawing-room upstairs, and on the high road; so I seldom leave home, except at regular and fixed periods, and enjoy none of the half and half out life, one leads if on a ground floor that opens upon a garden or pleasure-ground, however small. To-day the *Remains* of Kirke White fell in my way, and have pleased me extremely. His gentleness, elevation of mind, and complete discretion, are deeply interesting. I shall add the volume to your library when I meet a better edition. It appears he fell a victim to an over-scrupulous delicacy. After having had a fit, evidently brought on by too much study, instead of going for a short time to his home, or suffering his mother to know he was ill, he

remained even in the vacation at Cambridge, because the College were paying for him a mathematical tutor. Oh! how much does the struggle of genius and excellence against poverty remind us that we are but stewards of our worldly wealth, and warn us to turn a portion of it from our own superfluities to the necessities of others. I never felt this more strongly than in reading Kirke White's *Remains*, and seeing one so highly gifted suffering intense anxiety from the want of a very small portion of the waste of his companions and fellow-students.

All at home are well, and *one* is more anxious to see you than she ought.

Aug. 16, 1824.—Saw Penshurst. The road from Tunbridge Wells is a beautiful preparation for seeing this interesting castle. It winds on the upper lines of some very high ground; and looks down on wide vales of the most delightful verdure and richness. Penshurst disappoints at first sight. The building has little beauty, is entirely seen before you enter the grounds, and is not a hundred yards from the entrance gate. Can this be Penshurst? is the first question; but when within its walls, touch after touch increases its dignity. Its great antiquity, the recollections and portraits of Sir Philip Sidney, of Algernon Sidney, of Sacharissa, of Queen Elizabeth, *her* presents, *her* needlework, *her* chair, the variety of paintings, the beauty of the surrounding park, and the singular union of dignity and cheerfulness in all the old rooms of the Castle, give it a heartfelt charm of no common order.

TO MRS. HAYGARTH.

Sevenoaks, Sept. 4, 1824.

I am not surprised you are pleased with the neighbourhood of Chepstow, where art has spoiled nature so little, and where sudden and overgrown opulence has not laid its heavy paw. What beautiful banks, what rich verdure, what winding ways, unfolding such unexpected thickets, with their tangled luxuriance of hanging branches and fantastically twisted roots, into which *Faust* has taught us to put a sort of life. Then the houses are so English, with the shade of Queen Elizabeth hovering about so many of those old mansions which bear the impress of her time. I was not well enough to see Knowle, and have profited but little by my absence from town. I, however, visited Penshurst, a volume in itself, and Summerhill, one of the pleasantest places I have seen, as fresh as Fairy Land, with slopes and walks of exquisite beauty.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ., STOCKHOLM.

London, Sept. 10, 1824.

When you return, you will find the squares amazingly improved by being macadamized; you will find baths which you can heat by a handful of coals, without fire or grate, provided you have a window or chimney to admit the tube which carries off your smoke; you will find lamps which light themselves on your touching a spring; you will find

fruits ripened and chickens hatched by steam; you will find all the young ladies you left grown older, and all the old ones younger; you will see dandyism so universal, it no longer inspires conceit; you will meet ices, confectionary, a reading-room, and well-conducted young ladies at a horse-bazaar; you will find Irish men and Irish poplins out of fashion; and, above all, you will find a very, very loving mother.

TO THE LADY FANNY PROBY.

London, Sept. 14, 1824.

Penshurst and Summerhill were all I saw, my carriage being very heavy, and myself very cowardly. I had not sense to venture in the little pony-carts, which were the delight of every one else. However, if health returns, I hope a common degree of courage will return with it; for I really despise my own fears, though educated to think them feminine and amiable, according to the laudable practice of many families in my time, confirmed by the sage Dr. Gregory;* who, I believe, did more mischief in his day, with good intention, than many who set about doing it for mischief's sake. One plain phrase I met lately, pleased me more than all his fine-spun theories about the propriety of female terrors—'It is not permitted to a Christian to be a coward.'

* * * The fault of Gregory, as of *The Spectator* and many authors of their day, is, that they

* Dr. Gregory was a physician at Edinburgh. He wrote *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters.* Edinburgh, 1788.—Ed.

write as if woman's whole existence was comprised between fifteen and the fading of her bloom or beauty. If they talk of her devotion, it must be associated, not with ideas of duty, reverence, and piety, but with a hint how much it lights up her features. She is recommended good humour, because it will preserve her complexion; and a modest dress and demeanour, because!!! they are more attractive than any other, even in the eyes of the greatest libertines.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ., STOCKHOLM.

Farnham, Dec. 17, 1824.

From my favourite inn at Farnham I write to say how impatient I grow for a line from you, having past a fortnight without that cheering northern light.

Our November and December, until this day of eternal rain, have given us the most beautiful specimens of spring, and all Hampshire is as busy as a bee-hive in active pursuit of pleasure, chiefly in the tangible shape of good dinners. Mr. W. Rose, Ariosto's best translator, his only good one in the opinion of Ugo Foscolo, is at present with his mother in the Polygon, but keeps his state, and withdraws himself from worshipful society. Murray, on observing the merit and reputation of his *Court and Parliament of Beasts*, offered him £3000 to be the interpreter of Ariosto; which, although he is rich enough for all his wishes, he thought it right to accept, ac-

cording to custom, for the benefit of his nephews and nieces, &c. &c. Foscolo says, that the beauty of Ariosto's style being his chief excellence, those who only know him by his present translators are wholly ignorant of his merits.

I desire no better advocate than you have been for the lady of ——. I think you imagine my story, such as it is, relates to your kind friend. Not so. That gallant vessel is safe in port. It is at the fresh, the trim, the gaily ornate ship which lately sailed out of harbour, all these small shots are fired. In London we war not with the dead; dowagers of a certain age can do no wrong; but the young, and splendid, and prosperous can do no right—can perform no act without some little flaw, to be detected only by the vigilance of female observation.

Jan. 3, 1825.—Sat by the venerable Bishop of Norwich at dinner at Lady Listowel's. He was a delightful neighbour. One cannot but admire his love of liberty, his kindly way of seeing all the actions of others, his humility in speaking of his own, the simplicity of his tastes and habits, and the pleasing contrast of peculiar courage in conduct, and almost feminine mildness of manners.

Jan. 5.—A visit from Joseph Humphries, a benevolent Quaker, and his deaf and dumb pupil—an animated and pleasing specimen of this unfortunate class, whose vivacity, intelligence, kindliness, and piety, shine with a vivid lustre in his looks and words;

for he writes well, and almost as rapidly as others speak. He was much interested by my family, probably he is so by the great family of the human race in a higher degree than those who have more distractions; and he asked me, by graceful and expressive signs, for my tallest boy, now above six feet, represented by waving his hands, progressively higher, over his head; and for ——, by first appearing to draw, and then to ride, having seen some horses of his drawing. He asked me on his slate the royal question, How many children I had, and then, 'What business is your husband employed in?' This puzzled me. 'Mr. Humphries explained to him that we lived on the produce of property in land, which, I suppose, gave him an idea of the pleasures of agriculture, for on going away, he imitated the actions of digging, sowing, and whetting the scythe, making signs that he liked those occupations. It occurred in the course of conversation that I wrote on his slate, 'Mrs. Leadbeater thinks me better than I am;' and he made signs to his friend, expressive of a reply, in which piety was beautifully blended with kindliness.

His instructor observed, 'They refer all things to a Supreme Being. Their piety is remarkable, and their complete renunciation of any opinion, when the authority of the Bible intervenes. They are industrious, and all wish to marry active, intelligent, talking women, who will leave to them the routine of their daily and peculiar employment, and take all other trouble upon themselves.' The attitudes of this young man would have been a fine study for a painter, so simple, expressive, and decided. In

Chantrey's phrase, one may truly say, 'he has never been corrupted by the 'dancing-master.' One also sees he has never thought on the effect of his looks or motions.

Jan. 7.—At last, after an interval of twenty-four years, which succeeded a tolerably intimate acquaintance of seven weeks, I saw Count Münster of Hanover again. We met like two ghosts that ought to have been laid long since. I witnessed the whole process of the difficulty of persuading him that I was I; and I thought him as much changed in his degree as he could have found me. When we conversed, all the persons we referred to were dead and gone; and our interview added another link in my mind to the chain of proofs that, after a very, very long interval, neither friends nor acquaintances ought to meet in this world. He was kindly anxious to renew our acquaintance, and visited me next day; but still it seemed as if seeing me had renewed some painful associations.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

April 8, 1825.

Mr. Haygarth is still in a very precarious state; I fear we shall not long retain him. One says that, as if one was oneself immortal. Captain Wells is also threatened with a consumption, and forced to leave the house he enjoyed and embellished, from the impossibility of preserving his health, or even life, in the vicinity of the fens. When one is

acquainted with *them*, one learns to respect their relations, the bogs. Only think of a puddle extending miles around, and reaching up to your hall door; of picking out your walk or ride over a quaking surface, where, if you err in your path, it is at the risk of your life; and being paid your rent in wild-ducks. Give *me* the turf, which blazes so cheerfully in your face as to bring its own apology.

April 24, 1825, *Brighton*.—My dear ——'s health, which is not alarming, but threatening, has brought us here. None are left among the idlers who embellish a place of this kind, but those who are too sick or too poor to move; but this is bearable. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a flower, not a bud, mark the presence of spring; and the hot sun is reflected from the water, the chalk, the roads, the walks, the quarries, in most unqualified and blinding glare.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

London, May 6, 1825.

Your letter found me still inhaling the sea breezes at Brighton, and enjoying the coming in of the tide with its delicious plash, and its endless variety for the eye and for the ear; to please the latter constantly giving models of the fine choruses by Handel, which seem the very echo of its waves. Lord Byron loved not the sea more than I do, except in the degree

of his more intimate acquaintance. I, alas! can neither swim nor be shipwrecked; but as far as my knowledge of the ocean goes, I will not yield to man or woman in the sum of my love for it; and I shall love it still more when it has given you a safe passage.

I went yesterday to your nursing-mother, dear Harrow, and heard speeches. We dined with Mrs. Leith, and were delighted with every flower in her pretty garden, and every tree in the hedges, after passing three weeks without knowing whether it was spring or autumn, summer or winter, by any other indication than the atmosphere and the almanack.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 26, 1825.

Chantrey is now engaged for eighty thousand pounds' worth of sculpture; and if he accepted all the orders which are proposed to him, he would require the life of Methuselah to finish even the small portion of each accomplished by the master. He is now paid two thousand pounds for a single figure. Nothing can be more interesting than his studio. It is Anglo-Grecian; and thus unites what we love the best and what we admire the most. Now that Canova is dead, his reputation seems declining every day; I think the contrary will happen to Chantrey. I hear that the former was all vanity, and certainly the latter is all simplicity. I forget whether I told you of Carew, a rising genius in this line, from Waterford. He has finished a beautiful Arethusa, of considerable elegance,

though I think she has the fault supposed peculiar to his countrywomen, and that her ankles are not finely turned. Lord Egremont is to pay six hundred guineas for it, and has offered him more, but from some private motive he will not accept a larger sum. In my eyes, however, this Arethusa resembles a colossal Diana I saw in the Louvre, too much to have claims to perfect originality.

Sept. 8, 1825.—Ségur has given me many interesting hours. I know nothing like it in modern history. He is a poet in his descriptions, and the tale he has to tell possesses many of the essentials of an epic. There is one predominant and effective character, by whom the one great event is brought about; and a variety of subordinate characters shaded off and graduated, so as to give connexion and life to all parts of the narrative. The picture of the entrance into Moscow of the conquering army, who find nothing but the pale and squalid relics of a vanished population, when they expected the fervid hum of an immense city, and all the honours paid to strength and victory, is a fine exemplification of the truth that

'Our wishes give us not our wish.'

Sept. 28.—I am not capable of writing more to-day, having received from his brother an account of Mr. Haygarth's hopeless state—a loss to all who have ever known him, irreparable in its degree, according to the measure of their intimacy, and their power of estimating his value. I opened a letter, which I

thought was from him, deceived by the similarity of handwriting and the paper he commonly used. When I read, it was as if he had himself walked in with a hood, which, on being removed, showed me a death's-head.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

Oct. 13, 1825.

I thank Heaven the cloud attendant on receiving the final account of our friend's fate is clearing away, and our loss remains only as a subject of just regret. Were it not for that reference to another world by which his actions were, and ours ought to be, regulated, one might think his removal peculiarly unfortunate, since he possessed all the materials of present happiness, and many of the means of future fame. He had a noble nature — a fine mind — a striking and pleasing exterior—a distinguished figure —a head for sculpture—great attainments—great natural endowments—a fond father—an affectionate sister—the wife of his choice—lovely children—sufficient wealth, with the certainty, at no very distant period, of a great increase; and, though last, not least, an elevated, intellectual pursuit in the history he was writing of Rome, which was looked for, in full anticipation of its merits, by those learned men who so much admired those essays on the subject, where he seems to have tried his strength.

Nov. 13, 1825.—Moore's *Life of Sheridan* lowers

the biographer and the subject. He is a great motive-monger, and usually selects among a variety of probable motives, those which are least dignified and meritorious. He does not appear to love Sheridan; and he alters the complexion of facts in his domestic life, so as to make him appear blameable in a point where the plain truth would have been highly to his honour. That truth could not have been all told, but Moore ought not to have employed language which leads us to form an opposite conclusion.

March 30, 1826.—Took my lesser pair to the British Gallery, and saw many new beauties in the Trial of Lord Russell. It grows on one's admiration as much as Martin's Deluge loses. I would rather have that picture to elevate my mind, the Garden scene from Scripture to animate my devotion, the Tired Fishermen to make me *feel* with and for the children of labour, the Mistletoe to make me laugh, and the little Fisherman's Head to give me added liking for the aged and industrious poor, than all the rest of the Gallery.

TO RICHARD TRENCH, ESQ.

London, April 1, 1826.

I dined, without fatigue, at the Bishop of Norwich's on Thursday. The Bishop said on going down to dinner with the *prima donna*, 'Lord John Russell, take Mrs. Trench.' I felt much pleasure at the thought of sitting by the historian, the political economist, the successful author; and prepared to

treasure up his sayings and doings, with that due degree of awe for his talents which is always a little unpleasant to me at first, though it soon subsides into a pleasant feeling of respect. Well, we sat down, and he talked of Harrow, and wished he had been at a private clergyman's, saying that he should have read more there and been much happier; that at Harrow he had been subdued, and that he always had wanted encouragement. 'How amiable!' thought I; 'how modest!' He went on to say, 'If I had been at a private clergyman's, I should have been quite a different person.' Still more modesty! 'How can a person who is so lauded,' thought I, 'have so moderate an opinion of himself.' Well, he drank his due proportion of wine with everybody, and watched their wants with a scrupulous attention; 'how very attentive to all the little forms of society,' thought I; 'this is so pleasing in an author of eminence.' In the evening he played cards, and I went into the music-room, and sang in quite another way from what I do when I am *afraid* you are *anxious* I should please. I came home and gave such an account of the author of *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht*, that all at home were dying to see him. 'Not that he said much to mark him out,' said I; 'but you could see the possession of talent under the veil of simple and quiet manners it pleased him to assume.'

Well, the Bishop had mistaken the *name*, and I had been led down by one who passes for the greatest proser of his day, Lord John ——, and I had all my feelings of awe for nothing. So much for a *name*.

May 24, 1826.—Read the criticism in the *Quarterly Review* on the translations of Goethe. Its liberality and fair dealing are very satisfactory. It seems as if some one had awakened the *Quarterly* from a long nap, and enabled it to look around and see that Goethe was not quite an imbecile, elderly gentleman, only known as the author of an improper novel called *Werther*, now out of date; that Shelley was not quite a mad rhymester, equally presumptuous and inane; and that there existed other modern poets in Europe besides the acknowledged *quintetto*, Scott, Byron, Southey, Rogers, and Campbell.

June 30, 1826.—Returned to town, and there received a letter from Miss Shackleton, with the sad news of my beloved Mrs. Leadbeater's death. Death how unexpected! I never thought of this word as connected with her. She was so serene, so happy, so active, leading a life so far from all that exposes to danger; she never had mentioned her illness but so slightly; she had so many benevolent and literary plans; she was so loved, and so sweetly loved again. Her instinctive fondness for me was a boon from Heaven which I valued not half enough while I possessed it. How little gratitude did I show for her unbounded kindness and partiality, not half so much as I felt! how many attentions to her were *to be* performed, how long were they deferred! how often wholly forgotten. Alas! I thought I should have her always.

TO MRS. SHACKLETON.

Elm Lodge, Sept. 2, 1826.

I am much obliged by your letter, and hasten to assure you that I received both parts of my dear friend's character, and entirely coincide in your opinion of it. It does *not* touch upon many points which deserved a place in her portrait; such as her anxiety to improve herself and others; her delicate feelings, highly refined, yet never degenerating into susceptibility, or exacting from others those attentions which she never failed to bestow herself; her taste for everything that was admirable in nature and art; her polished mind and manner, that seemed instinctively to reject all that others are taught by rule to avoid; her quick sense of wit and humour; her own unaffected pleasantry; her entire absence of all self-comparison with any human being, which left her capable of doing complete justice to the merits of all; her rare suavity, and her uncommon talents. The writer of this character has also placed her 'second' in the delineation of Irish manners and language. She is *second* to none in this. Others have taken a wider range; others have permitted themselves the free indulgence of humour on a greater variety of topics; but as far as she goes in her pictures, she is *second* to none.

Pray do not dwell on the idea that her valuable life might have been saved. She once wrote thus to me: 'There never was an event of this kind where one did not blame oneself, and blame others.' She was right. Self-reproach is one of the shapes that

sorrow loves to take; and one ought to protect one's-self against it. I deeply reproached myself, and perhaps I was a little (though unjustly) hurt as to others; but this is certain, I deeply reproached myself for not having known her danger. I have been so long in a state of suffering that it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world to be ill; and though I heard your dear mother was so, the idea of danger never passed through my mind, and the intelligence was a sad surprise, upon which I shall not allow myself to dwell.

Sept. 22 (*Sunday*), 1826.

Oh happy those whose Sabbaths seem to be
'Linked each to each by natural piety,'
Smooth stepping-stones above the stream of life,
Which chafes below in all its petty strife;
Gems that recur upon the varied chain
Of our existence, or in joy or pain;
Green olive branches where the soul may rest,
Like the tired dove that seeks her peaceful nest;
Shake off the incumbrance of each worldly care,
And for its last and longest flight prepare.

TO CHARLES MANNERS ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

Cheltenham, Nov. 9, 1826.

Yesterday I saw your cousin, Mansergh St. George's second son. Oh what a rush of past times came with him. Your dear father's introduction of me to his father all passed before my eyes. We

were pacing up and down the beautiful little chapel at Dangan, which was illuminated to show it to me by night for the first time. The twilight was still struggling through the glass of the magnificent east window, and a hand unseen was skilfully touching the fine organ which did honour to the deep taste in music of Lord Wellesley's father. At that moment Mansergh St. George was announced. Your dear father left me to meet him, and I saw those fine models of courtly grace, and of the grace of chivalry, walk together down a long gallery leading to the chapel. In Mansergh's countenance, of which the effect was heightened by the black cap his wound obliged him to wear, were written those high thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy, which so distinguished him among men; and as your father introduced me to my new relation with that air of proud pleasure which always accompanied his making me known for the first time, we became friends and for life.

When I saw young St. George, all this passed through my mind. Then the scene changed, and I saw the moment when I gave him back to his father, a smiling child, whom he had brought down in his arms to bid me adieu at the carriage-door at Holyhead; where we parted, never to meet again—he to pass the remainder of his life in endeavouring to serve those very people by whom he was murdered like an Iroquois who falls into the hands of his fellow savages. What a spirit finely touched was there extinguished, what deep affection, what brilliant talents, what refined powers of pleasing!

TO WILLIAM LEADBEATER, ESQ.

Elm Lodge, Jan. 24, 1827.

I cannot commence a new year, without being reminded of her whose friendship has gilded so many foregoing winters, and added to the pleasures of every season since I first had the good fortune of being known to her. When she was taken from us, I respected the sacredness of your grief too much to intrude on you with the expression of my own; but now that the lapse of time may permit this melancholy indulgence, I can no longer refuse myself what I have desired. Allow me to assure you of my sincere sympathy, and of my desire to hear of the health and prosperity of your interesting family. I also wish to know from you in what way I had best distribute the premiums and small charities your incomparable wife, and my affectionate friend, was so good as to render efficient by her zealous co-operation. I know that Mrs. Shackleton or Miss Elizabeth Shackleton would willingly and kindly undertake it, but I would wish you to decide which of these can do it with least inconvenience to herself and you. Make my apologies to both these ladies for not having more fully replied to their very kind letters. Alas! that fluency which attended one's communications of earlier date will not return again, though habit kept it up where once established. There is no second crop of summer flowers. And of any excess in writing I immediately pay the penalty in an increase of headache.

Jan. 30, 1827, *Elm Lodge.*—Worse headaches, and general health worse. No power of accepting the kind invitations pressed on me, though they are such as seldom occur to those who withdraw themselves from the world. The kindliness of this neighbourhood must never be forgotten by me, be the time long or short during which I may remember it here.

This last entry is made in a hand very different from the preceding. There is one more brief passage in the journal, relating to some advice given to a son on the choice of a profession. The remainder of the volume is blank. Very shortly after these lines were written, my Mother, who daily grew worse, removed to Cheltenham, presently exchanged this in the restlessness of suffering, and in the hope of some alleviation, for Malvern; and there, on the 27th of May, 1827, the end arrived. Water on the chest was the form her complaint took at the last. She left five sons, of whom one, the youngest, followed her in a few months to the grave.

As I have abstained through all this volume hitherto from any comment whatever, so I feel it will best become me to abstain to the end.

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